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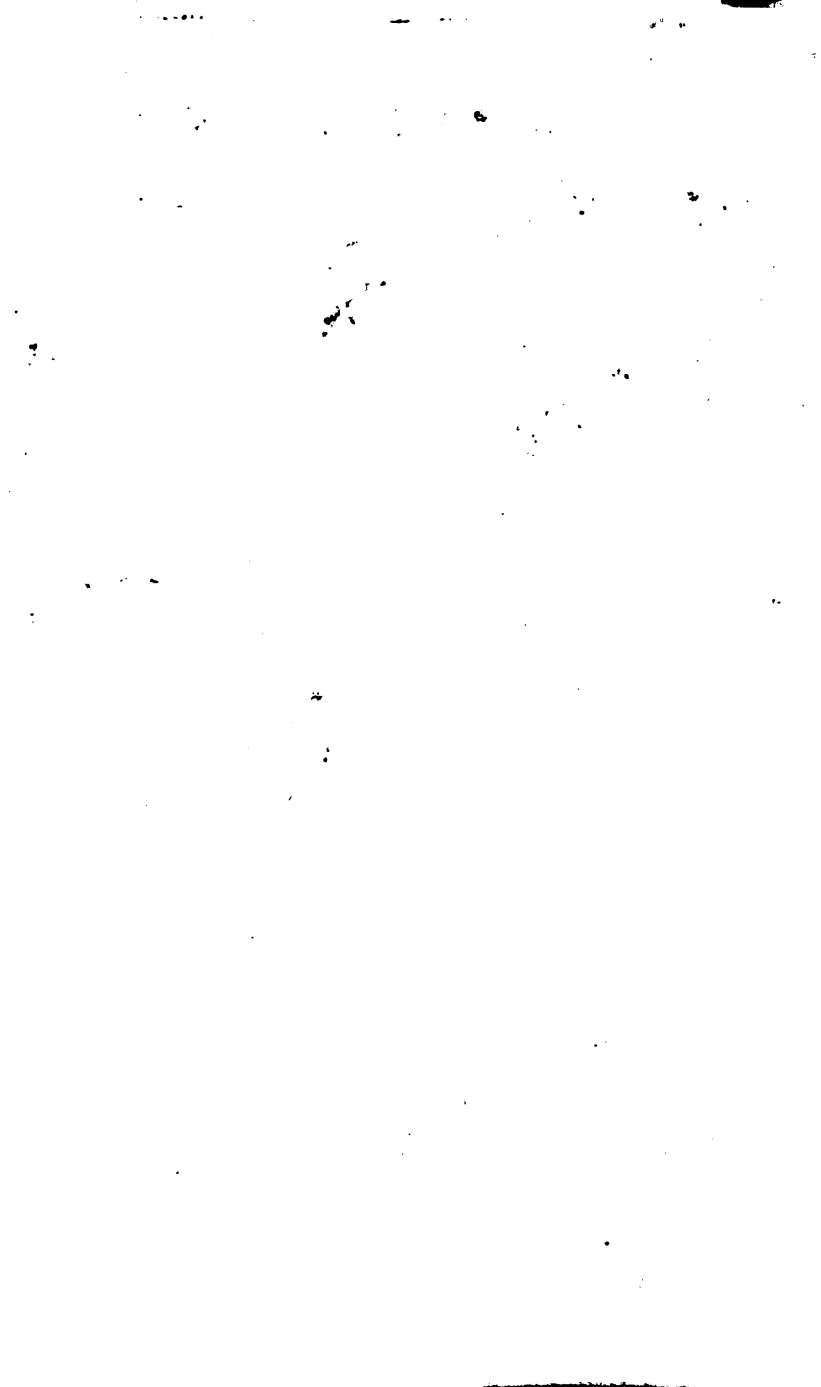
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E D W A R D.

VARIOUS VIEWS

OF

HUMAN NATURE,

NEW YORK

From **LIFE** and **MANNERS**,
Chiefly in **ENGLAND**.

— Dicimus autem
Hos quoque felices, qui ferre incommoda vitæ,
Nec jactare jugum, vitâ didicere magistrâ. **Juv.**

By the **AUTHOR** of **ZELUCO**.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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NOY WEN
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NEW
E D W A R D.

NEW YORK
CHAP. I.

The Sympathy of a benevolent Mind.

MRS. BARNET, wife of Mr. George Barnet, who lived at no great distance from London, had been in town to put her daughter to a boarding school.

She had taken a post-chaise, that the chariot might remain for the use of her husband, whose constant custom it was to drive out every day before dinner, to acquire an appetite, the only sensible reason which, in Mr. Barnet's opinion, any man in easy circumstances could have for being at the trouble of exercise.

VOL. I.

B

As

As Mrs. Barnet returned from town, the post-chaise broke down in the middle of the road—a stage-coach came up at the instant that Mrs. Barnet and her maid had got safely out of the post-chaise; the coachman knew Mrs. Barnet, and his course being directly through a village contiguous to her husband's house, he stopp'd, and offered to set her down at her own door.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving that it would take a considerable time before the chaise could be mended, agreed to the coachman's proposal, and desired her maid to put a small bundle into the coach.

“Lard, madam,” cried the maid, as soon as she had peeped into the coach, “here is a frightful old woman and a beggarly looking boy—you cannot possibly go in here.”

“As for the old woman and the boy,” said the coachman, “although they are sitting *within*, they are no more than outside passengers—for as ill luck would have it, I chanced to have none within; so when the rain came on, I took pity on the boy, and desired him to take shelter in the coach,

which he refused, unless the old woman was allowed to go in also;—so as the boy, you see, is a very pretty boy, I could not bear that he should be exposed to the rain, and so I was obliged to let in both; but now, to be sure, if her ladyship insists on it, they must both go on the outside, which will be no great hardship, for it begins to grow fair.”

“Fair or foul, they must get out directly,” said the maid; “do you imagine that *my* mistress will sit with such creatures as these, more particularly in such a dirty machine?”

“Hark you, young woman,” said the coachman, “you may say of the old woman and the boy what you please, they do not belong to me;—but as for the coach, it is *my* coach, and I would have you to know, bears as good a reputation as any on the road, perhaps a better than your own; so I would not advise you for to go for to flurify the character of those who are saying nothing against yours:—But as for you, my dear, you must come out,” continued he, taking

taking the boy by the arm, "since this here gentlewoman insists upon it."

"By no means," said Mrs. Barnet; "let the child remain, and the woman also; there is room for us all."

So saying, she stepped into the coach; the maid followed, and the coachman drove on.

This arrangement was highly disagreeable to the maid, who seemed greatly mortified at being seated near a woman so meanly dressed.

Mrs. Barnet, on the other hand, was pleased with the opportunity of accommodating the poor woman and boy—for this lady was of a benevolent disposition, and although she was likewise most uncommonly free from vanity, yet if all the maid's stock had been divided between them, the mistress and maid together would have made a couple of very vain women.

Mrs. Barnet was in rather low spirits, owing to her being separated now, for the first time in her life, from her daughter—

the old woman, on the contrary, being delighted with her situation in the coach, was in high spirits, and much disposed to share them with all the company.

She made repeated attempts to draw Mrs. Barnet into conversation, but without success; for although from a civility of disposition which never forsook her, she answered with affability all the woman's questions, she always relapsed into pensive silence.

The old woman was surprised as well as disappointed at this—she never in the course of her life had met with so silent a woman, and thinking it next to impossible that she should stumble upon two on the same day, in the same coach, of the same disposition, she ventured to address the maid, in spite of her repulsive looks, saying, “Pray, mistress, as the sun begins to break out, do you not think it will turn out a good day?”

In this attempt to lead the maid into conversation, she was still more unsuccessful than she had been with the mistress; for although the former did not partake of the

latter's dejection of spirits, and had no kind of aversion in general to talking, yet she deemed a person dressed as this poor woman was, far beneath her answering—therefore surveying the woman's ruffet gown with contempt, and at the same time brushing the dust from the sleeves of her own, which was of silk, with an elevated nose and projected under lip, she turned her disdainful eyes to the other side, without making the poor woman any answer.

Baffled in all her attempts to provoke a conversation, and quite unable to hold her tongue, as a last recourse the old woman began to talk with the boy.

His prattle soon disturbed the meditations and attracted the attention of Mrs. Barnet, who at length asked the old woman, what relation the boy was to her.

Pleased with this opportunity of giving freedom to her tongue, she answered with great rapidity, and almost in one breath, "relation to me! All my relations are dead, please your Ladyship, except my nephew, the pawn-broker in Shug-lane, who is grown
so

so rich and so proud, that he hardly speaks to me; but as for that there boy I never saw him in my life, till this here blessed day, when I received him from the overseers of the work-house, to take him to my own house in the country; where I already have six children all boarded at the rate of poor three shillings a week, which your Ladyship must acknowledge is too little in all conscience for my trouble and expence; but the hearts of those who take care of the poor of some parishes, are as hard as the very church walls.—Now, please your Ladyship, this poor child, it seems, was lately ill of the affluenza, and cannot be put out to a trade till he grows stronger. And so they gave him to me with the other children, for the benefice of country air; which I do assure your Ladyship does quite and clean the contrirary of doctors drugs, for it recovers the health of the children, and gives them all a monstrous devouring appetite, as I am sure I finds to my cost—and so—if so be as——”

"Pray, who are his parents?" said Mrs. Barnet, interrupting the old woman's fluency, which she saw was inexhaustible.

"The Lord above, he only knows," replied the old woman; "for they told me he was brought to the work-house when he was only a few months old; the parish officers received him from a poor woman, who said she was not his mother, but his name was Edward Evelin; but who was his mother, is difficult to tell; and still more, who was his real father, as your Ladyship well knows, for they have never been found out; but it stands to reason, that he must have had both, for I never heard of any body who had neither father nor mother, except Michael Hisendeck, of whom the parson of our parish preached last Sunday; but Michael lived in the bible days, which is different from these here times; so this boy's parents must be persons unknown; but be who they will, I suspect that they were no better than they should be; in which case it is pretty clear that
this

this here boy, ~~saying~~ your Ladyship's presence, is ~~neither~~ more nor less than an unnatural child; for if he had been born in the natural way of marriage, it stands to reason that his parents would have owned him long ago."

Mrs. Barnet, affected with the ~~con~~ of this boy, who began life under such unfavourable auspices, said, "Are you not sorry, my dear, to leave home?"

"No," answered he; "I don't care."

"Is there not somebody at home whom you are sorry to leave?" resumed she.

"No," replied the boy; "I am not sorry to leave anybody."

"What, not those who are good to you?" rejoined she.

"Nobody was ever good to *me*," said the boy.

Mrs. Barnet was touched with the child's answers, which strongly painted his helpless lot, and the cruel indifference of the world.

She thought of her own child now, for the first time, left to the care of strangers, and the tear stood in her eye.

"My

"My poor little fellow," said she, after a short pause, "was *nobody* ever good to you?"

"No," answered he, "they are good only to the Mistress's son."

"And have you *no* friend, my dear?" added she with a sigh.

"No, for old Robin the foot-man died last week."

"Was he your friend?"

"Yes, that he was, replied the boy; he once gave me a piece of ginger-bread."

Mrs. Barnet could not help looking at the expressive simplicity of the *child*, and felt herself so much interested in him, and so much affected at seeing so fine a child thrown as it were at random on the world, that while she yet smiled, the tears flowed from her eyes—which the boy observing and mistaking their cause, said, "I fell crying myself, when I heard that poor old Robin was dead."

"That was like a good boy," said Mrs. Barnet.

"No,

“No, it was like a naughty boy,” said he;
“and the matron whipt me for it.”

“My poor dear little fellow,” exclaimed Mrs. Barnet, “that was hard indeed!”

“It is very right howsomever, Madam, said the old woman, that children should be whipt for crying; if I did not make that a constant rule at my house, there would be nothing but squawling from morning to night—for I’ll tell you, as how I always serves them there little chits, whenever they begins to make a noise—I takes them—”

Here the old woman was interrupted by the stopping of the coach at the part of the common where she was to get out and walk to her own house.

Mrs. Barnet warmly recommended the boy to her care, putting at the same time a guinea into her hand, and adding that she would perhaps call upon her sometimes, and would reward her more liberally if she found that the boy was treated with kindness.—The old woman having promised to treat him kindly, led him away, and the coach drove on.

CHAP. II.

Quæ Comædia—Mimus
Quis melior plorante gula ? Juv.

THE forlorn condition of this poor boy, destitute of father, mother, relation, or protector, so strongly awakened the humane feelings of Mrs. Barnet, that her thoughts were divided between him and her own child for the remainder of the way; and when she arrived at her own house, after giving her husband a particular account of every thing relative to the establishment of his daughter, she began the history of the workhouse boy; but she had not proceeded far, when Mr. Barnet hastily rung the bell to know whether dinner was near ready, saying, “that he had eaten little or nothing since his breakfast, and indeed not a great deal then, owing to the carelessness of the maid, who had not put butter enough upon the toast.” “Why did you not

not order her to make some with more, my dear?" said Mrs. Barnet. "Because," replied he, "I did not observe it till I could eat no more; so that, upon the whole, I made a very uncomfortable breakfast."

"I am sorry for it," said Mrs. Barnet; "but I hope you have had something since."

"Very little," replied he; "for I was put so out of humour with the toast, that I have had little or no appetite until now."

"That is provoking, indeed," said Mrs. Barnet, in a sympathising tone of voice. "But here comes the dinner, and I trust you will now be able to make up for the loss of your breakfast." "I wish to God, my dear, the fish be not overdone," cried Mr. Barnet, fixing an alarmed look on the dish.

"Pray do not terrify yourself," replied Mrs. Barnet; "the fish is done to a moment; and the veal, as well as the beans and bacon, seem admirable—allow me to help you."

Mrs. Barnet accordingly helped her husband to every thing she knew he liked, which, he being a man of few words, particularly

cularly at meals, accepted in silent complacency. After having amply indemnified himself for the misfortunes of the breakfast, and having attempted, in vain, to swallow another morsel, he looked with benignity at his wife, and said, "I really wish you would eat a little bit yourself, my dear."

"I believe the parting with our sweet girl has entirely deprived me of appetite; it is not in my power to eat much; but, if you please, I will drink a glass of wine with you."

"I will just take one draught more of ale first; I believe there is but one other draught in the tankard."

Mr. Barnet, having finished his ale, "Upon my word," said he, "this ale is excellent—and now, my dear, I am ready to join you in a glass of wine.—Here, my dear, is your very good health, with all my heart, not forgetting our dear Louisa."

After Mr. Barnet had drank a few glasses more, and praised the port as sound, and stomachic, and of a good body; "I am glad to see you here again, my dear," said he;

"they

“ they may talk of the comforts and conveniences of London as they please, but I think there is no place where one finds every thing so neat, and so clean, and so comfortable, as in one’s own house here, and at one’s own, good, warm, snug fireside.”

Mrs. Barnet, desirous of interesting her husband in the poor boy, thought this a good opportunity, and after expressing her own satisfaction in the thoughts of his finding home so agreeable, she proceeded in the following terms: “ Yet, my dear, in the midst of those comforts which Providence has so bountifully bestowed upon us, it is impossible not to feel uneasiness in reflecting on the numbers of our fellow-creatures, who, instead of those conveniences which we enjoy, are fain, after fatigue and labour, to seek a little refreshment, and repose upon straw, in cold uncomfortable habitations, and from scanty provisions ! The fine boy, whom I already mentioned, was going from a workhouse, to the miserable cottage of a wretched old woman, who had no natural interest in him, and——”

Here

Here Mrs. Barnet stopp'd, because she perceived that her husband had fallen asleep.

The following day they had visitors, and Mrs. Barnet found no proper opportunity of mentioning to her husband the boy in whom she felt so strong an interest. The day after, she was again prevented by the following accident :—A large company were invited to dine on turtle, at an inn in the village. This dinner was given by a gentleman, whose interest in the county Mr. Barnet opposed, of course he was not invited to the feast ; but the inn-keeper, who had private reasons for cultivating the good will of Mr. Barnet, and knew by what means that was to be most effectually obtained, gave him to know that a copious basin of the turtle should be sent to him.— Mr. Barnet having prepared himself for the occasion, by a longer airing than usual, was waiting with impatience for the accomplishment of the inn-keeper's promise, when he was informed, that in conveying the soup from the inn, the servant had stumbled, and spilt the rich cargo on the ground.

ground. This melancholy accident affected Mr. Barnet so deeply, that his wife plainly perceived it would be vain to expect that he should, for that day at least, think of any body's misfortune but his own.

C H A P. III.

How few, like thee, enquire the wretched out,
And court the offices of soft humanity ?

Rowe.

THE following morning, Mrs. Barnet, on the pretext of paying an early visit, drove to the old woman's cottage, to enquire after the poor boy.

She soon observed him sitting on a stone before the old woman's door, apart from the other children, who were playing on the heath.

He sprung, with extended arms, towards Mrs. Barnet, as soon as he saw her.

"Why are you not playing with the other children ?" said she.

"Because," said he, "you promised to come and see me, and I have watched for you ever since."

"That he has, indeed, madam," said the old woman, who came out of the hovel, when she saw the carriage stop ; "he has
been

been constantly on the look-out from morning to night, although I told him—"You silly fool," said I, "do you think that that there fine lady will take the trouble to come to see such a poor little wretch as you—and what does your ladyship think he answered?"—

"What *did* he answer?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, I do think it," says he; "for she promised to do so," said he, "and the parson of the workhouse school told us, that good folks always kept their promise," says he. "And I am sure," continued the old woman, "that your ladyship always will, particularly to me, whereof your ladyship must remember that you promised to reward me, if so be I treated this boy kindly, which God he knows I have done, as in duty bound."

"Have you had any breakfast, my dear?" said Mrs. Barnet to the boy.

"I was just going to give him some," answered the old woman, "when your ladyship arrived.—Was I not, child?"

"I don't know," said the boy.

c 2 "He

"He does not understand politeness as yet, please your ladyship," said the old woman; "but I will soon teach him in time; for indeed I was just going to give him some breakfast, as in duty bound."

Mrs. Barnet continued to talk with the boy for a considerable time, and was highly pleased with all he said. She then gave some money to the woman, repeating her injunctions, "that she should be careful and attentive to the boy;" and now, "my dear, here is something for you," added she; presenting him with a large sweet-cake.

"Are you going away already?" said the boy, with a sorrowful look.

"Yes, my dear, I must go," replied she.

"There," said the boy, giving the cake to the old woman, "you may divide that among the children."

"First take some yourself," rejoined the old woman; tearing off a piece, and offering it to the boy.

"No," said he; "I do not like it *now*."

"You cannot choose but like it," said she, taking a large bite of the cake herself.

"Here,

"Here, here," resumed she, as soon as she could articulate; "I assure you it is very nice, so there is a piece for you."

"I cannot eat it now," replied he, rejecting the cake, and looking mournfully at Mrs. Barnet.

"I will come and see you again, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet, tapping his cheek; "but I am obliged to go at present: pray be a good boy."

"I cannot be a good boy," resumed he, ready to cry; "when you are going away."

"I will soon return," said she, "but pray be good."

"I will try," said the boy, with a sob; "but I fear I cannot."

Mrs. Barnet had not only a warm benevolent heart, but also something of a warm imagination. The accidental manner in which she had met with this boy, and the sudden and growing interest which his appearance, behaviour, and forlorn condition created in her breast, she considered as the impulse of Providence urging her to save a fine boy from vice, infamy, and ruin.

Fraught with this idea, she returned to her own house a little before her husband arose; and by the time he was dressed, she had every thing arranged for his breakfast.

Mr. Barnet entered the parlour with a newspaper in his hand, and what was seldom the case, with a cheerful countenance.

"I fancy you have good news to communicate," said Mrs. Barnet.

"Why, yes," said he; "I find stocks have risen one and a half per cent. by which I shall gain a pretty round sum."

"I am glad to hear it," said she, presenting him with a basin of tea.

"I do not see why we should not have a dish of john-dorys for dinner to-day, let them cost what they will," resumed he.

"You shall have it, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet; "I'll give orders about it directly."

While Mrs. Barnet was giving the orders, her husband helped himself very plentifully to the toast, which he found buttered to his taste.—He continued to eat, with every appearance of satisfaction, for a considerable time after his wife returned; and when he could eat no more, he presented her a plate

of toast, with his usual phrase on like occasions—“*I really wish you would eat a little bit yourself, my dear.*”

“With all my heart,” said Mrs. Barnet, “for I rejoice to see you look so cheerful and well this morning.”

“Why truly,” said he, stroking his belly, “I do feel myself pretty comfortable.”

Mrs. Barnet thinking this the lucky moment for resuming the story of the poor boy—described his fine looks and helpless condition in such eloquent and pathetic terms, that her husband, in spite of his natural indifference to every thing which did not personally regard himself, seemed a little affected.—Mrs. Barnet perceiving this, continued:—

“I do assure you, my dear, that you never saw a prettier boy.”

“I make no manner of doubt of it,” said Mr. Barnet; “but as for the old woman,” resumed his wife, “she seemed to be an unfeeling creature, and smelt of gin.”

“I make no manner of doubt of it,” said Mr. Barnet, “for I have known several old women smell of gin.”

"I am sure she will neglect the poor boy," resumed she.

"Well, my dear, since you are persuaded of that, I think we must send for the old woman, and advise her to take care of him; and I am willing to give her a few shillings out of my pocket for so doing;" said Mr. Barnet.

"That would make her *promise* to take care of him," said Mrs. Barnet, "and make her *appear* very kind to him when you or I are with her, but what will become of the poor child when we are not present?"

"Why, he must take his chance, like the other children," said the husband.

"The other children have all some relation to inquire about them," said Mrs. Barnet; "but this poor boy is quite destitute of relation, friend, or protector. The poor creature himself told me that the only friend he ever had, died last week."

"And who was he?" said Mr. Barnet.

"A poor old foot-man," replied his wife.

"And are you making all this fuss, Jane, about a little friendless vagabond, whom nobody knows?" said Mr. Barnet.

"If

"If this poor boy were known and had friends, he would not stand in need of our protection," replied Mrs. Barnet.

"That is very true," said Mr. Barnet; "but on the other hand, it is very hard on us, to be the only protector of poor friendless vagabond boys."

"This is but *one* boy," replied Mrs. Barnet; "perhaps Providence will never throw another so particularly in our way."

"Why truly, Jane, you surprise me," said the husband; "you seem to be as much concerned about this boy, as if he were your own."

"So would *you*, if you had only seen him; he is a most bewitching little fellow, and although he is somewhat pale and emaciated, I never in my life beheld a boy with finer features and a more interesting countenance:—he brought to my remembrance our own poor George, who is dead and gone"—Here she burst into tears, and was unable to speak for a few minutes.

"Pray, do not afflict yourself for what cannot be helped," said Mr. Barnet; "you know,

know, my dear, we did all we could for George, and the apothecary did all *he* could also; he could not have prescribed a greater number of draughts, and cordials, and julaps, to the only son of a Duke; for his bill was as long as a spit, so there is no cause for sorrow or reflection.—And as for this hospital boy, although he is nothing to me, yet since he bears such a resemblance to George, I am willing to make a weekly allowance, out of my own pocket, to the old woman, to make her careful of him.”

Mrs. Barnet shook her head.

“Why, what would you have me do?” resumed the husband; “you would not surely have me take him quite out of the hands of the old woman, and be at the whole burden of his maintenance myself!”

Mrs. Barnet smiled with a nod of assent.

“Good gracious, my dear! You do not reflect,” added the husband, “how strange a thing it would be for us to take a poor miserable wretch of a boy, perhaps the son of a foot-man, under our care, and be at the whole expence of maintaining him. I should

should be glad to know who will thank us for it?"

"Our own hearts," said Mrs. Barnet.

"My heart never thanked me for any such thing since I was born," said Mr. Barnet; "and I am sure all our acquaintances would laugh at us, and turn us into ridicule."

"All the laughters in the world cannot turn benevolence into ridicule," said Mrs. Barnet; "and the narrow minded may be hurt to see you do what *they* cannot imitate; but malice itself can neither prevent the pleasure which a charitable action will afford to your own breast, my dear, nor the respect which will attend it."

"So your drift is," replied the husband, "to tease me till I take this boy into my house."

"My drift has never been to tease you, but always to make you happy, my dear. I own I am affected with the friendless condition of this poor orphan, and struck with his resemblance to the child who was torn from us at the same age;—as for the
poor

poor young creature's maintenance, it will be a mere trifle to us, but of infinite importance to him; it may save him from vice, and the worst kind of ruin. The reflection of having done so charitable an office to a lovely boy, like your own departed son, would no doubt afford you everlasting satisfaction: but," continued she, perceiving that her husband began to be affected, "I desire you to do nothing which is not prompted by the generous feelings of your own heart; for of this I am certain, that your acting up to them will render you more prosperous even in this world, and secure you a reward of an hundred fold in the next."

The earnestness of Mrs. Barnet's manner, and the recollection of a son whom he had loved as much as he could love any thing, had already touched the heart of the husband; and this last intimation of immediate prosperity and future reward, sounding in his ears something like accumulated interest and a large premium, came nearest his feelings, and overcame him entirely.

"Well,

“ Well, my dear,” said he, “ since this is your opinion, let the boy be brought hither as soon as you please.”

Mrs. Barnet threw her arms around her husband's neck, and thanked him with all the warmth of an overflowing and benevolent heart.

CHAP. IV.

Grief and Decorum.

AS it is not uncommon for people to take an interest in a man for the sake of his wife, the reader may wish to know something of Mr. Barnet; and how he came to be the husband of a woman whose character was so essentially different from his.—Besides, as it is generally allowed, that Nature does nothing in vain; and yet, if all Mr. George Barnet's acquaintances had been put to the rack, none of them could have mentioned any utility that he had ever been of;—in vindication of Nature, it is necessary to prove, that this was not her work; and to shew by what means he came to be perverted from a being who might have been of some use in the world, into the very useless animal he really was; particularly, as what Mr. George Barnet was, or much about it,—several wealthy inhabitants
of

of this metropolis, from similar causes, are. Finally, it is incumbent on us to go a little into the history of the Barnet family, because this is so much connected with the principal person of this work, that we might have begun with it, and never mentioned the workhouse boy until we arrived at the time when Mrs. Barnet picked him up on the road, had we not always had an unsurmountable dislike to that methodical way of proceeding.

Mr. Barnet, the father of George, was originally a clerk to an eminent merchant in the city of London, whose daughter he secretly married. Although born and bred in an inferior sphere of life, and remote from the court, Mr. Barnet possessed some of the most distinguished qualities of a courtier—a heart cold and indifferent about the happiness or misery of the whole human race, and a mind entirely occupied with plans for his own interest and advancement. He was certainly a man of uncommon address, for soon after his marriage he contrived not only to obtain the forgiveness

forgiveness but also the friendship of his father-in-law, by whom he was, at no advanced period of life, introduced into some profitable branches of trade ; and such was his assiduity in business, and plausibility of deportment, that he was even raised to the dignity of alderman much earlier than is usual. This piece of good fortune seemed to be overbalanced by the loss of his lady, who died in consequence of a cold caught on the Thames on a lord mayor's day, or in returning from the ball the same evening ; for the two physicians who attended her, were of different opinions on that subject—one insisting that the piercing and moist air on the river was the cause of the decease ;—the other being clear that it was entirely owing to the night air, as she returned from the mansion-house, after being heated with dancing.

Mr. Barnet was surprised that these learned gentlemen should put so great a stress on a circumstance which he thought of little importance ; because, whether she caught her complaint on land or water, his wife

was indisputably dead.—But as he was satisfied, on the whole, with the manner in which they treated her complaint, he took no notice of their disputes, however much they surprised him.

Mrs. Barnet was the intimate friend of the then Lady Mayorefs, and attended her on that splendid occasion.—Her ladyship, two or three times during the ceremonies of that day, observed that Mrs. Barnet was unusually thoughtful, and enquired the reason.—

The answers she received were rather evasive, because Mrs. Barnet was at those times anticipating in her imagination, the magnificence of a future day, which she hoped was at no great distance, when her own husband being Lord Mayor, she herself would of course be the principal figure at the ball.

Few things could more strongly illustrate the vanity of human hopes and wishes, for while this poor lady was indulging her imagination in this manner, she had already imbibed the seeds of the disease of which she died a few months after.

This mournful event occurred several years after the happiest union, as Mr. Barnett asserted, that ever had existed between man and wife.

This assertion, it is true, did not quite accord with the observation of some of their acquaintance, who pretend to have been witnesses to frequent scenes of sharp altercation between this happy couple.—Mr. Barnett, however, maintained, that these scenes were merely jocular, and never took place, except when somebody was present; but that when his wife and he were by themselves, they never had a dispute, not even in jest.

At the time that Mr. Barnett lost his lady, he was so much engrossed by business, that it was highly inconvenient for him to give way to the emotions of grief; yet being a man of strict decorum, he thought it becoming to sequester himself, for a certain period, from the Royal Exchange, or from transacting business in public.—The period he fixed upon was two months, both because he thought it of a decent length, and because such an interval of afflictive retirement was
favourable

favourable for the examination of his ledgers, journals, and accounts, and the general arrangements of his affairs.

He might possibly have extended the term of his sorrow still further, had he not known that an increase of the royal family was expected about that period; and he imagined that it would have the appearance of disaffection, for a man like him, in a public capacity, to seem sad, when it was the duty of every loyal subject to rejoice.

About a week after the time fixed upon for the period of Mr. Barnet's sorrow, this happy event took place, and he joined without scruple in the public demonstrations of joy.

This occasion of general joy was followed by one particularly gratifying to Mr. Barnet, for being of the deputation which carried the congratulatory address to St. James's, he had the honour of knighthood conferred on him; immediately after which he retired for a week to his house in the country, as if it were to give fresh vent to his sorrow for his late loss, or to avoid

the imputation of an ostentatious fondness of his new dignity.—If the last was his reason, it was in some measure defeated ; for the curate of the parish where Sir Robert's country residence was, having deferred the lady's funeral sermon until her husband could have the pleasure of hearing it, declared from the pulpit, after enumerating the virtues of the deceased, that the honour conferred on her husband was a just reward for the exemplary sorrow he had manifested for the loss of so deserving a lady.

Some years previous to this, Sir Robert had lost his father-in-law, whose relict had been so enraged at her daughter's marriage with a person in the situation of a clerk, that it was not in her husband's power to prevail on her to behave with any appearance of kindness to her daughter from the time it took place. She never heard the name of Barnet mentioned with pleasure, till the addition of Sir, instead of Mr., was put before it.—This indeed produced a wonderful change in the behaviour of this hitherto obdurate old woman ; all *that* cold disdain

disdain and hardened indignation, which had resisted the influence of maternal affection, and the intreaties of her husband, were dissolved by the new dignity of her son-in-law, as ice is dissolved by the beams of the sun. She now addressed him in the most obsequious manner, spoke of him in the most soothing terms, and seemed peculiarly fond of talking of her dear Sir Robert.—As for the Knight himself, he would have paid little regard to the wavering affections of the old lady, had he not known that her husband, besides an ample jointure, had left her a very considerable sum in the funds, entirely at her disposal, and which he expected she would leave to his children.—He received her advances therefore, with more complacency than he would otherwise have done; for having long known that she disliked him, he had a fixed aversion to her,

When the period which Sir Robert had allotted for grief was over, he returned to the occupations of commerce with as much eagerness as ever; so that none but those to whom he imparted the secret, had any notion that his affliction was poignant.

C H A P. V.

For fools are stubborn in their way,
 As coins are harden'd by th' allay;
 And obstinacy's ne'er so stiff,
 As when 'tis in a wrong belief. BUTLER.

MRS. Barnet left two sons and a daughter. The sons were at school when their mother died. Sir Robert allowed them to remain there for two years, when the elder being excessively heated with playing at cricket, happened to throw himself on the ground while damp, in consequence of which he caught a pleurisy, of which he died in a few days, in spite of the most judicious treatment,

The old lady was enraged that the physician in whom she had most confidence had not been employed; and when she was informed of the manner in which the boy had been treated by those who had attended him, she declared that he had been murdered; and advised Sir Robert to prosecute

both the physician and apothecary, cost what it might.

Sir Robert observed in answer to this, "That he did not value the expence, but that it would be difficult to prove the fact." She answered, "That nothing would be more easy, because the apothecary acknowledged that he had blooded the boy three times, by the physician's direction, in the space of two days; and moreover had applied a blister to the very side where the poor child's pain was;—and that she would bring witnesses to swear, that a large discharge had been produced by the blister, and that they had heard the apothecary encouraging him to drink plentifully of barley-water, and other *weakening* liquors; which treatment she averred was enough to kill, not only a weakly stripling like her grandson, but Samson himself even when his hair was at the longest."

Sir Robert replied, "That he would not pretend circumstantially to refute her reasoning, because she had more skill in physic than he; but still he could not suspect that

the doctor or apothecary could have any intention to kill his son, because it was plainly their interest that he should recover."

"Interest, or not interest," cried this violent old woman, "it is certain that they drew out all the poor child's blood, and then poured in nothing but watery liquors in its place; and lastly, to prevent the dear infant from dying with tolerable ease, they had the cruelty to apply a monstrous blister to his side.—If you do not call this murder, I would be glad to know what you are pleased to call it?"

"In answer to this," Sir Robert said, "I will not take upon me to call it any thing; but, I thank God, I have more charity, than to suspect men of committing a crime by which they know they must be out of pocket; besides, bleeding and blistering were, perhaps, the properest things that could be done in such a case."

"That is impossible," replied the lady; "for they are contrary to Dr. Truffles' method."

"What is his method?" said Sir Robert.

"I will

"I will inform you of his method," answered she; "for he acquainted me with it himself, which made me employ him ever since.—He orders no medicine but what is warm and comfortable to the stomach; and the regimen he prescribes, consists of nourishing soups and jellies, which, he says, support the system, and not hot water and bleeding, like Doctor Sangrado, who starves his patients."

"Who is Doctor Sangrado?" said Sir Robert.

"I know nothing farther about him," replied she, "for I never employed him myself; but I suppose he is some Scotch Doctor, for none could have a prejudice in favour of starving, but those who are accustomed to it from their infancy."

"I would not however have you to rely too much on Dr. Truffles' skill," resumed Sir Robert; "for Lady Dumpling died under his care last week."

"Ah! that was no fault of Dr. Truffles," said the lady, "but entirely owing to her being struck all at once with an apoplexy, before

before he had time to order any thing to support the system;—but the Doctor's method was succeeding so well with her, that she was amazingly plump, and had eat a very hearty meal only an hour before the apoplexy seized her."

The Knight declined reasoning any more with her, but he continued determined not to begin a prosecution, which he thought would, in spite of all her arguments, involve him in expence to no purpose.

The old lady then desired, "that he would at least remove George from the school where his brother was murdered;" telling him, "that there was an excellent school at the village near which her house in the country was;—that while the master instructed boys, his wife took care of girls, and there were good accomodations for both. She begged therefore that George and his sister might be placed at this school, where they would have the advantage of her superintending both their health and education."

Sir

Sir Robert did not think it prudent to refuse this request; George and his sister were accordingly sent to this school.

It was well known that Sir Robert's earnest desire was to be what is called the founder of a family, and had destined almost the whole of his fortune to his eldest son. George was early informed, that he would have a very small portion, and that his figure in life would depend in a great measure on his own exertions; in consequence of which, he did shew a desire and capacity for improvement. It is not likely that he would in any case have become a prodigy of genius, but there is reason to believe that if the elder brother had lived, George would have been a happier and more respectable man than he afterwards turned out to be.

From the time of his brother's death, George perceived that he was a person of infinitely more importance than he had been before.—He was now treated as the heir of an immense fortune; he was informed

formed that every thing was provided for him, and that all kind of diligence or exertion on his part was superfluous.

Such ideas have a tendency to form the character at a more early period of life than is generally suspected. There is every reason to think that they palsied the exertions of poor George Barnet, and made him sink into that indolence from which he never emerged.

The grandmother easily prevailed on Sir Robert, to remove him and his sister to the new school, where she promised to pay a very careful attention to both, but kept her promise only respecting George; the sister she entirely neglected, having taken a prejudice against her from the moment she was christened, and for this cogent reason, because the infant, instead of being named Martha, which was the old lady's name, had been called Catherine, after her own mother, against whom the grandmother's indignation still existed. But the master and mistress of this school being people of some sense and integrity, paid a most

conscientious attention to Catherine, and it was owing to their care, Catherine's docility, and her grandmother's total neglect, that the girl made many useful acquisitions during her stay at this boarding-school. George, on the other hand, had acquired nothing during the three years he remained there, except a slight knowledge in fishing, by constant practice in a neighbouring pond; but as he had grown considerably taller, his grandmother thought it time that he should be removed, and therefore she wrote the following epistle to her son-in-law :

“ My dear Sir Robert,

“ I have the pleasure to inform you, that
“ our sweet George is by far the most accomplished child of his age I ever knew,
“ and promises to be an ornament to his
“ king and country.—He has already learnt
“ all that can be taught at the present school,
“ besides acquiring several talents of his
“ own accord, by the light of nature.

“ He seems now to have a thorough
“ aversion to this school; therefore to keep
“ him

“ him longer there might damp his spirits, and
“ also endanger his health; for I understand
“ that some of the children are troubled
“ with worms, which is a very infectious
“ distemper. I therefore propose, with your
“ permission, to take him home to my own
“ house, having engaged a man of genius,
“ on moderate terms, as his tutor, and fitted
“ up an apartment for them, which has a
“ view of the London road, and will pre-
“ vent the boy from wearying when he is
“ at his studies.

“ As to my last complaint, about which
“ you express so much kind concern, it
“ neither was a flying gout as Dr. Hum
“ thought it, nor bilious according to Dr.
“ Flum, but entirely wind, which is now
“ happily dispersed. Dr. Truffles assures me,
“ that he knew this all along, though he
“ never mentioned it for fear of alarming
“ me.

“ My dear Sir Robert, I hope to hear by
“ the next post, that you approve of my
“ plan respecting George; for it would be a
“ pity to lose any more time, as his cham-
“ bers, as well as the man of genius, are
“ ready

“ ready prepared.—When you know the
“ terms on which I have engaged the latter,
“ you will own that I have got a great
“ pennyworth.

“ I am, my dear Sir Robert,

“ Your ever affectionate mother,

“ MARTHA NICHOLSON.”

By the return of the post she received
this answer from Sir Robert:

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your favour is before me. Cannot but
“ approve of your proceedings respecting
“ George, and am happy to hear he is so
“ accomplished. It is lucky that you have
“ made so good a bargain with a man of
“ genius, which, as I have been told, is a
“ scarce commodity this season.

“ Your old friend lady Bam called, in
“ her return from the magnetising Doctor;
“ to inquire after you. I shewed her your
“ letter; she says, the Doctor has almost
“ quite cured her of her paralytic disorder,
“ being able to play a little at loo every
“ evening, only her daughter is obliged to
“ hold her cards.—She strongly recom-
“ mends

“ mends her Doctor to you, in case your
 “ complaint should return ; for her Doctor
 “ assures her, that all windy diseases pro-
 “ ceed from the nervous system, for which,
 “ according to him, animal magnetism is
 “ the only remedy.—But in this I own I
 “ am no judge, being with great esteem,

“ Dear Madam,

“ Your dutiful son, and obedient servant,

“ R. BARNET.”

Young Barnet was removed accordingly from the school to his grandmother's, where he was treated in the most delicate manner, and fed with every dainty of the season.

The chief business of the tutor was to watch over his health, accompany him when he went a fishing, an amusement of which he became daily fonder, and sometimes to ride out with him on horseback ; but the old lady more frequently chose to take him in the chariot when she herself took an airing ; and indeed she was for several years his most constant companion, that he might reap the benefit of her instructions, and also because, as she herself-observed, her presence

was

was a most effectual method of deterring bad company from approaching him.

George was not naturally a youth of a violent or a headstrong temper ; on the contrary, he was rather inclined to avoid contest, and yield to resistance—Yet the excessive indulgence of his grandmother, and the constant attention paid to all his humours by those who frequented her house, gradually rendered him opinionative and conceited ; he acquired the habit of dictating, and at last could not bear any difference in opinion.—Yet, instead of supporting his opinions by argument, his method of reasoning was to repeat his assertions when contradicted with more force than he had made them at first : if, for example, he accidentally said, “ that his horse could trot fourteen miles in an hour,” and any body hinted a doubt, or expressed surprise, he immediately asserted, “ that the horse could trot twenty ;” and the energy of his assertions usually kept pace with the strength of the arguments used against them, and the improbability of what he himself supported.

C H A P. VI.

———Eamus

Quo ducit gula.

Hor.

AS Sir Robert Barnet's mind was entirely engrossed by the pursuit of riches, he paid little attention to the education of his son, but allowed him to live with his grandmother till he arrived at that age when he thought it would be proper to instruct the young man in mercantile business.— Sir Robert took a good deal of pains to convince his mother-in-law of the propriety of this measure, and at last prevailed on her to agree to his leaving her house, and removing to his in the city.

This alteration was less disagreeable for some time to George than he expected; for as it was the season when turtle is most plentiful, Sir Robert was in a course of entertaining and being entertained by his city friends, and his son was frequently invited
to

to the turtle and venison feasts with which those luxurious traders regale each other.— George had shewn an early taste for good living, a phrase which at present implies good eating. This taste was greatly improved at his grandmother's, who kept an excellent cook, and spared no expence on her table, where George heard many enlightened conversations on the comparative merit of the respective dishes, and became an adept both in the theory and practice of this science.

His knowledge of the best dishes and the most delicate parts of each dish, gave him a vast advantage over the ignorant. Their blunders were a fertile subject of George's ridicule at every feast. He tipp'd the wink to some knowing friend as often as he perceived them neglecting the delicate bits and devouring the coarse; he never failed to give a bad character of every dish he preferred, that it might fall to his own share or those of his favourites; and on all those occasions he looked as waggish and ironical, as the flat rotundity of his countenance would permit. Thus accomplished, George

was considered as a smart young man by many of the guests during the season of festivity and feasting; but it must be confessed at the same time, that this was the only branch of his father's business which he ever understood, or in which he had the least wish to take a share. Sir Robert however was at considerable pains to give his son useful ideas concerning commerce in general, and his own in particular—pointing out such vast and various sources of wealth, as he thought would excite avidity and stimulate exertion:—But as George had been nursed from his birth in the lap of affluence, and had hardly ever felt the want of money, it was impossible to give him the same ardour for accumulating that his father had; besides, his faculties were already too much benumbed with indolence to bear trouble or application of any kind.—The young man was so conscious of this aversion to business, that he viewed the rich prospects which his father pointed out, as Moses viewed the land of promise, from mount Nebo, with a certitude that by his

own exertions he never could attain the objects he contemplated.

In spite of Sir Robert's remonstrances, instead of attending the counting house, George spent his time in parties to the country, or in lounging at the public places with a few young men of the city, in whom the fruits of their fathers' industry had produced no other effect than inspiring them with contempt for the source from which they were derived.

Sir Robert had known young men, who from levity and thoughtlessness were careless of reputation; others who disregarded the distinctions of rank and titles; he had been acquainted with some few who were insensible to the allurements of beauty. All those dispositions he thought extraordinary, yet still he could account for their existence in the human breast; but that any man, young or old, should have a fair prospect of acquiring an immense fortune, (which in Sir Robert's opinion comprehended reputation, honours, influence, the possession of beauty, and all

that is gratifying to the heart of man,) and behold such a prospect with indifference, was what he could not comprehend, and he thought it so particularly improbable that a child of his could be of such a disposition, that if he had ever entertained any suspicions of his wife's infidelity this would have confirmed them.

One day, after having enumerated the advantages of a new speculation in trade which he meditated, and endeavoured to convince his son that this alone, if carefully conducted, would prove a permanent source of opulence, he added, "but above all things remember, that this requires great alertness, activity, and attention on our part; no scheme of this nature can be rendered successful without constant and laborious attention for a certain time, after which it will go on of itself, with a moderate inspection—and then, my boy, we will enjoy the fruits of our labour."

Perceiving that his son heard all this with little or no emotion—"Good God!" cried he, "George, are you awake?"—"Awake," repeated

repeated George, rubbing his eyes—"I believe so."

"I am glad of it," said Sir Robert, "for you look'd as cold and indifferent as if you had been at church, or as if I had been repeating one of the sermons which parson Drowsy preaches to your grandmother in the country."

"The very last sermon I heard the parson preach," said George, "was something to the same purpose."

"To the same purpose! How do you mean?"

"Yes, indeed," replied George, "it seemed pretty much to the same purpose; for the whole tendency of his discourse was, that we ought to watch and pray, and labour without ceasing, that we might enjoy a treasure hereafter.—And Jack Revel, whom my grandmother had coaxed that day to church, whispered in my ear, That is as much as to say, make sure of Hell while you live, and you will go to Heaven perhaps when you die."

"Jack Revel is a worthless profligate, and a fool besides," cried Sir Robert; "for how can the acquisition of riches, which makes a heaven on earth, be compared to hell?"

"The labour of gathering them would be purgatory to me," answered George.

After this conversation Sir Robert despaired of his son's ever making any figure as a merchant; instead of teasing the young man and vexing himself therefore by fruitless persuasions, he began to revolve in his mind in what line of life his son had a chance of making a more decent appearance.

Mr. Quirk his attorney happened to call on him while he was meditating on the subject; Sir Robert mentioned it to him—Mr. Quirk had on two or three occasions been witness to young George's obstinacy in dispute and perseverance in supporting a bad cause: "On this foundation," he said, "there was reason to believe that the young gentleman was possessed of very promising talents for the bar;" but Sir Robert insisted "that George was by much too indolent for that

pro

profession—and he feared had not capacity sufficient for conducting any branch of commerce; we must therefore think,” added he, “of some kind of employment which will give him little trouble and requires but a moderate extent of capacity.”

“You had best put him into parliament then,” said Mr. Quirk; “that gives little trouble, and has succeeded wonderfully with men of as moderate capacities as are to be met with.”

As several examples, strongly corroborative of the attorney's assertion, occurred to Sir Robert in the instant, he seemed to relish the proposal, and invited Mr. Quirk to stay and dine, for there was to be no company but George. The attorney consented, and after dinner Sir Robert asked his son “How he should like to be a Member of the House of Commons?”

On Mr. George's hesitating, Mr. Quirk adjoined, “it is a very honourable situation for young men who have nothing to do, and it requires neither application nor study.”

“What

"What does it require then?" said George.

"It requires money to purchase a seat," answered Mr. Quirk.

"Which I am willing to advance," added Sir Robert.

"I believe the house meets at the hour of dinner," said George, "and some of the Members make desperate long speeches."

"The young gentleman's remark is equally acute and just," rejoined the attorney, looking to Sir Robert; "nevertheless, I can assure him, that any Member may withdraw when he is tired, whether at the beginning, middle, or end of a speech."

"Are you absolutely certain of that?" added Mr. George.

"Absolutely certain," replied Mr. Quirk, "otherwise who would be a Member of Parliament?"

"Not I, for one," answered Mr. George.

"You need be under no apprehension of that sort; for no such strict attendance as you dread is required," said Mr. Quirk.

"I should

"I should be glad to know what is absolutely requisite in a Member of Parliament," said George.

"Only that you should be able to say Ay or No," said Sir Robert, a little angrily. "Will that satisfy you?"

"Very well, Sir," replied George, bowing to his father; "I have now no objection to being in parliament."

CHAP. VII.

Crescit amor nummi, quantum ipsa pecunia crescit.

JUVEN.

THE contrast between the characters of the father and the son, however great it may seem, in all probability depended on the different situations in which they began life, and not on any great difference of their natural powers or dispositions. The former set out in narrow circumstances, goaded to early exertions by the apprehensions of poverty, and a full conviction that he had nothing to rely upon but his personal diligence; habit rendered application in a short time easy, and the increasing wealth which attended this application at last communicated to it a sense of pleasure. Whereas the latter, from the time of his brother's death, knew that he was heir to an opulent fortune, that his wants would all be supplied without any labour of his own,

own, and being devoid of every kind of ambition, he was soon infected with indolence, a disease whose nature it is to augment every moment, and the more hopeless, because, not being like many other distempers removable by the mere efforts of nature, it stands in need of the assistance of art—an assistant which in George's case was never called in.

In many particulars the father and son were congenial, both being narrow minded and selfish; only the selfishness of the father appeared in his assiduous application to one object, to which in his mind all others were subordinate, namely, the accumulation of wealth; whereas the selfishness of the son manifested itself in the indulgence of ease and gratification of appetite at whatever expence.

George was at no pains to conceal his predominant propensities; he probably found many people to sympathize with him, and therefore the pleasures of the table formed a principal topic of his conversation; but a spirit of covetousness is so odious and unsociable,

fociable, that nobody dare avow it, and Sir Robert endeavoured to conceal the source of his indefatigable grasping as much as he could.—He often declared, “that he thought himself rich enough, and that on his own personal account, he had not the slightest wish for more; but that he considered it as an indispensable duty to provide liberally for his children,—that his son would soon marry, and probably have a numerous family; he was anxious therefore to secure a provision for them; that having himself received an ample fortune with his wife, he owed it to her memory to provide amply for all her descendants; that these considerations alone induced him to continue the toil of business, and remain in the smoke of the city, at a time of life which required ease and retirement, and when his mind had lost all relish for additional wealth.”

Those and similar pretexts deceived nobody; all Sir Robert Barnet's acquaintance knew, that the sovereign passion of his soul was the love of money; in the indulgence
of

of which he considered himself, and himself only; and as for his son, and his son's children who were not yet born, he thought as little of them in his exertions for wealth as they did of him.

It is curious to observe the various masks under which men endeavour to conceal the odious features of permanent or increasing avarice—yet they impose on none, but those who use them: We are all sufficiently sharp-sighted to see through the flimsy veils, under which our neighbours endeavour to hide what is unamiable in their dispositions, yet we are weak enough to imagine, that the same piece of old tattered gauze, when thrown over our own foibles, will be impervious to the eyes of all mankind.

The favourite wish of Sir Robert's heart had once been to increase his fortune to a plum,—“If I were worth a hundred thousand pounds,” said he, “I should be satisfied.” When he had acquired this however, he felt the same ardent desire for two hundred thousand pounds that he formerly had for one; for, thought he, “if I were once

worth two plums, I could soon make a third."

A new source of covetousness and discontent sprung up in the mind of Sir Robert about this time.

Curtæ nescio quid semper abest rei.

An old friend of his, who set out in life at the same time with himself, but remained in very confined circumstances several years after Sir Robert was in affluence, returned about this time from the East Indies; he lived in great splendor, and was reputed to be worth above two hundred thousand pounds—That a man, whom he had known so much poorer than himself, should in the space of a few years acquire more money than he had been able to do in the course of many, was a reflection which deprived Sir Robert of all satisfaction from the great fortune he himself possessed, and imbittered all his enjoyments.

"All this availeth me nothing," said Haman the favourite of Ahasuerus, "so long as I see Mordecai the Jew sitting at the King's gate."

"My

"My hundred thousand pounds availeth me nothing," thought Sir Robert Barnet, "as long as this cursed old friend of mine has double that sum."

Two hundred thousand pounds at least, and as much more as he could, was Sir Robert therefore bent upon acquiring, and he set about it as eagerly as he had done at the beginning of life. His efforts were for some time successful, which redoubled his ardour, in the midst of which, he made an imprudent push, and, instead of raising his fortune to two hundred thousand pounds, it was sunk to ninety thousand;—a sum which appeared downright poverty in his eyes.

Sir Robert Barnet's voyage through life had hitherto been remarkably prosperous; wary and cautious at the outset, he had carefully flunnet the rocks and quicksands on which less prudent adventurers strike. But when he seemed to enjoy a very favourable gale, he was unexpectedly driven back by an adverse gust to a greater distance from the port he aimed at than he had been for several years.

His mind was unable to sustain the shock of such an unexpected reverse of fortune.

Had Sir Robert been less uniformly prosperous, had fortune dealt her favours to him with a more sparing hand, had he been more accustomed to checks and reverses, it is probable that he would either have obviated his present misfortune, or been able to support it with greater firmness.

The same man who could not bear the idea of being worth only ninety thousand pounds, because he had once possessed above one hundred thousand pounds, would have lived tolerably satisfied, with twenty thousand or much less, if he had never possessed more.—The original cause of Sir Robert's dejection of spirits therefore was, rather that he had at one time acquired too much, than that he was ever reduced to too little. He never recovered his spirits after this accident, and died in a short time of, what was called a nervous fever.

CHAP. VIII.

Sedulitas autem aultē quem diligit urget. *Hor.*

THE old lady bore the death of Sir Robert with the same degree of real concern that he had done that of his wife.—George, however, burst into tears when he was told of his father's death, and seemed rather dejected for some days after it. Alarmed lest his health might suffer, the old lady used every means to comfort him and dispel his affliction;—assuring him that the natural tendency of grief was to injure the health of the living, without being of any service to the dead; and that although he were to grieve himself into a consumption, his father would after all remain as dead as before. Whether it was the force or novelty of this argument that supported him, certain it is that George's health did not greatly suffer by his affliction, which diminished his appetite so little, that a very short time after

after his father's death he had a severe fit of indigestion from eating too plentifully of turtle.

His grandmother imputed this indisposition to a glass of water which, with the rashness natural to youth, she said he had drank in the time of dinner.—George himself expressed some suspicions against the turtle;—but the old lady vindicated the animal's character with all the ardour of affection, asserting its innocence not only from her own experience but on the authority of Dr. Truffle, who thought it a great supporter of the system,—and that no supposable quantity of that dish received into the stomach could prove mortal, of which many respectable persons of her acquaintance, still alive, were sufficient evidence.—Whatever was the cause of his disorder, George was in so much distress, that Dr. Truffle was sent for; and had he not happened to be otherwise engaged, very possibly the history of Mr. Barnet would have terminated at this place.—Whether the reader would have considered this as a fortunate circumstance for himself, or not,

Not, it certainly was lucky for George that a physician of very different notions from Dr. Truffle attended him; his grandmother shewing infinite concern for the young man, and superintending the administration of every remedy, without exception. But all her tenderness could not make her refrain from giving frequent hints that he had brought it on himself by that imprudent draught of cold water; and the wretched patient suffered little less from the teasing of the old lady, than from the pain of his bowels.

The physician made his second visit, while this persevering old woman was expatiating on the mischievous effects of cold water, and the wilfulness of those who use it.—“But here comes the doctor,” cried she, “he will confirm all I have been saying.” “Pray doctor,” continued she, “is it not highly imprudent to drink raw, cold, windy, unwholesome liquors at dinner.”

“I should think so,” replied the doctor, “and at supper equally so.”

"Do you hear that, my dear," said she, addressing herself to George, who was too uneasy at the moment to make any reply? Then turning to the physician, she rejoined, "and is it not most dangerous to *begin* to take such drinks before the stomach is habituated to them."

"I suspect that most people are rash enough to begin things before they are habituated to them," replied the doctor, smiling.

"Ay! doctor, you may laugh," said the old lady, "since you and your brethren reap the benefit of those people's rashness and folly: But is it not your serious opinion that cold, windy, pernicious liquors are peculiarly improper for a young man like my grandson?"

"I should think such liquors as you describe improper for young, old, and middle-aged, madam," said the doctor.

"But especially for men of fortune like my grandson," resumed the lady, "who have all the comforts of life at command, and who being young may expect to enjoy them long. Your poor beggarly people may do as they please,

please, for they have nothing to lose ; but for one in my grandson's circumstances to throw away his life in such a manner is quite inexcusable."

" For when once his life is thrown away," added the doctor, " he will be reduced to the same circumstances with the poor."

" Ah! so we are told," said the old lady with a sigh, " and a very hard thing it is." " But do you not think that there may be some difference made," continued she, " between the better sort of people and the inferior orders after all, doctor? for if they are put exactly on the same footing, the rich will be more severely dealt with."

" How so?" said the doctor.

" Because," replied she, " the poor have always been accustomed to hardships; and ill usage of any kind would be a much slighter punishment to them, than to the rich, who have been used to comforts all their lives."

" That does make a difference," rejoined the doctor, " and there will be a difference after death also, madam ; for the rich will

have more magnificent funerals, and much more comfortable graves."

"That is but cold comfort," replied the old lady with a sorrowful face: "But you hear what he has said," continued she, turning to her grandson, "and if you do not profit by it, it is neither his fault nor mine."

"I neither blame him nor you," replied George, with a look of anguish; "but I must beg that you will both leave the room for a few minutes."

Mr. Barnet soon recovered from this complaint; and although in the course of his life he had many attacks of the same nature, he never after could impute them to the same cause, for he never ventured on another glass of unmixed water; but, by his grandmother's direction, always corrected the raw and pernicious qualities, which she thought belonged to that liquid, with some other of a warmer nature; and he continued to live with the old lady, in a very comfortable manner, to use a favourite phrase of hers, which afterwards became a noted one of Mr. George's.

CHAP. IX.

——— A lazy, lolling sort,
 Unseen at church, at senate, or at court,
 Of ever idlers loit'ers, that attend
 No cause, no trust, no duty, and no friend,

POPE.

ALTHOUGH the thread of this old lady's life was of a very tough texture, and although she endeavoured to spin it out as long as possible, she could not prevent its snapping at last.

By her last will, she left her whole fortune to her grandson;—notwithstanding this circumstance, he was uneasy at her death.—George was more than most men the slave of habit;—he felt such a blank on losing the old lady, as he, who was by no means fertile in resources, was for some time at a loss how to supply.—Previous to the death of his grandmother, he had lost some of his acquaintance; but as their deaths made less alteration in the routine of his own life, and did

did not interrupt the daily return of what he called his comforts, he forgot them very speedily: whereas now several things on which he put importance were neglected, or presented to him in a less *comfortable* style than formerly, his grief for the old lady was of course more poignant and durable than any thing of the same kind he had ever felt before. At the distance of two complete months after she had been, with all due honours, interred, and when no idea of her existed in the memory of any other person, Mr. George gave a striking proof that a grateful recollection of her remained in his;—for one day at his own table, on tasting a dish of stewed carp, he exclaimed “that the cook had spoiled it;” adding in a sorrowful tone of voice, and with tears in his eyes, “*If my worthy grandmother were alive, I should not be so served.*”

This observation, though directly levelled at the cook, glanced obliquely at his sister Catherine, who then sat at his table, and on whom he had devolved the management of his house after their grandmother's death.

This young lady had been left but a very moderate fortune by her father; on his death, she went and boarded with a female relation.—George, on the other hand, had prevailed on his grandmother, a considerable time before her death, to take an elegant house in the west end of the town, where they lived for one half of the year, and spent the other at her villa in the country;—he now invited his sister to preside over both.

There are few things in which mankind make greater mistakes than in the objects in which they place their own happiness, and in their estimate of the happiness of others.—Miss Barnet was often considered as an unfortunate young woman, because her father left her a smaller portion than he ought, and because she was not a favourite of her grandmother;—yet there is no doubt that she was by far the happiest in the Barnet family.—Sir Robert was quoted as a fortunate man, and envied by half the city on account of his rapid accumulation of wealth;—yet this, so far from producing content,

content, only augmented covetousness, made him unable to sustain the first blow of adversity, and rendered him the victim of despondency. And his son George was considered as one of the luckiest fellows in life, because he succeeded early to both his father's and grandmother's fortunes, which, in fact, were what bribed him into indolence, and finally deprived him of all that gives relish to existence.—To a mind like that of George, devoid of ambition and curiosity, the spur of poverty was perhaps the only thing which could have roused him into that degree of exertion that is necessary to render a man at all respectable in the eyes of others, or tolerably happy in himself. Obligated to do nothing, he never knew what to do; he found it a difficult matter to get through the day; and as this difficulty recurred every day, life on the whole was rather an oppressive business to him.

In town, his only exercise was a lounge in Bond-street, or a ride in Hyde Park; and his only business dressing, for his ride, and afterwards

afterwards for his dinner. At one time he shewed some fondness for dress, and it was thought he would have become a fop, but his natural and acquired indolence overcame that kind of vanity, and the fatigue of dressing became unsupportable to him. The happiest part of his life was that which succeeded his ride, for he had then generally an appetite, and was in the well-assured hope of a good dinner; but when he had quite subdued his appetite, having no taste for conversation—no pleasure in reflection—no curiosity to gratify—no ambition to excite him, if he did not fall asleep, tedium returned, and existence became a burden; from which he was sometimes tempted to seek temporary relief in the most pernicious of all palliatives, and was in danger of gradually sinking into a sot; from this last stage of human degradation he was saved by the vigilant exertions of his sister, who with infinite address diverted him from that kind of indulgence as often as she saw him inclined to it; and when they dined alone, she either had company engaged early after dinner, or persuaded

suaded him to accompany her to some of the theatres, though he had little or no enjoyment at the playhouse, unless when a pantomime, or a play exceedingly like a pantomime, was exhibited. He affected to have a taste for music, and went occasionally to the Opera; where he was extremely apt to indulge in a slumber. Of all theatrical entertainments, tumbling and rope-dancing afforded him the greatest pleasure, and he was allowed to be a tolerable critic in both. He always had a regular supper, for although he never had any appetite at that meal, he loved to pick a bit, merely to pass away the time; and he went to bed from a weariness of being awake, more than any need of sleep. Such was Mr. George Barnett's life in town, and it was not a great deal pleasanter in the country: he kept hunters, it is true, but having an early propensity to corpulency he found hunting by much too fatiguing an amusement; cock-fighting and horse-racing were more to his taste, because in these all the danger and fatigue belonged to his horses and
cocks;

cocks ; yet when the victories of the one or the other were mentioned, George plumed himself as much as if he had won them in person, like the general who arrogates to himself the praise of a successful attack made, unknown to him, while he was at dinner four miles from the scene of action.

CHAP. X.

Nectam veneris quantum studiosa culinæ.

Hor.

As Mr. George Barnet's sister was more indulgent to his humours than any body else, he liked her company better than that of any other woman; and he acknowledged that he never found things so comfortable when she was absent.—So that he often prevailed on her to accompany him to horse-races, and always to the watering-places,—to some one or other of which he went every season.

He himself used to express surprise that he should have any return of this inclination; “for I am no sooner at any one of these watering-places,” said he, “than in spite of their balls, and concerts, and lotteries, I am sure to wish myself at one or other of my own snug comfortable houses.”

Indolence

Indolence increasing hourly, Mr. Barnet renounced the delights of the watering places, and determined to spend his time entirely at his own houses; from which he seldom went, except to a horse-race; for he still adhered a little to the turf. He became, however, every day more capricious, peevish, and querulous; so that it required all that affection, which, in spite of the opposition of their characters, his sister really had for him, to enable her to live with him so long as she did; and it is probable that she would have lost patience, and quitted him soon, even although the event I am now about to mention had never taken place.

Mr. Temple, a young clergyman, who had a living at no great distance from Mr. Barnet's house in the country, paid his addresses to Miss Catharine; and their marriage, which in due time took place, furnished her with a fair pretext for leaving her brother.

Mrs. Temple's most intimate friend was a young lady of the name of Lewis, with whom she had formed an acquaintance at

the boarding-school. Miss Lewis was niece to the mistress of the school, and daughter of a clergyman in Wales, on whose death Miss Lewis was invited by her aunt to live with her, of which invitation, as the young lady was an only child, and had lost her mother previous to the death of her father, she accepted.

Although Mr. Lewis at his death could not bequeath to his daughter much of that species of wealth for which there is the most universal demand, he had been assiduous during his life, in conveying to her another kind of wealth, in which he was himself uncommonly opulent; he had from her childhood enriched her mind with the virtues of benevolence and resignation; from nature she derived an excellent understanding, and one of the happiest tempers in the world. Miss Lewis was about the same age with her friend, but she had made greater advances in some branches of knowledge; and Mrs. Temple often mentioned her to her husband in terms equally affectionate and respectful.

Miss

Miss Lewis was invited to pass a few weeks with the new married couple, and her company was so agreeable to both, that they never ceased importuning the aunt, till she consented to allow her niece to spend the summer with them; a permission which, after a short visit to the aunt, was extended to the succeeding autumn. Unable to live in the country by himself, Mr. Barnet removed to town earlier than usual, and when there, his most agreeable resource was driving to Mr. Temple's residence in the country.

The air of affection, content, and cheerfulness, that Mr. Barnet always found on the face of his brother-in-law and sister, formed a strong contrast with the expression of those countenances he left behind him in town, as well as with his own sensations.

Those sensations were rendered more disagreeable, by some very considerable losses he met with on the turf.

Notwithstanding all the weakness of her brother's character, Mrs. Temple had a

great affection for him, and a very warm desire to promote his happiness, which she imagined could not be so effectually done by any means as by his marriage with Miss Lewis ;—she had long had this plan in her head, and often regretted that her brother seemed to be little affected by the attractions of her friend, who was a handsome, as well as a very accomplished woman.

When she heard of her brother's recent losses, she became more earnest than ever for the accomplishment of her plan;—she saw that his affairs would gradually go into confusion, from the extreme indolence of his temper; and dreaded that he might be precipitated into more expeditious ruin by gaming:—she thought those evils would be prevented, and her brother secured in all the happiness of which he was susceptible, by his marriage with a woman of Miss Lewis's admirable good sense and prudence. It must be confessed that Mrs. Temple on this occasion shewed more solicitude for her brother's happiness, than for her friend's; but perhaps she had a more favourable opinion

nion of his character than the reader entertains.

She imparted her scheme to her husband, and prevailed on him to assist her in the accomplishing it.

The day after the husband and wife had formed this treaty Mr. Barnet, dined with them—there was a dish of stewed carp on the table, which Mrs. Temple had taken care to have dressed exactly to her brother's taste; he eat heartily of it, and commended it very much. "Ah! sister," said he, "how infinitely better dressed this is, than what we once had at my table," referring to *that* formerly mentioned, which brought his deceased grandmother so pathetically to his recollection.—"I acknowledge it, brother," replied Mrs. Temple, "and could, if I pleased, explain the reason of it."—She then turned to other subjects, addressing her discourse to Miss Lewis.

This was a point of too much importance with Mr. Barnet, as his sister well knew, for him to let slip without investigation.—The

same afternoon he put her in mind of her promise, begging she would inform him how she came by so important an improvement.

"Really, brother," answered she, "I must confess that I am obliged to Miss Lewis for the greatest improvements I ever made."

"Say you so?" cried Barnet, with surprise; "I had no idea that she had so good a notion of cookery."

"There are very few things of importance of which she has not a good notion," resumed Mrs. Temple. "Miss Lewis is certainly a very accomplished woman," added her husband.

"She must be an accomplished woman *indeed*," said Barnet;—"it was without exception a dish of the best stewed carp I ever tasted."

Mrs. Temple observed with satisfaction, after this conversation, "that her brother paid much more attention to Miss Lewis than he had ever done before."

Having a mare to run at Epsom, he thought himself obliged to attend the races there; but he seemed to leave Mr. Temple's with regret, and acknowledged that, "were he to indulge his own taste, he would rather have staid."

C H A P. XI.

L'orgueil a plus de part que la bonté aux remontrances
que nous faisons a ceux qui commettent des fautes.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

WHEN the races were over, Mr. Barnet returned to the house of his brother-in-law, with Mr. Wormwood, whom he had met at Epsom.—This gentleman was his near relation, a bachelor, who followed no profession, but lived on the interest of his money, which produced a moderate annual sum, that he had no great desire of increasing. He was one of those men who are apt to give their advice before it is asked, and who testify their good will to their friends, by informing them of their failings. Mr. Wormwood was a man of knowledge and sense, but as he imagined that he possessed a greater share of both than he did in reality, and was of a satirical turn,

turn, the liberality with which he bestowed advice was thought to proceed fully as much from pride, or indulgence of his own vein, as from benevolence. He had made a large collection of prudential maxims respecting the conduct of life, in the use of which he could not be accused of selfishness, as he distributed them freely among his friends and acquaintance, without deriving much benefit from them himself. A man of this character, it will readily be believed, frequently disobliged those he affected to serve, and sometimes lost the friend he intended to warn.

Mr. Barnet had a partiality, however, for his cousin Wormwood, and at this particular time that partiality was stronger in his favour than usual, for a favourite mare of Mr. Barnet having been distanced at the races, by which he lost a considerable sum, and was in very bad humour; but as the owner of the victorious horse was a man of whom Mr. Wormwood had an ill opinion, he had gratified his friend by abusing
this

this man all the way as they returned together from Epsom.

Mr. Barnet and Wormwood passed some days at Mr. Temple's; during this time the former paid unusual attention to Miss Lewis, and sometimes spoke in her praise to Mr. Wormwood. This did not escape Mr. Wormwood's observation. While they walked together one day in the garden, Barnet mentioned Miss Lewis two or three times, and once he seemed to hesitate, and appeared embarrassed, like one who has something on his mind that he does not know how to communicate.

To save him farther trouble or circumlocution, Wormwood said, "I have a great notion you wish to tell me that you are in love with Miss Lewis."

"I don't know," said Mr. Barnet, after a look of surprize, "how you came by that notion, but I confess I have a great respect for the lady."

"Yes, yes, no doubt, you have an amazing deal of respect for her. I dare be sworn *you* think so," said Wormwood.

"If I

"If I think so, it must be because it *is* so," rejoined Barnet.

"I am not quite so certain of that," said Wormwood; "did you never take a fancy into your head that was without foundation?"

"Not such a fancy as this; no man can imagine he is fond of a woman, unless he be fond of her."

"There you are quite mistaken, my good friend; but it is a very common mistake: I have known men, who, from a transient glow, a mere freak, have imagined themselves in love with women, whom on reflection they hated, as they found to be the case immediately after marrying them."

"I know nothing of your freaks or sudden glows," said Barnet, "but I have a sincere and well-founded esteem for Miss Lewis."

"A sincere and well-founded esteem!" repeated Wormwood, with a sneering accent.

"Yes, to be sure, I have," said Barnet, angrily.

"Lord!

"Lord! Lord! what short-sighted animals men are!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean," answered Wormwood, "that it is a very common thing for good-natured men to be mistaken," replied Wormwood.

"Ay, and for ill-natured men also, let me tell *you* that," rejoined Barnet.

"You are right, my good friend," said Wormwood, "Men of all descriptions are liable to mistakes; but the greatest of all mistakes is, for a plain worthy man to fancy he is in love, when he is no such thing."

"May not a plain worthy man be in love as well as another?" Barnet asked.

"Not all plain worthy men," answered Wormwood.

"Why not?"

"Because some very plain worthy men are not susceptible of the passion; and you, my good friend, are of the number."

"Not susceptible of love!" repeated Barnet.

"Not

“Not of the kind of love now in question,” replied Wormwood, with the utmost gravity. “I well know, my worthy friend, that there is another species of the same passion to which you have very great susceptibility; indeed no man, I will venture to affirm, was ever more in love with stewed carp; or could shew more partiality to turtle, or to venison when in season—for as the wise man says, and as I have often heard you repeat, there is a season for every thing; for venison and turtle, as well as for green pease and oysters: but our love for such objects, however amiable in themselves, is of a different nature from what we have for the fair sex—and believe me, my dear Barnet, this whim which you have taken up about Miss Lewis, amounts to nothing like the passion of love properly so called.”

“You think not?” said Barnet.

“I am sure of it,” replied Wormwood, “and besides, if you were as much in love as you imagine, and could persuade the lady to become your wife, it would be as unlucky for her as for you.”

“Why

“Why do you think so?” said Barnet.

“Because you are not suited to each other—your characters are opposite.”

“In what respect?”

“In all respects; your tastes are quite different: the lady, I understand, loves reading; she seems to be a woman of reflection; it is well known that you hate every thing of that kind. Besides, Miss Lewis is a woman of a very clear understanding ——.”

“Well, what then?” cried Barnet, in a rage.

“O! I ask your pardon,” replied Wormwood, recollecting himself; “I did not mean any thing offensive, quite the contrary; your understanding is in some things clear also; but nevertheless your understanding is very different from hers, and they never would blend together.”

“You really think so?” said Barnet.

“Really and truly,” answered the other; “for, independent of the opposition in your tastes in general, you cannot but be sensible that you have a thousand little whims and peculiarities, which your servants are obliged to submit to, and which your sister was so obliging as to bear, yet no woman of
sense

sense and spirit could endure ; and none but a sincere friend like me would inform you of."

" I am greatly obliged to you," said Barnett, bowing very low.

" You will be obliged to me, if what I have urged convinces you of your mistake as to being in love ; and make you resolve never to think of a wife, but to die an old bachelor."

" An old bachelor ! I'll be damned before I die an old bachelor," cried Barnett with indignation.

" I am of a different opinion," answered Wormwood, with coolness ; " I imagine you will die an old bachelor before you are damned."

" I detest old bachelors," resumed Barnett. — " That cursed fellow whose horse distanced my mare, is a very old bachelor ; damn him, and his horse also."

" Let us preserve reason in our rage, my worthy friend," said Wormwood ; " instead of damning the horse, if you follow my advice, you'll purchase him ; and as for the
man,

man, you may trust that business to himself; but although you should hate him, pray hate him for something else, and not for being of a class to which you yourself will belong."

"Never, never," cried Barnet.

"Well, I am convinced it will be so, and that this whim of your being fond of Miss Lewis will soon pass away; at any rate I have performed the duty of a relation and friend." So saying, Mr. Wormwood went into the house, leaving Mr. Barnet in the garden.

C H A P. XII.

—— Je veux une femme indulgente,
 Dont la beauté douce et compatissante,
 A mes défauts facile à se plier,
 Daigne avec moi me reconcilier,
 Me corriger, sans prendre un ton caustique,
 Me gouverner, sans être tyrannique,
 Et dans mon cœur pénétrer pas à pas
 Comme un jour doux dans des yeux délicats.

VOLTAIRE.

MR. and Mrs. Temple were walking on the other side of a hedge in the garden; and had overheard the dialogue between Barnet and Wormwood;—when it ceased, they turned, and joined the former.

Mr. Temple had frequently observed the effect of contradiction, on the irritable mind of Barnet; and it instantly occurred to him that this capricious disposition might be made useful, in promoting the scheme which Mrs. Temple and he had in view.

“That wise gentleman,” said Barnet, pointing after Wormwood, as Mr. and

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Mrs.

Mrs. Temple joined him; "that wise and penetrating gentleman, has taken it into his head that I shall be an old bachelor.

"I do most sincerely hope so," said Mr. Temple.

"Why so?" said Barnet.

"Because if you do not live to be an old bachelor, you must die very soon," answered Mr. Temple.

"I should be glad to know what is to hinder me from marrying to-morrow, if I please," said Barnet.

"You never *will please*, brother, take my word for it;" replied Mr. Temple.

"How are you so certain of that, Sir?" cried Barnet.

"Why truly, brother," replied Mr. Temple, "there are some things which one is quite convinced of, without being able to give a reason for so being."

"Quite convinced!" cried Barnet.

"Yes truly, I may say *quite* convinced," resumed Mr. Temple; "yet I might be at a loss to tell precisely why:—But all your ways are the ways of a bachelor; the general
neral

neral expression of your countenance indicates, I don't know how, that you never will have the courage to marry; your dress also and manner of walking are all in the style of an old bachelor.

Barnet stared in Temple's face, which retained its gravity with admirable steadiness; he then looked at his own legs, and turning suddenly to Mrs. Temple, he said, "Pray sister do *you* perceive any thing in my face, dress, or manner of walking, that gives me the air of an old bachelor?"

"Why, brother," answered she, "you are too young to have the air of a *very* old bachelor; but I must confess I *have* seen some very old bachelors who had much of your air and manner."

"O! you have," cried Barnet; "and from which you conclude, no doubt, that I shall be a bachelor all my life."

"I own, brother," Mrs. Temple answered, "that I think there is a probability that you will die before you marry, but I do sincerely hope you will live to be an old unmarried man."

"That you hope I shall remain all my life unmarried, sister," resumed Barnet with anger, "I make no manner of doubt; but perhaps you may find yourself mistaken, and sooner than you think of, let me tell you *that*."

"Although that be your opinion, my dear brother, and the other mine," replied Mrs. Temple with meekness, "why should this put you in a passion?"

"In a passion," exclaimed Barnet furiously; "who the devil is in a passion?"

"What puts it into your head, my dear, that your brother is in a passion? don't you see he is quite cool?" said Mr. Temple, addressing his wife.

To prove his coolness, Barnet began to hum a tune: and then wheeled abruptly from them and went into the house, and left Mr. and Mrs. Temple to continue their walk.

Mr. Barnet found Miss Lewis alone, and the anger with which he was kindled inspiring him with courage, he directly made her a proposal of marriage in a more ani-

mated manner, and with a better grace, than if he had been in his natural state.

As nothing could be less expected, Miss Lewis was thrown into some confusion, and did not give so decided and peremptory a refusal as otherwise she would have done. Barnet pressed his suit in a more manly style than he had ever before used.

The courtship was interrupted by the coming of company.

The same evening Miss Lewis informed her friend of her brother's proposal, at which Mrs. Temple expressed the greatest satisfaction, combating Miss Lewis's objections with a zeal inspired by the affection she bore her brother.

Miss Lewis long withstood the importunities of her friend and the continued addresses of Mr. Barnet, which became every day more ardent by the provoking insinuations of Wormwood:—At last, however, she was prevailed on to give him her hand in marriage, to the great joy of Mr. and Mrs. Temple; and Barnet had the double satisfaction of overcoming the lady's resistance,

sistance, and confuting the assertions of his friends.

Mr. Barnet derived a degree of respect and importance in the world, from his marriage with a woman of Miss Lewis's good sense and agreeable manners, which his own character never would have procured.

With infinite address, she gradually weaned him from horse-racing, cock-fighting, every kind of gaming, and some other sources of expence, not only superfluous but also disreputable.—Her chief art consisted in everlasting good humour, and in rendering home so *comfortable* and cheerful, that he lost all inclination to be elsewhere, and preferred domestic society to those ruinous habits into which he had been led.—His greatest enjoyment, however, was a good dinner, dressed exactly to his taste, and a certain quantity of port wine after it; if any accident disturbed the regular return of this meal, or the accuracy of his cookery, a misfortune of that magnitude baffled all the soothings of his wife; nothing
but

but the lenient hand of time, and a most unexceptionable dinner the following day, could bring him again into tolerable temper: Mrs. Barnet therefore found that a good cook was the most powerful auxiliary she could have, in her grand object of promoting the happiness of her husband; and she spared no labour or expence, until she engaged one more to his taste than any he had ever employed before.—In the article of drink her task was much easier; for he drank nothing but mild ale with his victuals, and port wine after dinner; the latter he preferred to the French wines, which he asserted were all of too light and too frivolous a nature, to agree with an English stomach; adding, in a common phrase of his, “this stands to reason.”

To make her husband in reality a man of sense or benevolence, was not in Mrs. Barnet's power; but she managed matters so as to make him frequently appear such: he was visited by the most respectable people in the county, oeconomy was combined with hospitality in his family, and he has

been heard to declare, that upon the whole he lived as comfortably with his wife as he had done with his grandmother.

Having prevailed in the great point of turning her husband from habits which led to certain ruin, Mrs. Barnet was cautious of interfering with his tastes or whims of a less important nature. As Barnet was a man who acted on all occasions from humour, it was in the power of those around him, to lead him or provoke him into any measure they pleased; and as nobody was so much with him as his wife, she might have managed him in all respects, had she thought it proper or becoming:—Yet Mr. Barnet was so little sensible of this, that he valued himself on the steadiness of his character, in following his own ideas, and never being influenced by those of others;—but of all weaknesses, he said, the greatest was, that of being biased by women; and he expressed the utmost contempt for those husbands who are under petticoat government, hinting sometimes, “that this was the case with his brother-in-law; but that as
for

for himself, he was determined, notwithstanding the regard he had for his wife, never to permit her to meddle in any concern above her natural sphere and capacity."

The truth was, Mrs. Temple had too high an opinion of her husband, to *attempt* to govern him in any thing; and Mrs. Barnet, who had no *desire* of governing, never interfered unless when the object was of great importance.

The passive disposition of Mrs. Barnet in this particular, was not approved of by her friend Mrs. Temple, who imagined, that by a little more exertion, the former might have turned her husband from some very ill-advised projects, and this was sometimes a source of dispute between the two friends.

Several years after Mr. Barnet's marriage, and immediately after the parish boy was brought to his house, Mrs. Temple blamed her friend with more warmth than usual, for not endeavouring to put a stop to a project

project of a ridiculous nature, in which Barnet had engaged with uncommon eagerness; and she concluded her remonstrance, by declaring, that she should consider Mrs. Barnet as the promoter of all the foolish projects, from which she did not at least *endeavour* to divert her husband.

“How am I certain that it is in my power to divert him from them?” said Mrs. Barnet; “perhaps the very attempt might make him more eager to pursue them, and unquestionably would in the first place produce a dispute, and disputes are things I always strive to avoid, particularly with my husband; having often observed that they are the sources of ill humour between married people, and sometimes of disgust and hatred. How do I know what degree of enjoyment he derives from those schemes which you think whimsical? and were I to succeed in diverting him from them, am I certain of substituting others which to him, framed and constituted as his mind is, will afford him equal satisfaction or amusement? I am not, my dear friend,” continued
Mrs.

Mrs. Barnet, "to make my particular taste or turn of thought the rule of his; he has a right to follow the dictates of his own fancy, when it prompts him to nothing criminal or hurtful to others."

"But this strange whim that he has taken about *the house*, will be hurtful to you, my dear, and to your daughter," replied Mrs. Temple; "he has already thrown away a considerable sum of money on it, and will, if you do not interfere, throw away more every year."

"You forget, my friend," said Mrs. Barnet, "that I brought no fortune to your brother;—am I to attempt to control him in the use he makes of his own?"

"Yes, certainly you are," answered Mrs. Temple; "and if you remain passive any longer, in my opinion you neglect what you owe to yourself, to your child, and even to your husband."

But to understand the drift of this conversation, it will be requisite to mention what had passed previous to it.

C H A P. XIII.

In nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

Corpora.

OVID.

A CERTAIN house carpenter, whose usual residence was at London, occasionally visited a relation who resided in the village near which Mr. Barnet's house stood:— This carpenter happened to make a purchase of an agreeable piece of ground, on which he built a house, which he afterwards sold to very great advantage,

When Mr. Barnet heard of this, he felt some uneasiness at the thought of so much of his money remaining at a moderate interest in the funds, when it might be so much more advantageously employed, and he determined to follow the carpenter's example; for this purpose he also bought a piece of ground, and procured the plan of a house, more than double the size of the carpenter's, by the sale of which, according

according to his own calculation, he expected to gain twice as much as the carpenter had done; or by letting it at what he thought a reasonable rent, he imagined he could not fail to make much more of his money than he received in the funds.

Barnet had been stimulated to this undertaking by the transient suggestions of avarice, on hearing the great profits of the carpenter mentioned in several companies in the neighbourhood; and this new fancy was kept alive by the pleasure he took in shewing the plan, explaining the beauties and conveniences of the house he intended to build; but as the carpenter's profits grew less and less the subject of conversation, and as Barnet's pleasure in displaying his plan began also to diminish, it is very probable that his natural indolence would have prevented him from carrying his project farther, had he not been stimulated anew, and his *almost blunted purpose keenly whetted* by the interference of his friend Mr. Wormwood.

This gentleman happening to pay Mr. Barnet a visit, disapproved of the plan of
his

his house, assured him, that the carpenter's profits had been exaggerated; and advised him to relinquish a scheme which would injure his fortune, and at the same time render him ridiculous.

Barnet was so much shocked at hearing a project, on which he valued himself not a little, treated in this manner, that he was unable to speak, and before he could recover himself, Wormwood added, "I should be heartily concerned, my good friend, to think that such a foolish and expensive project was ever to be executed; but I rely on your usual indecision and fickleness, that it never will."

This speech clinched the business; Barnet sent for the architect, agreed to his terms, and the house was raised with wonderful expedition.

But after the house was completely finished, and the ground belonging to it neatly dressed, to Mr. Barnet's astonishment neither purchaser nor tenant appeared;—when it had remained in this neglected condition for twelve months, "did I not tell you," said

said Mr. Wormwood to his friend Barnet; "that this would be the case? now you find, when it is too late, that you have already lost a whole year's interest of your money."

"I shall not lose a single farthing," replied Barnet; "for I intend to add the interest of the money I have expended to the price fixed last year; and I will not part with the premises for a shilling less,—no, not to my sister."

The house stood empty another year—nobody offering near the sum he had fixed upon as the lowest price for it.

"The bidders for this villa of yours, are very backward at coming forward," said Mr. Wormwood.

"They shall gain nothing however by their dilatoriness," replied Barnet; "for I now shall insist on *two years interest* being added to the original price; and if they provoke me by much longer delay, I will add the *interest of the interest*."

This threat, instead of making people hurry to the purchase, as Mr. Barnet expected,

seemed rather to intimidate them,—he never had a single offer after.

Finding this to be the case, Mr. Barnet resolved to make such improvements as he imagined could not fail to please people of taste; and render this villa more marketable.

He began by forming an oval pond, between the front of his house and the river; this pond he stocked with carp and tench, and bought a couple of swans to swim in it;—he built a wooden room amidst the branches of a large beech, which stood in a hollow behind the house, and made a very neat staircase up to this airy apartment, on the front of which was inscribed in letters of gold *The Belvidere*. He bespoke two sphinxes of the best free-stone to be placed on a couple of pillars, on each side of the gate; the sculptor happening to have a lion and an unicorn ready made, which had laid long on his hands, endeavoured to persuade Mr. Barnet to take them instead of the sphinxes.

Mr.

Mr. Barnet at first seemed to relish the proposal, until it was suggested to him by his friend the innkeeper, that as he was attached to the party at that time in opposition, his friends might imagine, that erecting these two old supporters of the crown at his gate, had the air of relinquishing his party. Mr. Barnet was so struck with the force of this, that he rejected the sculptor's proposal, and insisted on his own.

The sculptor finding him positive fell to work, and did his utmost to metamorphose the lion and unicorn into a couple of sphinxes; and it was under this new denomination, that they were placed as centinels at the gate of Mr. Barnet's new edifice; yet it must be acknowledged that they still retained a cast of their original characters.

It was with a view to put an end to such expensive and ridiculous projects, and prevent any farther attempt to improve this house, that Mrs. Temple began the ex-

postulation above mentioned with her friend: but Mrs. Barnet had so great an aversion to arguing with her husband, or any thing which might be considered as crossing his inclination, or disturbing his amusements, that she would not promise to interfere directly nor indirectly in the business to which her friend prompted her. At length a thought striking her, "I'll tell you what I am willing to do," said she to Mrs. Temple; "and if you will assist me, my dear, there is reason to believe we shall succeed, and it will have nearly the same effect with your plan. I will propose to my husband, that we ourselves should remove to this new house; we shall then have it in our power to sell or let that in which we reside at present; for this we shall soon find either a purchaser or tenant at a greater price or rent than my husband asks for the other."

"But how will you be able to bear the pond and the belvidere, and above all, those two odious monsters at the gate?" said Mrs. Temple.

"I shall

"I shall bear the sight of all these with very little disturbance, my dear," answered Mrs. Barnet; "and much better than I should bear the idea of plaguing my husband, by crossing him in things from which he seems to derive enjoyment.—Truly, my good friend," added she, "if we begin to turn into ridicule every amusement of our neighbours, that is not, strictly speaking, useful, and for which we ourselves have no relish, we shall be in danger of destroying the quiet of domestic life, and producing an evil much greater than that against which we direct our satire. Besides, Mr. Barnet has lately displayed so much goodness of heart, on a particular occasion, as more than compensates for the little whims we have been speaking of."—Mrs. Barnet then gave such an account of the adventure of the poor boy, as was highly honourable to her husband, to whom she assigned the whole merit.

This conversation happened only a few hours after Mrs. Barnet had prevailed on her husband to take the boy. Mrs. Temple go

longer opposed her friend's plan of removing to the new house, and selling that in which she lived : but it was not necessary to put this plan in execution; for the very next day a young mulatto, whose father had left him a considerable fortune in one of our West India islands, happening to drive his phaeton through the village near which this curious fabric stood, one of his horses lost a shoe, which obliged him to stop until it was replaced. He was accompanied by a lady of the town, whom he kept ; and as he was then in search of a country house, he and his companion walked to take a view of that which we have been speaking of.—The lady declared it to be one of the most *tasty* things of the kind she had ever seen, and the young gentleman was in raptures with the room in the beech tree ; they both were delighted with the sphinxes ;—one of them, in particular, fixed the attention of a negro footman who attended them.—“ You seem to admire that creature greatly,” Pompey,” said the Lady to the footman.

"Yes, madam, I admire her very much," replied he; "and massa should admire her more."

"How so?" said the lady.

"Because," replied the footman, "she is very like massa's mother, and if she were made of *black* stone instead of *white*, her face would be quite almost the same."

The young gentleman seemed a little out of countenance at this remark, and it was fortunate for Pompey that he was in England, and not in the West Indies, when he made it.

However, it did not so far disgust the mulatto as to prevent him from purchasing a house, which in all other respects was so much to his taste.—He agreed at once to Mr. Barnet's demand, sent an upholsterer from London to furnish the house, and came soon after with his mistress to inhabit it.

Mrs. Barnet would have brought the poor boy home immediately after she had

prevailed on her husband to admit him; but an order from the parish officers, who had placed him with the old woman, was necessary, before he could be taken from her. When Mr. Barnet understood this, he highly obliged and surprised his wife, by declaring, that as he was under the necessity of going to town within a few days on business, he would take that opportunity of informing the parish officers of his intentions respecting the boy; and that after he had received the order, he would call at the old woman's on his return, and bring the boy home with him. If the reader be a complaisant husband, whose chief pleasure is to oblige his wife, he will think this piece of complaisance a thing of course, and not worth recording; but as Mr. George Barnet hardly ever thought of doing an obliging thing to any body, unless when he was prompted to it by his wife, it seemed necessary to mention one thing of that nature, which arose from his own proper suggestion, and was in all likelihood owing to the extraordinary good humour he was
put

put into by the fortunate sale of the house to the mulatto. This is the more probable, because, as soon as Mr. Barnet arrived in London, he hurried to his friend Wormwood, on purpose to triumph over him on account of his success in that transaction.—After informing him of it, and of the profit he had gained, “Now,” said he, “Mr. Wormwood, with all your wisdom, what do you think now?”

“Think,” said Wormwood; “I think what I have long thought, that it is better to be lucky than wise. But pray,” added he, “what is become of the lion and unicorn?”

“What lion and unicorn? I know not what you mean,” said Barnet.

“Why, the lion and unicorn that stood at the gate,” continued Wormwood; “has the mulatto got them to the bargain?”

“You mean the two sphinxes,” said Barnet.

“Aye, you were pleased to call them sphinxes,” replied Wormwood; “but I do assure

assure you, my good friend, that all the sculptor's labour was not able to conceal the original features of our old acquaintance the lion and unicorn, which were as fully recognized by the whole country, when they stood at the gate of your celebrated fabric, as when they were in the sculptor's court. And let me now tell you, my good friend, that this attempt to convert those two royal animals into a couple of base Egyptians, was thought as disgraceful to his Majesty's arms, as permitting them to be placed over the shop-doors of perfumers, milliners, cork-cutters, shoe-makers, breeches-makers, and other tradesmen; as in every quarter of London they are now seen with indignation, by all who wish to keep up the proper distinction between the king and the cobbler."

Mr. Barnet, having left Wormwood, went about the principal business that had brought him to town, and then waited on the overseers of the workhouse from which the boy had been sent. They had been previously informed by a letter from Mrs. Barnet of his intentions, and immediately gave him
an

an order to the old woman, to deliver to his care Edward Evilen, which was the name pinned to the child's cap when he was first left at the workhouse, and by which he was called while there.

C H A P. XIV.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their humble joys and destiny obscure,
Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

GRAY.

AS Mr. Barnet, on his return to his own house, approached the old woman's cottage, a young man in a very high phaeton drove rapidly past him over the heath. His name was Sir Charles Royston; he was heir to a very considerable estate, and at the age of eighteen, by the assistance of Jews, and Christians of the same latitude of conscience, contrived to spend six times as much money as he was allowed by his guardians.

Sir Charles looked frequently behind him, and laughed immoderately, as often as he turned his head;—the footmen seemed as merry as their master.

When

When Mr. Barnet came to the part of the common nearly opposite to the old woman's cottage, he found that all this mirth was occasioned by the phaeton's having thrown down a seaman with a wooden leg, who had not been expeditious enough in getting out of the way, as this youth drove along:—the seaman was so much bruised that he could not stand; a circle of people from the adjacent hamlets surrounded him as he lay on the ground.

Sir Mathew Maukish and his lady stopped their carriage, and inquired what was the matter.

"It is a poor sailor," said one of the crowd, "who has been overturned, and sadly bruised by a gentleman in a phaeton."

"Why did not the fellow get out of the gentleman's way?" said Sir Mathew.

"He tried to do so; but it was not in his power to run fast enough, being as how he has a wooden leg," said one of the group.

"A wooden leg!" cried Sir Mathew; "how came he by a wooden leg?"

"His

"His real leg was carried off by a cannon bullet in a sea-fight," answered the same person.

"A sea-fight!" repeated Sir Mathew; "what the devil took him into a sea-fight?"

"He went to fight for his king and country," answered another, (a pensioner from Chelsea hospital,) "as was his duty."

"Yes, yes," said Sir Mathew, "that was his duty, to be sure; we must all fight for our king and country; but he ought to have got out of the gentleman's way, for all that; he ought to have stepp'd a little aside to let him pass."

"Why, please your honour," said the pensioner, "the gentleman drove so damn'd fast, that the poor fellow could not get out of his way more than of the bullet's; if he had had time he would have stepp'd a little aside to let them both pass."

"Well, in my opinion," rejoined Sir Mathew, "the gentleman was to blame, and if he were here, I should tell him so."

"The poor man seems much bruised, and unable to move," said the pensioner.

"Poor

"Poor creature!" cried Lady Bab Maukith, in a very sympathizing tone, "he is much to be pitied."

"That he is," echoed several voices from the crowd.

"Is that boy the poor man's son?" said Lady Bab, pointing to Edward Evilen, who sat by the man, helping to support his head with one hand, and holding a piece of gingerbread to his mouth with the other;—"is that man your father, child?" continued she, addressing Edward.

"No," replied he; "I have no father."

"Where is your mother?" rejoined Lady Bab.

"I have no mother neither," answered the boy.

"What, are they both dead?" said she.

"I can't tell," said he; "I never saw them."

"Has nobody ever told you, whether your parents were dead or alive?"

"I never saw anybody that knew them."

"What

"What a miserable little wretch thou must be!" cried Lady Bab, shrugging up her shoulders.

"Well, but," resumed Sir Mathew Maukish, addressing the crowd, "why do you not carry this bruised man into some of your houses and put him to bed, and give him a cordial, and take care of him 'till he recovers?"

"Why, Lord! your honour," cried one of the people, "none of us have spare beds; most of us lie two or three in a bed already."

"Ah! the odious creatures!" cried Lady Maukish.

"I'll tell you, neighbours," said one, who was well acquainted with the character of Sir Mathew; "we had best carry this poor man to Sir Mathew Maukish's house; he will certainly order him to be well taken care of, and he is much more able than any of us to maintain him till he recovers."

"Drive on," cried Sir Mathew, putting his head hastily out of the coach window.

"Why do you not drive on, firrah," squeaked Lady Bab, from the other window.

"Ah, the odious creatures!" said the old soldier, mimicking Lady Bab's voice.

"The devil drive you both for a couple of hard-hearted niggards," cried the person who knew Sir Mathew and his lady.

"What a pity to let a man lie alone on the cold ground!" said a young woman.

"Especially a fellow christian!" added an old one, who stood by her.

"Christian or Turk," said the Chelsea pensioner, "since nothing better can be done, if some of you will help me to carry him into my hut, I'll take the best care of him I can, and I know my wife will make him welcome.—How fare you now, 'old boy?" continued he, addressing the seaman, who seemed to recover.

"Thank you, thank you, brother," replied the seaman, "only a little damaged in the

the larboard side, and in the stern; but I hope to live and repay your consort and you for all your kindness; and if I chance to meet the fresh-water spark who ran foul of me, mayhap I shall repay him also."

The sailor, being carried into the old soldier's hut, was laid on a bed of straw, prepared by his wife. At that instant Evilen, who had pressed into the hut with the crowd, was called out by the old woman, who presented him to Mr. Barnet.

The boy seemed uneasy when the old woman told him, that he was to go with that gentleman. "The children are always sorry to leave me, please your honour," said the old woman.

"I am not a bit sorry to leave you," said Evilen.

"What are you sorry for then?" said Barnet.

"To go with *you*," replied the boy.

"Your honour must excuse his ignorance," said the old woman; "for he has been but a short time with me; and was bred among the low Vulgar at the work-house."

"Why

“ Why are you sorry to go with me ? ”
said Barnet to the boy.

“ Because you are a gentleman,” he replied.

“ What makes you dislike gentlefolks ? ”
Mr. Barnet asked.

“ One of them drove over the poor sailor with the wooden leg, and then laughed at him, when he tumbled on the ground,” said the boy.

“ You must not go, child, for to presume to blame quality folks,” said the old woman ;
“ which, to be sure, are our betters, being by the orders of Providence more richer than the poor ;—and although the hearts of the rich quality, mayhap, are harder than ours be, yet,” continued she, addressing Mr. Barnet, “ that is not their fault, for your honour knows they cannot help it, on account of their money, which would make poor folks the same, if so be that they had it. Might it not, please your honour ? ”

“ Perhaps it might,” said Barnet ; “ there is no knowing till they are tried.”

"I wish I *was* tried," said the old woman, "just for the satisfaction of knowing ;—but it is not for you," continued she, looking at the boy, "to throw dirt on the rich, for mayhap you may some day be one of them yourself."

"I'd much rather be a poor man, like Nic the old soldier," said Evilen.

"Who is Nic the old soldier?" Mr. Barnet asked.

"He is a poor Chelsea pensioner, who lives with his wife in that there cottage, and sometimes does a job of work to help the pension to hold out to the year's end. He is liked very much in these here parts, please your honour, because he is always ready with his joke, and tells us stories of the wars, and General Wolf, and General Quebec, and such like great commanders ;—but after all, he is but a poor devil, with hardly a whole rag to his back, except upon Sundays, and upon the versenary of General Quebec."

"What is that?" said Barnet.

"Good

"Good Lord! does your honour not know the versenary of General Quebec?" cried she.

"Not I," said Barnet.

"Well, that is curious," said the old woman; "but we all know it in these here parts, by the means of old Nic. Good gracious, I wish your honour but saw him at the versenary!"

"Why, what the devil is the versenary?" cried Barnet.

"I'll tell you pirticular, please your honour," said she, "if your honour will only have a little patience."

"Well, well," cried Barnet, "let us hear."

"Why, then, your honour must know, that the versenary of General Quebec comes round, like Christmas, only once a year, and then old Nic appears in all his glory, with his red scarlet coat on his back, and fierce cock'd laced hat on his head, and a uniformal sword by his side; and then he struts away to the ale-house, where he usually meets three or four old soldiers, who comes there to keep the verse-

nary along with him; and so they drinks the healths of all the old commanders who were killed abroad: and then they begins to tell stories about the wars, and describe how the battles were won by the English, and lost by the French and Spaniards; for your honour knows, that the French and Spaniards never beat the English in their lives, though they are two to one. And then old Nic gives a full and true account of how General Wolf was killed, and General Quebec taken prisoner; and then they desire blind George, who was once a grenadier, and now sells ballads, to sing the *British Grenadiers*, which he does; all about Mars the god of war, and all the other gods descending upon spears *, and then they all join in the chorus, and beats the grenadiers march with their tongues, and they are all as drunk as lords,

* To understand this it may be necessary to insert one stanza of the song to which the old woman alludes:

“ Great Jove, the god of thunder, and Mars, the god of war;

“ Neptune with his trident, Apollo in his car,

“ And all the gods celestial, *descended from their spheres,*

“ To view with admiration the British Grenadiers.”

and

and then I always helps Margery to carry Nic home.—And then—and then,—this is the versenary of General Quebec, please your honour.”

The old woman, who seemed to be animated with the subject, spoke with so much vehemence in giving this account, that Evilén imagined she was in a passion, and had been giving a bad character of the soldier to Mr. Barnet; the boy therefore said, “But for all that you have been telling, poor old Nic took the seaman with the wooden leg into his house.”

“That he did,” said the old woman; “for old Nic is a good-natured devil in the main, though he loves sport, and is a little too much on the jokobus with his betters sometimes.”

“All your jokers,” said Barnet, “are inclined, out of mere spite, to throw them out on ready-money people.”

“But your ready-money people, as your honour must know,” said the old woman, “are no ways inclined to throw it out on jokers.”

"For which reason," said Barnet, "old Nic is more merry than wise."

"Your honour is in the right," said the old woman; "and that may be the reason of his being so poor; for the rich are seldom so merry as one would expect, considering they have nothing to do, but are often sad and dull, as your honour must know by experience."

"Is the man with the wooden leg much hurt?" said Barnet.

"Yes," replied Evilen, "for he could not eat gingerbread."

"Poor man!" said Barnet, a little affected.

"Come and see him," said Evilen, pointing at the soldier's hut; "he is in there."

"Hold your peace, you little fool," said the old woman; "do you think his honour will go for to enter into such a hole.—You must excuse him, please your honour," continued she, "he speaks through ignorance, not knowing the nature of gentlefolks; but he does not mean to affront your honour, more or less."

"I do

"I do not suppose he does," said Barnet ;
"but there are such a number of poor objects, and distressing stories, popping on one from every quarter, that my hand," continued he, pulling out his purse, "is hardly ever out of my purse ; but here," added he, putting half a crown into the boy's hand, "go and give the seaman this."

Evilen ran bounding for joy.—"There, said he to the sailor, the gentleman in the coach sends you that."

"God bless the gentleman, and you both, my dear boy," said the seaman.

"Amen," cried the soldier.—"I am glad to see any thing good come from a coach at last."

"Now," said Barnet, when Evilen returned, "I am going to carry you to a good friend of yours."

"Ah," cried the old woman, "this worthy gentleman is going to take you to the lady who was so kind to you."

"Are you ?" cried the boy.

"I am, indeed," said Barnet.

"Let us go then," said he, grasping Mr. Barnet's hand.

Having made a small present to the woman, Mr. Barnet ordered the coachman to drive home.

Evilen asked frequently as they drove along, if they were near the lady's house, and he shewed the strongest signs of joy at the end of their journey, when he saw Mr. Barnet.

The neglect which this poor boy had experienced in general, and the hard usage he had received from some individuals, rendered him peculiarly sensible to the kindness of Mrs. Barnet, which kindled within his young bosom such a glow of gratitude and affection as he had never felt before.

Mrs. Barnet could not help perceiving this, and was equally pleased with that ingenuoufness of disposition, and quickness of apprehension, of which he gave daily proof, and which ingratiated him more and more with this good woman, who felt augmenting satisfaction in the thought of saving from being crushed by poverty

and neglect, and in the hopes of bringing the rewards of talents and integrity within his reach.

As he had been so lately ill, she postponed boarding him at a school till he should fully recover his strength.

Meanwhile, she ordered cloaths to be made up, and appointed a bed for him in a closet adjoining to her own dressing-room.

Edward, in common with all children, derived pleasure, no doubt, from the sight of his new cloaths, as well as from the other comforts of his present situation;—but his own good fortune had not the effect on his mind, which it has been observed to have on the minds of many; it seemed not even in the smallest degree to render him unfeeling to the misfortunes of others, or forgetful of his former acquaintance. Of his remembrance of the old soldier and the sailor, he gave a singular proof one day when some company dined with Mr. Barnet; for, on seeing more victuals set on the table than he thought sufficient for the people present, he said aloud, looking to Mr. Barnet, “ I wish
old

old Nic had some of that!"—This unexpected wish threw the company into a fit of laughter; and Mrs. Barnet, when she recovered herself, said to him, "why do you wish so, child?"—"Because," answered he, "it would maintain him and his wife several days, and he would give part of it to the poor bruised sailor."—This reply did not make the matter clearer; but Mrs. Barnet perceiving that her husband understood to what the boy alluded, requested an explanation of him. He desired Edward himself to inform the company of the whole story of the Chelsea pensioner, and the seaman with the wooden leg. Evilen acquitted himself of this task in the dialect of a child, it is true, yet so as to interest every one that heard him, greatly affected the heart of Mrs. Barnet, and shewed the goodness of his own. For as the sick and weakly have in general more sympathy with those labouring under disease or delicacy of constitution, than the healthy and robust, so this judicious woman had observed, that some people, while they seem to compassionate the miseries

ries of others, are only pitying themselves.— Such people give proofs of humanity only while their feelings are kept alive by the dread of falling into misfortunes similar to those which they compassionate in others, but the same persons being by accident raised above the sphere of like calamities, shake off their sympathy, and seem to change their nature, like grubs converted into butterflies; who being raised from the dust on their new lent wings, expand all their finery, flutter from one flowery object to another, court the sun-shine, and think no more of their old humble companions. Mrs. Barnet therefore was highly pleased to find that Evilen was not of this disposition, but retained his sensibility towards the inhabitants of the heath, after he himself was transported to a warmer region.

CHAP. XV.

——Non in caro voluptas

Summa, sed in teipso est, tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando.

HOR.

Mrs. Barnet was not a person in whom the emotions of pity evaporate in sighs, or melt in tears, without any other effect—nor one of those fashionable philanthropists, who taking credit for an unlimited portion of humanity, by ostentatious symptoms of sensibility, wipe their eyes, pocket their handkerchiefs, and think no more on the wretched, in whose distress they have taken so affecting a part. Nobody had heard Mrs. Barnet's sighs, nor seen her tears for the maimed seaman; yet his story had dwelt in her mind, and feeling a strong desire to see both him and the soldier, she took the resolution of driving to the hut of the latter.

That she might have the more time for this jaunt, no company being invited but the parson, she proposed next day to her husband, that they should dine a little earlier than usual; and to induce him to agree to her proposal, she hinted that two or three of his favourite dishes were ordered for dinner.

He immediately assented; but unfortunately when the dinner was served, Mr. Barnet had little or no appetite, and was in very ill-humour. It is not quite clear whether his ill-humour deprived him of appetite, or his want of appetite put him into ill-humour; but it is certain, that he sat down to dinner with both those disagreeable guests, and as the first was greatly disliked by Mr. Barnet, and the second by his wife, it is probable that neither was invited, but that the one introduced the other.

Mr. Barnet had hardly tasted the carp, till he declared that it was not sufficiently done.—It was immediately sent back to the cook. On its return, Barnet swore it was worse than at first, quite over-stewed, and absolutely not eatable.—“This mutton, however,

ever, is excellent, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet, "shall I have the pleasure of helping you to a little?"

"No—I am surfeited with mutton," answered Barnet peevishly.—"But I wish you had only thought of ordering some of the venison we had yesterday to be stewed.—I should have liked a little of that; but no such thing is ever thought of in my family."

As he finished his observation, a footman entered with a dish of stewed venison.

"I am glad, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet, "that it has happened to be thought of to-day."

Barnet was more disappointed at losing a pretext for venting his ill-humour, than pleased at the appearance of the dish. After swallowing a few mouthfuls, he sent it away, saying, "it was smoked."

"Allow me to help you to a wing of a chicken, my dear," resumed Mrs. Barnet; "you used to like chicken, with a slice of tongue."

"Is the tongue smoked?" said Barnet.

"No, my dear," replied his wife.

"Then I am for none of either," said Barnet; "though, if the tongue had been smoked instead of the venison, I might have made a tolerable dinner."

Mrs. Barnet nodded to a footman, who immediately withdrew.

"It is very hard," continued Mr. Barnet, "that they should have spoiled one dish, by what would have rendered the other excellent."

"It is fortunate, my dear, that we chance to have a very good smoked tongue also," said Mrs. Barnet; "and here it comes," continued she, as the servant returned. "Pray try this wing with a slice of it."

Barnet, quite at a loss what fault to find next, accepted the dish with which his wife presented him; but being entirely without appetite, after mincing the meat, and playing a little with the knife and fork, he gave his plate to a footman, saying, "I think I should prefer something cold; but I suppose there is no cold meat in the house."

"Forgive

"Forgive me, my dear, you may have either a slice of cold beef or cold veal ; which do you chuse?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Is there any cold mutton?" the husband asked.

"I do not remember to have ever seen you eat cold mutton," replied the wife.

"I should like it very much at present, however," said Barnet: and having at length hit on what he thought a just cause of discontent, continued grumbling till the dinner was removed ; and Mrs. Barnet now perceiving that he had more satisfaction in that, than in any thing that could be done or said to please him, allowed him to enjoy it without interruption, until he happened to say, "I thought you intended to drive out this afternoon?"

Mrs. Barnet immediately took the hint, wished her husband and the parson a good afternoon ; and taking Evilen into the carriage with her, she ordered the coachman to drive to the soldier's hut.

C H A P. XVI.

The broken soldier kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
 Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and shewed how fields were won.

GOLDSMITH.

WHEN they drew very near the hut, they heard singing, and in the intervals several hearty bursts of laughter.

Mrs. Barnet deputed Evilen to acquaint the soldier with her arrival.

The boy found him sitting with a large tankard in his hand, between another soldier and his own wife.

"Nic!" cried Evilen, as he rushed into the cottage, "here is a lady who wants to see you."

"Wants to see me!" cried the soldier.

"I doubt you are mistaken, my dear; it is long since any ladies have wanted to see me."

"Come along," cried Evilen, seizing his hand, and leading him to the coach, which having reached he gave him a push

NO. I.

L

towards

towards Mrs. Barnet, saying, "There is honest old Nic!"

"I was desirous to see you, friend," said she, "and of knowing what had become of the poor seaman, who received a hurt some time since at your door."

The soldier then informed her, that the sailor was so much recovered of his bruises, that he had set out that very morning on the top of a stage-coach for London, and would be that evening at Greenwich; for he belonged to the Hospital, from which, having had leave of absence for a fortnight, he was returning when the accident happened to him.

"I am glad he is so well," said Mrs. Barnet, "and I am glad to see you, because of your humanity to him."

"There was no great matter of humanity in what I did, madam," replied the soldier; "an old soldier could not let a wounded sailor lie on the ground, when he had a hut to give him shelter in; one who could act such a part would deserve to be drummed out of the army, instead of enjoying his Majesty's

Majesty's bounty, as I do, God Almighty bless him!"

"You have a pension from the Chelsea Hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, that I have," cried the soldier; "and it is regularly paid, although I do no manner of duty."

"You were wounded, perhaps?" rejoined Mrs. Barnet.

"I was shot through the body at the battle on the heights of Abraham, where General Wolf was killed, please your ladyship; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that the enemy fled before he expired; and well he deserved such a death, for he was an excellent officer."

"You could do no more duty as a soldier, after being so wounded?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Every bullet, your ladyship knows," replied the soldier, "has its commission; that which went through my body had not a commission for death, but only for wounding; and so I recovered, and did my duty the following winter in the action near Quebec, where General Murray commanded."

"I hope you was not wounded there also?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Yes, I received a shot in my shoulder, which disabled me from using my firelock; and what is more provoking, it was at the beginning of the action, and I had only fired three times; and so being of no farther use, I was sent back to the Hospital, and I saw no more of the battle, which I should have been glad to describe to your ladyship, if I had remained.

"You were long of recovering of this last wound?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"Very long, please your ladyship, for the bone was hurt; I was sent home and recommended to Chelsea, which I obtained, and am an out-pensioner; but although I suffered a good deal for several months at first, yet, thank God, I at last had some intervals of ease, and there was not a great deal of pain, except when a little bit of bone was about to throw off—now it seldom troubles me; but although I have not all the use of my arm, I could still make a shift to draw a trigger against the French or Spaniards, if there was occasion."

"Have

"Have you nothing to maintain you and your wife, but the small pension from the Hospital?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"O! yes," answered the soldier; "I can do a little work as a gardener, to which I was originally bred, that is, when my shoulder is not very painful; and my wife is a very careful and industrious woman, and still able to gain a little also, and so we have great reason to be thankful, being by the King's bounty and God's goodness enabled not only to maintain ourselves, but also to entertain a friend sometimes, which I confess we were doing just now; for as your ladyship knows, life is but a roughish journey, at best; and so Margery and I love to *strew the way over with flowers*, as the song goes."

"And pray," said Mrs. Barnet smiling, "what kind of flowers were you strewing just now?"

"Anon?" cried the soldier; not quite understanding the question.

"May I ask," resumed Mrs. Barnet, "what the present entertainment with which you regale your friend consists of?"

“It consists,” replied the soldier, “of a loaf of very good brown bread, an excellent Suffolk cheese, and a can of gin and water.”

Mrs. Barnet was struck at the satisfaction with which this poor soldier, who certainly had some merit with his country, enjoyed the small portion of good things which fell to his share, and the recollection of her husband's discontent, in the midst of a far more sumptuous allotment;—the contrast struck her so forcibly, that she heaved a sigh, and for an instant threw up her eyes.

The soldier mistook the source of her emotion, and thought she was comparing in her mind the comforts of his situation, with the hardships to which many were exposed. Under this impression he added, “I am very sensible, madam, and so is my poor Margery, that we have great reason to be thankful with our situation, considering that we are now both old, and that without my pension, we could not maintain ourselves. Would to the Lord, that every worthy honest heart in this wide world were as well provided for!”

“I am

"I am sure," said Mrs. Barnet, with a smile of benevolence to the soldier, "that a heart so easily satisfied as yours ought not to know want."

"I hardly ever did, madam," said he, "particularly since we settled at this place; for we have our hut for almost nothing; bread, cheese, and small beer are tolerably cheap; and the gin is excellent:—If your ladyship has occasion for any, I can recommend that at the Hog in Armour on this heath, for as wholesome Holland's as any in England."

"I am much obliged to you," said Mrs. Barnet, laughing; "but pray what company have you with you; you seemed very happy and merry when I came?"

"We have no other company, please your Ladyship," replied the pensioner, "but a poor soldier, who I happened to meet on the road; poor fellow, he seemed faint with the heat, and the weight of his knapsack; and so, as it was just about the time of our dinner, I invited him to share with Margery and me; we all fell to accordingly, and I doubt if many people in the parish have

made a better dinner than the foldier and I; for we were both very hungry, and as I said before, every thing was good of its kind; as for Margery, she eats no great matter, and hardly ever takes above one draught of gin and water; but I confess the stranger and I were beginning to get a little merry when your ladyship arrived."

"He is a foldier, I think you say?" resumed Mrs. Barnet.

"Of the 20th, please your ladyship," answered he; "there is not a finer regiment in the service, it was once General Wolf's."

"Here is a crown for him," said Mrs. Barnet, "it will help him on to his regiment."

"That it will indeed," rejoined the pensioner; "especially as, poor fellow, he seems to stand much in need of a pair of new shoes; those he has being worn quite through, and he can ill afford to get another pair, for he tells me he is already under stoppages."

"What are stoppages?" said Mrs. Barnet.

"That

"That part of a soldier's pay," answered he, "which is stopped to purchase necessaries."

"If any of a soldier's pay is stopped," said Mrs. Barnet, "on what does he live?"

"On the remainder," answered the pensioner.

"Why the whole is but sixpence a-day," resumed Mrs. Barnet; "and to me it seems a miracle how they contrive to live on it."

"British soldiers are famous for performing miracles," replied the veteran; "and they actually perform a greater than you imagine; for they do contrive to live on less than sixpence a day."

"Less!" cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Ay! less, madam; God love your soul!" added the soldier: "a private has not sixpence a day to subsist on; are there not stoppages for shoes, and stockings, and shirts? for those Government allows cannot serve all the year round; and in some regiments there are stoppages for superfluous articles of dress:—some commanding officers pay for these out of their own pockets, but others do not; and it is very hard on

the men to be obliged to pay for some kick-shaws that are of no use, but to make them look smarter on the parade, and also to have the flower puffed on their heads that would help to make a pudding for their bellies; in my notion, this is not only cursedly hard hearted, but also damn'd foolish, asking your ladyship's pardon; for what signifies making fops of British soldiers; we shall never beat the French at foppery."

"I fancy not," said Mrs. Barnet.

"You may swear it, madam," added the soldier; "your Frenchmen are all masters of the art; whereas the finest courtiers in England, as I have been told, are mere journey-men; and when they try to imitate the French, they are like a parcel of awkward recruits, compared to a company of old soldiers."

"I have heard so also," said Mrs. Barnet.

"Then why should we pretend to contend with them at their own weapons?" added the soldier; "English soldiers should stick to the old gun and bayonet; and considering how well they can use them in defence of their country, I really do think the country might allow them a

little more pay;—but at present, I do assure your ladyship, they seldom have more than fourpence half-penny, and never above fivepence a-day, to subsist on.”

“It is too little indeed, friend,” said Mrs. Barnet.

“But for all that,” resumed the soldier, “if your ladyship had only seen how cheerfully they ascended the precipices, and with what spirit they fought on the heights of Abraham, you would have thought that every man had dined at a shilling ordinary.”

“If it depended on me, they should never have dined at a worse,” said Mrs. Barnet.

“Only get an addition of threepence, or even twopence a-day, to their pay, and that will satisfy them, madam,” added the soldier.

“I heartily wish, my honest fellow,” replied Mrs. Barnet, “that it were practicable to augment the pay of both officers and soldiers to-morrow.”

“Practicable! I have been told, please your ladyship,” rejoined the soldier, “though I can hardly believe it, that certain men, who were never either in the army

or navy, but only serve the Minister at home, are able to lay by, within a trifle, as much money at the end of the year as even a full Colonel, or a Captain of a man of war, who serves his king and country abroad.

CHAP. XVII.

See yonder poor o'er-labour'd wight,
 So abject, mean, and vile,
 Who begs a brother of the earth
 To give him leave to toil;
 And see his lordly fellow worm
 The poor petition scorn,
 Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
 And helpless offspring mourn.

BURNS.

INSTEAD of taking any notice of what the soldier said, at the conclusion of the last chapter, Mrs. Barnet asked, "Pray, did you not say that you still did some work as a gardener?"

"Yes, madam," replied he; "for I was bred to the business of a gardener in my own country, before I lifted as a soldier; and I am always glad to be employed, when I can work; because, over and above the wages, it puts me in mind of Auld Lang Syn; that is to say," added the soldier, after he had wiped his eyes, "of my native country,
 and

and my relations and friends, who are dead and gone."

"Do you never think of returning to your own country?" said she.

"I have often thought of it," answered the soldier; "but I cannot leave Margery, who loves England, which is her native country, as well as I do mine; for she is blinded by prejudice, and besides, she is unable for the journey, so I am under the necessity of leaving my bones on this side of the Tweed."

"Did not you say that you still did some work as a gardener?"

"I do," replied he.

"In whose garden do you work at present?"

"I used to work in Sir Mathew Mawkish's," the soldier answered; "but it seems he took offence at some words I threw out, when the lame sailor was hurt on the heath; and so he ordered his gardener not to employ me any more."

"Did that put you to much inconvenience?" Mrs. Barnet asked.

"It

“ It has proved a very great loss, and has given me much vexation,” replied the soldier ; “ because what I earned by garden-work, when added to the pension, enabled Margery and me to assist a poor neighbour now and then ; or to give refreshment to a wandering stranger, like this tired soldier ; but what made it fall very hard was, that after I had been long out of work, and consequently without a sixpence of money, poor Margery herself chanced to fall sick ; I was obliged to run a little in debt to procure comfortable assistance to her ; and to clear this, when she recovered, I waited on Sir Mathew, and begged that his honour would allow his gardener to employ me as before ; being more eager than ever to save a little money to do justice to my creditors, who were all poor people, distressed for the want of what I owed them : but Sir Mathew, who has rather a hardish kind of a heart, called me an insolent old rascal, and swore that I should never have another farthing of his money : and never since our grenadiers were repulsed from the intrenchments at Montmorenci, did I feel a heavier

heavier heart, please your ladyship, than I returned with that day."

"No wonder," said Mrs. Barnet; "it was enough to drive you to despair."

"I never give way to despair," replied the soldier, "for it is of no use; and so I make it a rule always to keep it off."

"How do you contrive that?"

"By always trusting to Providence, and sometimes taking a dram," answered he; "for is not there a righteous God above who governs all? and if there is black clouds and storms to-day, may there not be fair weather to-morrow? and is there not more sun-shine than black clouds upon the whole, even in this world, which gives me good hopes for the next?—And the very next day, please your Ladyship, the parson of this parish hearing of my distress gave me a guinea, which cleared me of debt; and he has since recommended me to a farmer, who sometimes gives me a job of work, and pays me very generously—but as this cannot always be depended on, and as Sir Mathew is my enemy, my wife and I are

I are resolved to shift our quarters, but have not yet fixed where to direct our march."

"Let Margery and you direct your march to the village where I live," said Mrs. Barnet; "I know of a more convenient house for you there than that you are now in; and shall ensure you of constant work as a gardener; so you may leave this as soon as you please."—She then gave him directions where to come, and having slipped a guinea into his hand, which she told him was for himself, she gave him half-a-guinea more for his guest, saying, "I did not know that a poor soldier had both stockings and shoes to provide out of his pay." She then bid him farewell, in the midst of the soldier's blessings, who, while he poured them in abundance on Mrs. Barnet, did not forget little Edward.

A short time after this, the soldier and his wife, having disposed of the moveables they did not think proper to take with them, removed to the village near which Mrs. Barnet lived, where they found a snug habitation ready, into which they were conducted by Mr. Barnet's footman and Edward, who met them as they entered the village.

C H A P. XVIII.

Do not as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilst, like a puft and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

SHAKESPEARE.

WHILE Mrs. Barnet cherished and cultivated the seeds of candour and benevolence, which seemed spontaneously to germinate in the breast of this boy, she was at pains to impress upon his mind the necessity of diligence and close application, for the acquisition of those accomplishments which would render him useful and respectable. She made him sensible, even at that early age, of his very peculiar situation, and explained in gentle terms, that he had nothing to depend upon to recommend him to favour in the world, but his personal talents and accomplishments; giving him to understand at the same time, that with a persevering and vigorous exertion of these, he

he would be more esteemed and more estimable than those who, starting in life with greater advantages, were less attentive to the means of improvement.—This doctrine sunk deep into the boy's mind, young as he was; and the rapid progress he afterwards made in various attainments was probably owing to its influence.—Above all, Mrs. Barnet was assiduous to inculcate every principle of religion and virtue of which she thought his understanding susceptible, and without which, she assured him, all other attainments would fail to render him happy, either in this world or the next.

After some instructions of this nature, she said one day, "Well, my dear, I may rely on your promise, that you will be very diligent at school?"

Edward. Yes, indeed you may.

Mrs. B. If you should deceive me, the loss will fall on yourself.

Ed. I don't care what falls on myself, but I will never deceive you.

Mrs. B. You are sensible how shameful it is to break a promise? (The boy was silent.)

Mrs. B. I am persuaded *you* never tell lies? (No answer.)

Mrs. B. What does this mean? Don't you know that it is a great fault to tell what is not true?

Ed. Yes, I have been told so.

Mrs. B. Surely then you would not be guilty of it? (He made no answer.)

Mrs. B. What! Do you ever tell lies?

Ed. Ye—Yes, (replied he sobbing,) I do sometimes.

Mrs. B. I am very sorry for it.

Ed. I am very sorry for it too.

Mrs. B. How came you to be guilty of it then?

Ed. I never was guilty of it, till I was severely whipt for acknowledging the truth.

Mrs. B. But have you not been told that liars go to hell?

Ed. Yes, the school-master of the work-house told me so.

Mrs. B. Well, was you not much more afraid of going to hell than of being whipt?

Ed. No, I was more afraid of being whipt than of going to hell.

Mrs. B. How came that ; for you must surely know that hell is an infinitely greater punishment ?

Ed. Yes, but hell is a long while after this, and the master was prepared to whip me instantly.

However weak such a manner of thinking may seem, Mrs. Barnet could not be surprised to find it in a child of his age, particularly as so many men and women of every age seem to be influenced by the same kind of reasoning.

Resuming the conversation, after a short pause, "Indeed, my dear," said she, "you have acted with great folly and weakness: Would you agree to be hanged to-morrow rather than bear a pinch of the ear to-night ?

Ed. No, I would not.

Mrs. B. But you did something like this, when rather than bear the pain of being whipt, you preferred the risk of going to hell.

The boy seemed a little embarrassed by this—at length, he said, "At first, when the master told me I should go to hell if I told

lies, I believed what he said, but afterward I began to doubt it."

"How could you have any doubts regarding what your master assured you?" rejoined she.

"Because I afterwards discovered," answered Edward, "that the master told lies himself; which I thought he would hardly have done, if he had really believed that liars were sent to hell."

"That master is a very bad man, and has set you an ill example," said Mrs. Barnett; "but now that you are sorry for having been guilty of such a mean thing as lying, I hope you will avoid it in future—I could not love a liar."

"I never will tell another lie in all my life," replied he, with vehemence; "no, not although I were to be whipt a dozen times for telling the truth."

"That is a brave boy," said Mrs. Barnett; "and the way to be loved and respected."

The candour he had displayed in acknowledging what he could have so easily concealed, increased the good opinion she had of his character, and the affectionate interest

terest she took in him; while the wholesome nourishment with which he was supplied, and the encouragement he received at Mrs. Barnet's house, had the happiest effect on his constitution and looks, and he gained fresh vigour and beauty every day. The natural indolence and indifference of Mr. Barnet himself was gradually overcome by the charms of his countenance and the amusement of his prattle. To allow the growing partiality to take root in the heart of her husband, Mrs. Barnet found pretexts for postponing the boy's being sent to school: in a short time however she perceived that it would require as much address to prevail on her husband to allow him to be boarded out of the house, as it had been to induce him to admit the boy into it. Mr. Barnet however agreed, at last, to let him go; and she informed Edward that he was to leave them the following day. At this news his cheerfulness forsook him, and he seemed dejected.

"Nay," said Mrs. Barnet; "you must not look so sorrowful at the thought of going to school."

"It is not for that," said he, ready to cry.

"If going to school makes you look sorrowful, I shall not love you," continued she.

"I do not look sorrowful," cried he; brushing the tears hastily from his eyes with the back of his hand, and attempting to smile in her face.

"You ought not to be sorry to do what is for your good," added she.

"I will never be sorry to do what you choose," replied he, "whether it is for my good or not."

C H A P. XIX.

*Et genus, et formam regina pecunia donat;
Ac benè nummatum decorat Saadela Venúsque.*

HORAT.

THE school to which Edward was sent had once enjoyed a good reputation, through the merits of the master by whom it was established: at his death, the widow endeavoured to keep it up by the means of the ushers; but she soon after married a man grossly ignorant, and in all respects unfit for the office of a school-master. The school however continued to thrive through the strength of its former reputation.

Seminaries of learning, as well as particular shops, are sometimes frequented more on account of what they have been, than what they are: so many instances of this might be produced, that it seems to be a prevailing opinion in this Island, that talents and genius, like cats, are more attached to particular

particular walls and houses, than to the persons who reside within them.

Mrs. Barnet was induced to board the boy at this school, by the advice of those whom she considered as better judges than herself.

Although the head master, or rather the undertaker of this school, was devoid of sense and knowledge, one of the ushers possessed a considerable share of both. Edward fortunately was put under his particular care, and was soon distinguished by the quickness of his apprehension and his assiduity in study. Mrs. Barnet was happy to hear accounts of this nature, and still more, when she understood that he was esteemed and loved by his school-fellows.

After remaining here two or three years, he made a distinguished figure at the public examinations, and never failed to obtain one or two of the prizes distributed on such occasions; but he had the misfortune at last to incur the displeasure of a person of such importance, as entirely altered his situation.

Lady Loft, at this time, lived at a villa at no great distance from this school; which
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tempted her to send her nephew, Lord Filagree, a boy about two years older than Edward, as a boarder there. The respectful attention paid to this young nobleman by the master and mistress, his being sent for every Friday evening, and carried back every Monday morning, in his aunt's chariot, added to his title, gave him an importance among his school-fellows, which his disposition and acquirements would not have produced.

It had been an established custom with the former master of this school, to give the boys some general instructions every Sunday, regarding their religious duties and moral conduct.—This was thought to have a good effect, and was considered as one cause of the prosperity of the school. The present master was willing therefore to keep up such a profitable institution; and although utterly disqualified for assisting the boys in their other studies, he undertook the Sunday lectures himself. His method was to make the boys read portions of the Bible; there he ought to have stopped, or at least have borrowed the explanation of some abler commentator

mentator than himself; but with a self-conceit, which often attends ignorance, he proceeded to ask foolish questions, and to make ridiculous remarks on the sacred text.

As when, by the sensation of hunger, a man in a weakly state becomes sensible that his stomach is empty, it forms a favourable presumption; so it is much in favour of him, who labours under a deficiency of knowledge, to be sensible of his ignorance. But when a man's stomach is empty, if he has the sensation of its being full, he is certainly a good deal out of order: our school-master laboured under this mistake, respecting his head; although uncommonly empty, he, poor man! imagined it remarkably full, which prompted him, as it has done some others, to comment on the Bible, without making any thing clearer or better understood than it was before, except the state of their own understanding.

Lord Fillagree, contrary to custom, had been left one particular Friday at school, owing to his aunt's being on a visit; she was to return however on the Sunday morning, and the school being on her way, she called

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at the time when the master was employed in the pious talk above mentioned. Desirous of being witness to the superiority of her young kinsman over plebeian boys, she desired that her presence might make no interruption, but that the examination might be continued. The master, proud of an opportunity of displaying his sagacity in commenting on the scriptures, gladly assented.

Her ladyship being seated, the master called up the young Lord, and being sensible that he was apt to blunder, to avoid the probability of leading him astray, the master determined to take no new path, but to keep to that which they had frequently trodden already: in conformity with this resolution, he began with the very first chapter of the Bible.

“Pray, my Lord,” said the master, “does your Lordship recollect how long time God took to create the world?”

“Six days,” replied his Lordship.

“Admirably answered,” said the master; “and does your Lordship recollect what he did on the seventh?”

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"He rested from his work," said Lord Fillagree.

"Right, my Lord," cried the master; "from which, as I have often informed you, men are instructed to rest when their work is finished, which otherwise they might neglect to do; for it is a melancholy truth, that mankind in general are too apt to neglect their most important duties. Now, my Lord, pray be pleased to inform me, who was the first man in the world?"

"Adam," replied the youth with quickness, and looking with exultation to his aunt, who smiled and nodded, by way of confirmation, as if she had said, You have hit on the very person.

"Very well answered indeed, my Lord!" said the master; "Adam certainly was the very first man in the whole world; and what puts this beyond all contraversion is, that he was created before any other man, woman, or child; therefore none but an Atheist can deny that Adam was the first man in the world.—And pray, my Lord, who was the *wisest* man in the world?"

"Eve," replied his Lordship, with a triumphant air.—At which all the boys burst into a loud fit of laughter, which neither the presence of the countess, nor the authority of the master, bawling silence, could suppress for some minutes; unfortunately Edward's laugh continued a second longer than the rest.

"Your Lordship mistook the question," said the master, eager to relieve him; "You imagined, no doubt, that I asked who was the wisest *woman* in the world. And to that question your answer is very accurate, for as Eve was the *first* woman in the world, she must have been also the *wisest*, at that time."

But the young Lord was too much disturbed by the laughing, to avail himself of this very ingenious hint.

"No," cried he; "it was all owing to you yourself, for you put the wrong question, and asked question fifth before question fourth, so you did, for here it is," shewing a paper, with which he had previously been supplied, to assist his memory :

mory: "Look there, question fourth, 'Who was the first woman in the world?' answer, 'Eve;' but instead of that, when I expected question fourth, you asked question fifth, that you did."

"Do not cry, my dear," said Lady Lofty, wiping the tears from his eyes:—"You answered in the right order, and your mistake was all owing to the disorder of others, and the impertinent laugh of these boys, particularly of that pert jackanapes there," pointing to Edward,—“whom, let me tell you, Sir,” added she, turning to the master, “you ought to teach better manners.”

She then withdrew, taking the young Lord with her, and the master attended them to the carriage with many apologies and assurances that his Lordship should have ample satisfaction.

C H A P. XX.

*Non vultus instantis tyranni
Mente quatit solida.*

HOR.

THE next day, as soon as his Lordship returned, the master, in a formal harangue, endeavoured to convince the boys of the indecency of their behaviour; he then punished Edward severely, because of the peculiar enormity of his, and insisted that each of them should ask his Lordship's pardon;—a ceremony with which all complied, except Edward; when it came to his turn, he said that having already suffered one punishment, he thought it unjust that he should be subjected to another for the same crime.

The master told him, that what was now required was not a punishment, but a reparation due to his Lordship.

Edward said, he considered it as more severe than the former, and refused to comply.

With an intemperance of manner, natural to the abject-minded when possessed of power, the master insisted on his directly begging pardon of the young Lord, under pain of being more severely whipt than he had been already. Edward steadily refused.

The master then put his threats in execution; and as he possessed in hardness of heart what he wanted in understanding, he continued the punishment with unprecedented cruelty.—Fatigued himself, and almost out of breath, “Now, Sir,” said he to Edward, who had not allowed a groan to escape him, “what is your determination now?”

“Just what it was,” answered the boy with firmness.

This answer was followed by a burst of applause from some of the boys;—and the master perceiving rage and the spirit of mutiny in their countenances, thought it most prudent not to push any farther a contest which filled the spectators with admiration of Edward, and might be attended with disagreeable consequences to himself.

It was impossible for this young Nobleman, not to perceive that from this time
the

the generality of the boys behaved to him with a degree of coldness and neglect, which all the pains he took to conciliate their minds, and all the splendor of his rank, could not entirely overcome, whilst the marks of regard and affection they manifested to Edward, were too strong and too genuine, not to mortify his Lordship exceedingly ;— but what gave him more uneasiness than all the rest, was to observe, that a boy of the name of Clifton, distinguished for his spirit and vivacity still more than by the noble family from which he was a descendant, and the great fortune to which he was heir, had formed a friendship with Edward, which he cultivated with redoubled earnestness ever since his punishment.

In the view of ingratiating himself with his school-fellows, and mortifying Edward, whom he hated, because he was conscious that Edward had some reason to hate him, the young Lord desired his aunt to request a holiday to the boys, for the purpose of giving a collation in a Summer House at the end of her garden nearest the

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school;

school; to which they were all invited, except Edward.

Clifton, who was a favourite of her Ladyship, received a particular invitation; but he refused to go, notwithstanding the repeated advice of the master. Clifton, who was about the same age with Edward, had been accidentally absent from the Sunday examination, but was witness to the scene on the Monday following; which had excited in his mind, admiration of Edward, hatred of the master, and contempt for his Lordship.

When Lady Loftly understood that Clifton was not come with the other boys, she sent a fresh message. He returned for answer, that he could not accept of her invitation, being engaged to pass the day with his friend Edward.

Her Ladyship was exceedingly exasperated by this answer, which converted all her partiality for Clifton into hatred, and doubled her indignation against his friend.

The growing friendship between Clifton and Edward gave great satisfaction to Mrs. Barnet; for she thought the former a sensible
and

and spirited boy, and hoped that, from his connections and personal influence, he might be of service to her ward in his progress through life. Clifton had often visited her, in company with his friend, and happening to call one day in his absence, he spoke of him with all the enthusiastic warmth of youthful friendship; and in the heat of his eulogium, he alluded to the memorable Sunday's examination.

As Edward himself had never mentioned it, Mrs. Barnet did not understand what he pointed at, which when Clifton perceived, he gave a circumstantial account of the whole, in the presence of her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Temple, and Mr. Wormwood. They were all shocked at the narrative; the two ladies said, that Edward should be immediately removed from the school. Mr. Temple observed, that it would be right to hear what the master had to say for himself, before any other step were taken. Mr. Wormwood said, that such a tyrannical blockhead ought to be exposed to public ridicule; and Mr. Barnet, whose indignation

was at the highest, declared that he deserved to be starved.

Mr. Temple went next day, and stated what he had heard to the master. The man was for some time unable to make any answer; he at length endeavoured to defend himself; saying, "that Edward had been justly punished, because it was owing to his indecent laughter that the young Lord had been put into confusion, and had made a ridiculous answer."

"Pray, Sir," said Mr. Temple, "did Edward laugh at your question, or at his Lordship's answer?"

"At the answer, to be sure," replied the master, with more quickness than forethought.

"Really, Sir," resumed Temple, "you seem as incapable of reasoning, as of acting reasonably. Since it was the young Lord's answer he laughed at, how could his laughter be the cause of the answer?"

"How could it?" repeated the master in confusion.

"Unless,

"Unless," continued Temple, "you mean to assert that the effect precedes the cause."

"I do not positively assert that it does," said the master,—hardly knowing what he was saying.

"O! you do not?" continued Temple.

"No, Sir, not always," said the master.

"Only on extraordinary occasions, I suppose," added Temple.

"Yes," rejoined the master, "only on very extraordinary occasions, such a thing might perhaps happen."

"What might happen?" said Temple.

"That which you just now remarked, about the effect of the cause," replied the schoolmaster.

Mr. Temple, shrugging up his shoulders, demanded Edward's account; which having paid, he conducted the boy directly to Mr. Barnet's.

C H A P. XXI.

Le caprice de notre humeur est encore plus bizarre
que celui de la fortune. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

EDWARD was received affectionately by Mrs. Barnet, and with kindness by her husband; who, during his confinement to the house, found some amusement in the boy's company;—for although Barnet never could undergo the fatigue of reading himself, yet he could sometimes bear to hear a few pages read by another,—and he listened with more patience to the little stories which Edward selected for his entertainment, than he had ever shewed on like occasions before; so that the boy was not only a source of amusement to Mr. Barnet, but a powerful auxiliary to his wife, in the very difficult task of diverting his caprices, and rendering time less burdensome to him. Mr. Barnet's fondness for Edward was attended with one circumstance which might have ruined the boy entirely;

entirely; he could not refrain from pressing him sometimes after dinner, to drink port wine. One day after Mrs. Barnet left the room, Mr. Wormwood interposed, when the child was desired to take another glass, saying it would injure his health.

“Port wine,” replied Barnet, “provided it be genuine, can injure the health of no mortal; but, on the contrary, as I myself am a proof, it has a great tendency to promote health—”

“And vivacity,” added Wormwood.

“Very true, cousin Wormwood,” said Barnet, not remarking the irony; “for I am never in so good spirits as after a certain quantity of port, and I have never been troubled with any complaint since I took to port, except the gout, and now and then a fit of indigestion.”

Wormwood. Do you not think those sufficient?

Barnet. Certainly, Mr. Wormwood; and more than sufficient: yet they are not owing to port, but to the cursed claret and burgundy, which I drank in my youth; and the reason is plain.

Wormwood.

Wormwood. I will thank you for the reason ; for, plain as it is, I cannot see it.

Barnet. The reason is, because they are weaker, and colder on the stomach.

Wormwood. Those then who have confined themselves all their lives to water, should have the gout oftener and more severely than others.

Barnet. I know nothing about water-drinkers, Mr. Wormood ; I keep no such company : but this I do know by experience, that genuine port wine never injured the health of man, woman, or child.

Wormwood. Your experience can only be derived from two of those classes ; you can have none as a woman.

Barnet. True, nor as a child.

Wormwood. That is not quite so clear.

Barnet. It is as clear as day-light ; for I never tasted port until I was twenty-five years of age.

Wormwood. Many people continue to be children beyond that period, cousin ; and I know one who is a very great child even at your age.

. Mrs,

Mrs. Barnet happening to return to the room, her husband said, "Mr. Wormwood pretends that claret is as wholesome as port; now as you, my dear, are fond of neither, I appeal to you, as an impartial judge, whether you have not observed that port wine keeps my gout fixed to my feet, and has never allowed it to mount to my head."

Mrs. Barnet acknowledged that port wine seemed to agree with her husband better than claret, and she thanked Heaven that the gout had never attacked his head.

"And can you prove to me," said Mr. Barnet, turning with a triumphant air to Wormwood, "that I should not have had the gout in my head long ago, if I had drank as much of your d——d wafhy claret, as I have done of port?"

"I confess," replied Wormwood, "that I cannot."

"Then I would be glad to know," resumed Mr. Barnet, "why poor Ned here should be prevented from drinking a few glasses of port wine?"

Mrs. Barnet now perceiving what had given rise to the dispute, said to her husband, "That although port was unquestionably the properest wine for people subject to the gout, it might disagree with those who were not; if you please therefore, my dear," added she, "let Edward abstain from it, until he shall have had one fit; after which he may drink it as you do, to keep the disease from his head."

After musing a little, Mr. Barnet answered, "what you say, my dear, stands to reason."

About this time, Mr. Temple, who thought very highly of Edward's abilities, recommended a school of eminence to Mrs. Barnet, saying, "It would be a great pity if such promising talents were lost for want of proper cultivation."

Mrs. Barnet was of the same way of thinking, but as her husband had shewn ill-humour when the former school accounts were paid, and as she knew this new school would be much more expensive, she was cautious of proposing that the boy should be put to it.

Mr.

Mr. and Mrs. Temple saw her delicacy, and agreed to seize the first opportunity of bringing about what she wished, without her needing to interfere.

They were both at breakfast one day with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet; Edward was likewise present; he had made an observation or two, which delighted the whole company, but in a particular manner Mrs. Barnet, who, addressing her husband after Edward had left the room, said, "I am sure, my dear, that no action of your life ever gave you more pleasure, or indeed does you more credit, than your generous conduct to that fine boy."

Mr. Temple. Every body praises you for it.

Mr. Barnet. Yes, yes, many will praise, for praise costs nothing; but I fancy very few will imitate me.

Mrs. Barnet. So much the more honourable for you, my dear.

Mr. Temple. I am convinced that the boy will make a most respectable figure in life, and do great credit to my brother, provided he be thoroughly well educated.

Mr. Barnet. He is pretty well educated already.

Mr. Temple. Ay, too well in the opinion of some people.

Mr. Barnet. What people are those?

Mr. Temple. The people who run about proclaiming that it is folly in you to send a boy to school, to be taught languages for which he can never have any use.

Mr. Barnet. How do they know what use he may have for the languages?

Mr. Temple. They assert that you ought to make him a tradesman.

Mr. Barnet. I do not regard what they assert.

Mr. Temple. You must have some regard to the world's opinion.

Mr. Barnet. I do not care sixpence for the world's opinion; I'll judge for myself in this as in every thing else.

Mr. Temple. You cannot prevent the world from judging also; and the world laugh at the folly of giving a boy an education that would fit him for one of the
learned

learned professions, when you intend to breed him a tradesman.

Barnet. Perhaps neither you nor the world, for as wise as you think yourselves, know what I intend to breed him.

Mr. Temple. I hope at least you will not think of the law.

Mr. Barnet. Why not the law, if I choose it?

Mr. Temple. Because the world would blame you very much.

Mr. Barnet. The world may go and be d——'d. Am I to mind its fancies? It may think I ought to breed the boy a cobbler, for aught I know.

Mr. Temple. Why truly, brother, I am convinced that many people would not censure you so much as they do, if you were to breed him a cobbler.

Mr. Barnet. Oh, they would not! They are very obliging, and I suppose you also; you would no doubt approve mightily of Edward's being bred a cobbler?

Mr. Temple. Why not? I have known several cobblers who were very honest men.

Mr. Barnet was now wrought up to a violent

violent passion, and when this was the case he did not mind what he asserted. And "I," exclaimed he, "have known several lawyers who were as honest men as your cobblers."

Mr. Temple. Have you, indeed!

Mr. Barnet. Ay, indeed; and honest^{er} than your cobblers, or your shoemakers, or even your parsons; what do you say to that?

Mr. Temple. All I shall say, brother, is, that you have been remarkably fortunate in your law acquaintance.

Mr. Barnet. Fortunate! why there is no act of parliament I hope against a lawyer's being an honest man.

Mr. Temple. No, there are superfluous acts enough without that.

Here Mrs. Barnet thought it right to interpose, saying, "there is no need to determine as yet what profession the boy is to be bred to, he has hitherto——"

"You had best not interfere, my dear," cried Barnet; "for you know that I will be led or influenced by no mortal, man, woman, or child; and I am already determined, in spite of those wise judges who blame my having the boy taught Latin, that he shall be

be sent to one of the best schools in England, there to learn as much Latin as I please, and neither more nor less."

"More Latin still!" cried Mr. Temple.

"Ay, and Greek too if I think proper; and you may make my compliments to your friend the World," said Mr. Barnet, "and tell him so."

"I have heard," Mrs. Temple observed, "that a man may be a tolerable lawyer without much Greek."

"That may be, sister," rejoined Mr. Barnet; "but if I choose that Edward should be taught Greek, it is not the world's chattering that shall prevent it."

"Drop the subject, my dear," said Mr. Temple, addressing his wife, "lest you should provoke your brother to have the poor boy taught Hebrew."

Mrs. Temple happening to laugh at her husband's remark, Barnet's wrath was wound a peg higher.

"And if I have a mind that he should be taught Hebrew, I would be glad to know who will hinder it?" said he.

"Not I, for one," cried Mr. Temple; "on the contrary, if you are resolved

on it, I believe I can recommend a Jew for his instructor, who understands Hebrew very well."

"There is nothing wonderful in that," said Barnet peevishly; "since Hebrew is the mother-tongue of the Jews."

"But this Jew will teach it him on reasonable terms," replied Mr. Temple; "for he is an honest man."

"You must allow," said Mrs. Temple, addressing her brother, "that there is something *wonderful in that*."

"What is most wonderful of all," said Mr. Temple, "is, that your brother should dream of the boy's being taught a language which will be so useless to him, and one in which there are so few books written."

"It does not become a man of your cloth," replied Barnet, "to say any thing in disparagement of Hebrew; you must allow that there is, at least, one good book in that language; although you, like many other of your brethren perhaps, may not understand it in the original."

"I beg, my dear brother," answered Temple, with a smile, "that you will not
be

be so very severe ; I only mean to hint that it is impossible to pass through life without the world's censure."

" Damn the world and its censure both," cried Barnet ; " Edward shall have as complete an education as any boy in England, cost what it will, and there is an end of the matter."

It was no doubt painful to such a woman as Mrs. Barnet, to perceive that even in those parts of her husband's conduct which did him most credit, he always acted from passion, caprice, or some childish motive ;—but such was the character of the man. She was content, therefore, to adopt such a behaviour as led him to benevolent actions, without regarding his motives.

A short time after this conversation, it was determined that Edward should be sent to the very school that Mr. Temple had recommended ; and he then told Mr. Barnet that, to prove that he would not join with the world in blaming his brother-in-law, he intended to accompany the boy to the school, which he accordingly did ; recommending him to the master, who was his friend, as

a boy of promising talents and an excellent disposition. This character from Mr. Temple gave an impression in favour of Edward, whose situation became still more agreeable soon after, by his friend Clifton coming to the same school.

The character which Mr. Temple gave him was fully supported by Edward at this school: yet the advantages he reaped, when he returned to Mr. Barnet's in the vacations, were of more value, perhaps, than all he acquired during the rest of the year; for Mrs. Barnet neglected no opportunity of instilling honourable principles into his mind. Edward listened with delight to her instructions, not only on account of their being consonant to every idea of virtue which he could form, but likewise on account of the love and veneration in which he held his instructors.

While so many things contributed to make Edward's situation in Mr. Barnet's family pleasant, one circumstance tended to render it disagreeable. Mention has been made of Mr. Barnet's daughter: it was this girl's misfortune to be the darling of her

father; next to stewed carp, there was nothing on earth he loved so much as her. She was a brunette like her mother, and had the finest black eyes and most lively look that can be imagined,—of course, nothing could be more unlike the vacancy of Mr. Barnet's face, than the sprightly looks of his daughter.

Yet he was often told, by those who were inclined to flatter him, that she was very like him, which he believed, and believed at the same time, what he often told her, that she was the prettiest girl in the world.

Mr. Barnet's extreme indulgence to his daughter, and the compliments he paid to her beauty, gave much vexation to the mother, who dreaded their effects on the temper and disposition of the girl. Mrs. Barnet had earnestly tried to prevail on her husband to abstain from praising the girl's looks, and from gratifying her in whatever she shewed any inclination for;—but all Mrs. Barnet's endeavours were fruitless; for in praising and gratifying his daughter, he gratified himself, which had more weight with Barnet, than all the remonstrances of his

wife, or than any other consideration. Mrs. Barnet therefore thought herself obliged to sacrifice the pleasure she had proposed to herself, of entirely educating and forming the mind of her daughter, and placed her in a boarding school in the capital.—Although Barnet did not quite relish this plan, he did not long oppose it; for, on reflection, he said, *that it stood to reason* that mothers could not be supposed to be able to educate their daughters so well as those women who made a trade of it.

The same motive which prompted Mrs. Barnet to send her daughter to the boarding school, determined her in keeping the girl there several years: she returned however to her father's house at certain periods every year, which were also the periods in which Edward returned from school. He always behaved to her with the respect due to the child of his benefactors; and endeavoured, by every honourable means that his young imagination could suggest, to deserve her regard and acquire her good will. But perceiving the cold manner in which she received his attentions, and shocked at
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the haughty stile in which she spoke, when she deigned to speak to him at all, he shrunk into a reserve and distance of deportment, very different from what he assumed to either of her parents.

Mrs. Barnet observed something of her daughter's haughty manner, and the effect it had on him, although both the young Lady and the boy endeavoured to conceal them from her.

Being concerned at this, on her daughter's account, she spoke to her on the subject, and ended her remonstrance by observing, that she would give an ill impression of her own disposition, by behaving in such a manner to anybody, but particularly to one of so amiable a character as Edward.

This reproof seemed to increase the girl's ill will towards him, which broke out in the manner that will appear in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXII.

Discourage cunning in a child; cunning is the ape of wisdom. LOCKE.

Mrs. Barnet had received a present of a beautiful piece of china, which she valued above its real worth on account of the person who gave it.

It was placed with other pieces of china on a chimney piece in the drawing room; and Mrs. Barnet often gave directions, particularly to her daughter, that it should not be removed from its place.

One forenoon during the Summer vacation, Edward sat in this room reading, when Miss Barnet entered with Miss Fuller, another young Lady, to whom she wished to shew this fine piece of china.

Unmindful of her mother's injunction, "I will bring it to the window," said Miss Barnet to her companion, "and then you will see it better."

"Pray,

"Pray, Miss Louisa, be careful not to let it fall," said Edward; "for you know it would make your mamma so uneasy."

"That is no business of yours," said Miss Barnet, tartly; and at the same instant she seized the china with such quickness and so little caution, that it slipped from her fingers and was broken to pieces on the hearth.

They all stood for some time in silent astonishment; but she who had occasioned the misfortune was the first who recovered her presence of mind.

"Were we all to cry our eyes out," said Miss Barnet, "it would not mend the vase; but I have thought of what will save us from blame."

She immediately ran out of the room, and returning a few minutes after with a cat in her arms; "Be gone into the garden," said she to the young Lady and Edward; then throwing the cat on the floor, she shut the door of the room, and followed them into the garden.—"Now," cried Miss Barnet, ready to burst with laughter, "my mother will think her favourite cat has broken

broken the vase—and, if she should make any farther inquiry, you have only to declare, as I shall do,” added she, looking at Edward, “that you know nothing at all of the matter.”

“I hope,” said he, “that your mother will ask no questions of me on the subject.”

“But in case she should, you will tell her plainly, that you know nothing about it?”

Edward made no answer.

“You will tell her that you know nothing of the matter?” repeated Miss Barnet, with a raised voice.

“I will tell her no such thing,” said Edward calmly.

“Why not?” cried she.

“Because, I will not tell a lie,” answered he.

“Do you mean to say that *I* would?”

“I meant to say what I repeat, Miss Louisa,” replied Edward; “that for my own part I will not.”

“Did you ever see such a saucy companion?” said Miss Barnet to Miss Fuller, as he withdrew.

“O!

"O! yes, very often, my dear," replied the other, smiling.

"Well, you may laugh as you please," rejoined Miss Barnet, "but what he said implied that he thought me a liar."

"What he thinks, my dear Louisa, is of little importance," replied Miss Fuller; "provided we are ourselves conscious that we are incapable of falsehood."

At this remark, Miss Barnet's face became of the deepest scarlet.

When Mrs. Barnet returned to the drawing room, she saw her favourite vase lying in pieces on the hearth. The cat rushed out as soon as the door was opened; but as Mrs. Barnet had left Edward reading in the room, and was certain that no cat was there when she left it, she could not avoid suspecting that he had accidentally broken the vase, and had afterwards shut up the cat in the room to prevent the suspicion from falling on himself.—This betrayed a degree of cunning which she did not like, and of which she had never before seen any instance in him. She was sensible that to some people a trick of that kind would appear only a

proof of cleverness in a boy of his age; but she had hitherto considered him as superior to a device of this nature; and she felt, that if it were clear that he had stooped to use it, she never would be able to esteem and love him as she had done. And so painful is it to a benevolent mind, to have favourable impressions of any one removed, and to receive unfavourable ones in their place, that Mrs. Barnet would much rather have lost the value of a hundred such vases, than have had her good opinion of this poor boy thus diminished. She gathered up the fragments of the vase, and locked them in her cupboard, without making any inquiry. At dinner she remarked that Edward was graver and more pensive than usual, which increased her suspicions.

She said nothing all that day, in the hopes that he would spontaneously acknowledge what he had done.—She contrived opportunities of being alone with him, and behaved in the most affectionate manner; addressing him even with more frankness and affability than usual, on purpose to smooth the way to the avowal which she so
much

much desired; and at night she retired to her bed-chamber chagrined because he had not made it, and vexed at thinking this poor friendless boy less worthy of her esteem than she had formerly imagined.

Next day being alone with him, she said a little unexpectedly, "Pray, Ned, do you know any thing of the breaking of the vase which stood on the drawing room chimney?"

Unwilling to tell what he knew, and confused with the question, he made no answer.

His uneasiness and confusion confirmed her suspicions.

"When I left you reading in the room the vase was whole, was it not?" said she.

"Yes it was," answered he.

"You were alone," resumed she; "there was *not so much as a cat* in the room with you when I left it," added she.

Greatly distressed at this remark, the boy seemed more and more confused.

"Accidentally breaking a piece of china," continued Mrs. Barnet, "is a trifle; the means which seem to have been used to conceal it, I view in a different light, and it gives

gives me pain to think that those I love are capable of artifices which betray cunning at the expence of candour."

Edward wiped the tears from his eyes, but said nothing.

"I thought you too wise and manly to be cunning," continued Mrs. Barnet.

The boy seemed much distressed.

"Perhaps," resumed Mrs. Barnet; "you wish to give some explanation of this matter."

"I can give no explanation," said he, in a voice half suppressed with anguish;—"but—but—Oh! I am very unhappy."

"Nay, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet, moved by the distress in which she saw the boy; "there is no need to be *very* unhappy; it was natural for you to imagine I should be uneasy at the loss of the vase, and you could not bear, I suppose, to be thought the cause of my uneasiness.—I am sure such a thought would give you pain."

"Indeed it would," said he, in a voice hardly articulate.

"When such an accident happens again, believe me, my dear, your best course will
be

be to avow it honestly, without racking your invention for devices to conceal it."

Having said this, Mrs. Barnet left him in more uneasiness of mind than he had ever felt before.

Notwithstanding the palliating terms she had made use of, Edward saw that Mrs. Barnet was much displeased; and it cost him a severe struggle to bear the idea of her displeasure; but when he reflected that he could not do himself justice without accusing the daughter of his benefactress, and conveying to the mother's breast more vexation than she felt in thinking him blame-worthy, he determined to remain silent, and actually returned to school without giving the least hint on the subject.

C H A P. XXIII.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes;
 The canker galls the infants of the spring,
 Too oft before their buttons be disclosed,
 And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
 Contagious blakments are most imminent.

SHAKESPEARE.

MISS Barnet remained a month with her parents after Edward left them; her resentment against him increased, he had made her look mean in her own eyes. She felt therefore a disagreeable sensation as often as his name was mentioned. When this is the case, few have the candour to consider whether it originates in any fault of their own, or of the person at the mention of whose name the disagreeable feeling recurs—perhaps Miss Barnet was incapable, coolly and considerately, of doing an essential injury to this boy; but the painful sensation which she felt when she thought of him, made her without design
 speak

Speak of him sometimes in an injurious stile, and at one time in the hearing of her mother.

Mrs. Barnet hinted at the unfairness of taking advantage of his absence to insinuate any thing to his prejudice; adding, that Edward was incapable of speaking against people in their absence.

"What is nearly as bad, however," replied the daughter; "he is capable of speaking with insolence and injustice to people *in their presence*."

"Edward is as incapable of the one as the other," said Mrs. Barnet.

"He told me the other day, in pretty plain terms, that I was a liar," said the daughter.

Miss Barnet guessing by her mother's look that she did not believe her, said, "Miss Fuller was present when he did so."

Some visitors being at the instant announced, the dialogue between the mother and daughter ended.

Although Mrs. Barnet did not immediately resume the subject of this conversation with

her daughter, she resolved to investigate the truth of the accusation; and for that purpose, after making a visit to a family in the neighbourhood, she called one forenoon on Miss Fuller, who had returned to her father's house, and asked whether she had ever heard Edward say any thing unbecoming to Louisa. The young lady declared she never had. "He may have been provoked to it," resumed Mrs. Barnet, "but I have reason to think he behaved with some degree of insolence in your presence." Miss Fuller now recollected what had passed when the vase was broken, and related the whole candidly as it had passed.

Mrs. Barnet's mind was now divided between admiration of Edward's conduct and uneasiness on account of her daughter's; but, eager to remove from the heart of Edward that pain which her mistaken notion of his conduct had produced, she gave way, in the first place, to the most pleasing emotion of the two, and immediately after arriving at her own house, she wrote to him as follows:

"My

“ My dear Edward,

“ You have reason to be hurt at the style in which I spoke to you a little before you left us, and perhaps it still gives you pain to think that I disapprove of any part of your conduct, even while you are conscious that my disapprobation proceeds from mistake ; I hasten therefore to inform you, that the mistake, which, from the most honourable and delicate motives, you left me in, exists no longer. I am fully acquainted with every particular of the affair to which you must know I now allude ; the whole of your behaviour, on that occasion, and your motives for not explaining it to me, are now evident, and render you dearer to me than ever.

“ From the pleasure you now feel you will be confirmed in the truth of what I have often told you, that the approbation of a person’s own mind is the first reward for acting honourably ; and future experience will convince you, that such conduct, to use the words of a man of great wit and great good sense,

—— leaves behind
A lasting pleasure in the mind,
Which, by remembrance, will assuage
Grief, sickness, poverty, and age;
And strongly shoot a radiant dart
To shine through life's declining part.

That you may persevere in that virtuous
course which alone leads to happiness here,
and secures it hereafter, is the prayer of, dear
Edward, your assured friend,

“JANE BARNET.”

This letter operated like a cordial on the
drooping spirits of Edward, who had begun
several letters containing general assurances
of his not being so much to blame as she
might believe; but still dreading that they
might lead to a discovery of Miss Barnet's be-
haviour, which he knew would give vexa-
tion to her mother, he ended by throwing
each letter in the fire.

After Mrs. Barnet had gratified her na-
tural disposition to redress an injury, and
communicate pleasure by writing to Ed-
ward, she remembered that the painful duty
of remonstrating with her daughter re-
mained

remained unfulfilled. Afraid, however, of the effect which stating her conduct in the heinous light which it appeared to herself might have on the young lady's mind, she spoke to her in the following terms :

“ I find, my dear, that you entirely mistook what Edward said, when you desired him to conceal from me the accident by which the vase was broken. It was not unnatural, however, in you, to be provoked with any expression that could possibly be construed into so foul a reproach as that of lying—the misapprehension of a sentence has often led people of the best dispositions and intentions into error ; for, on a very narrow basis of mistake, a vast structure of falsehood may be raised to the ruin of the most meritorious character. The quickness of your temper, my dear Louisa, led you into an error, in repeating to me what Edward said, which might have made an impression highly injurious to his character, had it not been prevented by my obtaining a real state of what passed from your friend Miss Fuller, who is so partial to you as to take the whole

blame of breaking the vase on herself, declaring that it proceeded from her impatient curiosity to see it, and your eagerness to gratify her. The loss of the vase, however, gives me little or no uneasiness ; but had it given me a great deal, it would have been entirely dispersed by the satisfaction of finding that Edward has not behaved in the manner that struck you, and that you are incapable of *wilful* misrepresentation."

Had Mrs. Barnet stated her daughter's conduct in the worst light, the young lady was of a temper to have attempted a justification ; and what we once are led, or provoked to justify, we are apt to repeat : whereas, instead of attempting any defence or apology, Miss Barnet was so much affected with the delicacy of her mother's remonstrance, that she stood speechless, with her eyes fixed on the ground, which Mrs. Barnet observing, gently squeezed her hand and left the room. Miss Barnet was no sooner alone than she burst into tears, and continued weeping for a considerable time,

Her

Her heart informed her, that her conduct did not deserve the palliations it had received ; and although nothing pleased her so much, in general, as her mother's praise, yet, on the present occasion, it rather distressed her, because she was conscious she did not deserve it.

C H A P. XXIV.

A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
 Which equally the wise and worthless shares.
 In gay fatigues, this most undaunted chief,
 Patient of idleness beyond belief,
 Most charitably lends the town his face,
 For ornament in every public place ;
 As sure as cards, he to th' assembly comes,
 And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.

YOUNG.

EDWARD continued to pursue his studies with the approbation of his masters, and with equal success and tranquillity, till his old enemy Fillagree was placed at the same school.

This youth had remained at the former for a considerable time after Clifton and Edward had left it ; and, by the abject connivance of the master, had domineered over the other boys without control, to the great augmentation of his native stock of arrogance, which, indeed, was the only acquisition he made. He was now sent by Lady Loftly to this new seminary.

As

As Earl Torpid, father to Lord Fillagree, was still in existence, it is incumbent on us to account for the youth being so much at the disposal of his aunt, at a period of his life when the character is supposed to receive its deepest and most permanent impressions; and in performing this task, it will be necessary to give a few anecdotes respecting other branches of this illustrious family.

Lord Torpid was thought as polite a nobleman as any about court; there was a bowing, smiling attentiveness in his manner, which those, who were ignorant that it was the effect of mere habit, mistook for an indication of good will. Lord Torpid was incapable of doing a rude thing; but a corn on his own toe gave him more concern than the greatest misfortune that could befall any of his acquaintance, including those he called his friends. He passed his time at court, at the opera, at concerts, in lounging, and at his toilet. He was visited twice a week by a dentist, who had the superintendence of his teeth; an operator for the nails regularly inspected those of his Lordship's fingers and toes as often. It was observed,
that

that on the remaining three days of the week the noble Lord was much at a loss what to do with himself, when the hour arrived which those different artists were in use to occupy. . . .

It was observed above, that he was in existence at the period of which we have been treating. This, indeed, is the utmost that could be said at any period of his life, and more than a cautious person would have ventured to affirm at some particular times, when he seemed to have as little feeling as a corpse. This was peculiarly observable at the play-house, for, although he never went till the play was ended from taste, he was sometimes obliged to attend before it began from duty ; and there he contemplated Mrs. Siddons in Belvidera and Lady Randolph with the same composure that he heard the lullaby of Lord ——— in the House of Peers. His friends endeavoured to explain this, by saying that his Lordship, like many other respectable people, had no relish for tragedy. And when it afterwards appeared that he was equally unmoved with the genuine nature and exquisite pleasantry of Mrs. Jordan, they

they were forced to add, that his Lordship also resembled those respectable people who have no relish for comedy.

At an early period of his life he was greatly influenced by what was called Ton; so much indeed as in the important step of marriage, to overpower his love of money, which afterwards became his strongest passion. As every Englishman, with the title of Lord, communicates that of Lady to his wife, he of course has it in his power to acquire fortune by marriage if he pleases. The greater number of English Lords, including the Scotch and Irish, certainly avail themselves of this advantage. Lord Torpid, however, did not; which remains to be accounted for.

A handsome young lady, the daughter of a gentleman of moderate fortune and a numerous family, was presented at court. As she was genteelly connected, she was soon introduced into all the fashionable circles; her gaiety and good humour were superior to her beauty; her manners were peculiarly pleasing, and she was more admired by the men, and imitated by the women, than any
woman

woman in England. Lord Torpid, who was acquainted with the family, had often seen her at her father's house, before she appeared at court, without taking any particular notice of her; indeed his Lordship never admired any thing till it became the admiration of others. The torrent of praise which flowed on this young lady directed his Lordship's peculiar attention to her. One day, at the drawing-room, he heard a very great Personage declare, that she was one of the prettiest girls in England. He saw the surrounding circle, by their bows, nods, and smiles, announce that they were all of the same opinion. That very evening, Lord Torpid fell asleep in the conviction that he was desperately in love with her; and the next day he informed her father of his passion, and made the daughter an offer of his hand.

Of all this young lady's male acquaintance Lord Torpid was precisely the person who interested her the least; but she was of an easy and complying temper. All her relations assured her, that Lord Torpid's proposal was the most fortunate thing that could
have

have happened to her family, and that she herself would be perfectly happy, because she would have all that the world can afford. Her father left her entirely to follow her own inclination ; and as she had a great inclination to be a Countess, she followed the advice of her relations, and accepted his Lordship's offer. A little after his marriage, Lord Torpid began to suspect that he had laboured under a mistake in thinking himself in love, and he was fully convinced, that however deeply he had been in it, he was now completely out of it ; and his lady was equally convinced, that her relations had been mistaken in thinking that this marriage would make her happy ; and however fond she herself had been of the title of Countess, she now thought she had bought it at a price far above its value. When she married, her husband was an object of indifference to her. This state, which lasted about a month, might have been called the honey-moon, when compared with what followed. The young lady had passed her life, before she became a Countess,

Countess, in gaiety and good humour, mostly in the country, at the house of her father, or at the houses of his friends, fond of her companions, and greatly beloved by them all, on account of her easy, gay, and accommodating disposition. The insipid solemnity of her husband damped the natural cheerfulness of her heart. The languid monotony of his conversation ; the repetition of the same frigid phrases benumbed her desire of pleasing, and her power of attention. Her vivacity forsook her ; she fell into low spirits ; they increased towards the end of her pregnancy, and she died eight days after she had been delivered of Lord Fillagree. Although Lord Torpid was certainly not a passionate lover of women, he loved children still less ; he often said, that all children were bores, and that a man's own children were greater bores than any other. Lord Torpid, besides one brother considerably younger than himself, had two sisters. One of the latter had made an imprudent marriage in point of circumstances ; and his Lordship, who had taken little notice of her before her marriage, took none after it. He seemed as little interested

rested about his other sister, until he understood that she was courted by Lord Lofty, a peer of great fortune, and seventy years of age. Lord Torpid then waited on her, and perceiving that she was rather averse to the match, he observed, that it was natural for her to feel repugnant on such an occasion ; but that she ought to consider that what was disagreeable in the business would be short-lived; and what was advantageous would be permanent ; for he was convinced Lord Lofty could not live above one year.

This overcame his sister's repugnancy ; she gave her hand to Lord Lofty ; he declared himself the happiest of men, and survived his happiness three months and one night. His fortune and title descended to a son by a former marriage. Lady Lofty was left an ample jointure, and a considerable sum in ready money. As her husband's relations had little or no connection with her after his death, she was inclined to renew her intimacy with her brother, which had been interrupted for some time. Meeting him one evening at a concert, she enquired after his son ; my Lord informed

informed her, that he had not seen him for a week past, because the child had been ill of a fever, which still continued, but he understood that the physician thought him better; he therefore took it for granted that he would recover.

Lady Loftv was proceeding to make farther enquiries concerning the child, but his Lordship begged she would suspend her curiosity till another opportunity, as the musicians were just about to begin.

Her ladyship called the following day to see her nephew. She found him not entirely out of danger. She earnestly recommended a tea-spoonful of the syrup of violets to be given to the child every four hours, shaking the phial, which she said had saved her own life. The physician made no objection to this prescription. The child was somewhat better the next day, and gradually recovered. The physician did not dispute the merit of this cure with her Ladyship, and from that time she seemed every day fonder of her nephew. Some imagined that her partiality proceeded wholly from the pleasing reflection that she

15.

had

had saved his life; others imagined that it was partly owing to his hair being of a fiery red, which was also the colour of her Ladyship's; she herself indeed called it auburn; and she turned off a favourite maid, whom she overheard saying, that the hair of both her lady and the child was just as auburn as a carrot. But whatever this partiality of Lady Loftly proceeded from, it was so great that she proposed to take the boy home to her own house, and to be at the entire expence of his education—a proposal that was joyfully agreed to by Lord Torpid.

One of Lady Loftly's favourite topics of conversation, after she took young Fillagree under her peculiar care, was the resemblance she found between the character and disposition of the young Lord, and what was recorded of some of the most celebrated of his ancestors; for her Ladyship was deeply read in the history of her own family, and particularly well acquainted with the marriages of all the different branches, which indeed was the most memorable of their exploits for the last century.

Although young Fillagree had not all the penetration that his aunt imagined, he had enough to discover the power he had over her affections, which he exerted to procure whatever he took a fancy for. She, on her part, took pleasure in gratifying his desires; but they became so unreasonable, that she sometimes hesitated. Whenever this was the case, the young Lord fell into such violent fits of crying and sobbing, as terrified her into compliance, lest he should fall into convulsions, or burst a blood vessel. On these occasions Lady Lofty informed her confidential friends, that in this her nephew followed the example of his grandfather, who, she understood, had been subject to crying and sobbing all his lifetime, and yet had made a distinguished figure, [as one of the Lords of the Bed-chamber, in the reign of George the First.

Young Lord Fillagree was also apt to take fancy for every tame animal, bird, or beast, that he threw his eyes on, and oblige his aunt to purchase them, much contrary to her own inclination; so that her house in the country was made a kind of menagerie.

Her

Her only consolation was, that in this he united the tastes of his great-uncle the Governor, who was so fond of dogs, that he always slept with two or three in the room with him ; and of her own grandmother, who had the same predilection for cats.

When crying and sobbing had been so often used, that they began to fail in their effects, the boy tried other ways and means of extorting what he wished for : having seen a repeating watch of peculiar construction and high price in the possession of a gentleman who dined one day with his aunt, he extorted one of the same kind from her, by threatening to go out in a frosty morning without a great coat. He obliged her to purchase a horse for him at an extravagant price, as the only condition on which he would abstain from going a fishing in rainy weather. The capricious tyranny of the boy's temper augmented, as is usual, by being indulged ; and while he refused to make the least sacrifice of his own tastes or humour on any consideration, he seemed to expect that all around him should accommodate to his. A few days

before Fillagree went to the new school, his father, who had not seen him above two or three times since Lady Lofty had taken him under her management, happened to call at her house in the country; he had a gentleman who was related to the family in the carriage with him; they staid to dine with her Ladyship, and were rather inclined to remain till next day; but several pretty strong instances of the disposition above mentioned were exhibited by young Fillagree during dinner. In Lord Torpid they occasioned no emotion; but the gentleman seemed somewhat surprised at the boy's petulance. Lady Lofty, remarking this, said, "I have always made it a rule not to check any thing that indicated spirit in my nephew; our's has always been distinguished as a high-minded family, and your son, my Lord, at different times, exhibits strokes of character, which are sometimes mistaken for caprices, but are in reality indications of his possessing the distinguishing virtues of many of his ancestors. To go no farther back *than our* great great grandfather, who ————"

The

The Earl, who had before begun to wish to be gone, and now dreaded that he would be entangled in the thread of the large clew of family anecdote, which he saw his sister ready to unwind, suppressing a yawn, said, "I vow to God, my dear sister, I am already convinced of all you were going to say——"

"*You* may be convinced, brother," said Lady Loft, "but I question whether this gentleman is."

"Upon my honour," said the gentleman, "I am every bit as much convinced as his Lordship."

"If you are both convinced," replied Lady Loft, greatly disappointed, "no more need be said."

"Not a word more, my dear sister," rejoined Lord Torpid, ringing the bell; after which he ordered his carriage, and set out with his companion for London.

When they had proceeded a little way, the gentleman hinted the effect which her Ladyship's indulgence might have on the character of Lord Fillagree.

"I have little doubt," said Lord Torpid, "of her making him one of the most capricious whelps in England."

"How then can you permit him to remain with her another hour?"

"For this good reason," replied his Lordship; "that it saves me a great deal of trouble and a good deal of expence; and she, on the contrary, is fond of working on the rough materials of which Fillagree's character is composed."

"And so," rejoined the gentleman, "your Lordship has consigned your son into her hands,

—— to develope, if she can,

And hew the block off, and get out the man."

"Exactly so," said his Lordship yawning, and then falling asleep.

C H A P. XXV.

Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
 For hunger kindles you and lawless want;
 But lavish fed, in nature's bounty roll'd,
 To joy in anguish, and delight in blood,
 Is what your horrid bosom never knew.

THOMSON.

HAD Lord Fillagree's ill habits been less confirmed, or had he remained longer than he did at the school where he was now placed, he might have reaped considerable benefit from being among a set of boys who would not bear his arrogance, and under masters who gave it no protection.

The petulance of his malice was frequently pointed against Edward; but most of his attempts to mortify him ended in the mortification of the aggressor. On one occasion, when a number of the boys were playing at cricket in a field near the school, and in the presence of one of the ushers, a person, who was looking on, being struck with the symmetry, vigour, and ad-

dress of Edward, asked a boy, who had come to school only the preceding day, who Edward was?

The boy answered, "He did not know."

Lord Fillagree, overhearing the question and answer, burst into laughter, and said, "You have asked a question, Sir, very difficult to be answered; nobody knows who the devil he is."

Edward heard the laugh, and suspecting, by the looks of the bystanders being all directed to him, that Fillagree had said something insulting, he walked coolly up to him, "May I request of your Lordship to repeat what you have just said?"

"All I have said," replied Fillagree in a scoffing manner, "is, that nobody knows what you are; you have the misfortune, Sir, not to be known."

"And all I say in return," replied Edward, "is, that every body knows what *you* are; you have the misfortune, my Lord, to *be* known."

The laugh was now turned against Fillagree; but Edward returned to cricket without joining in it.

This

This tended to augment Lord Fillagree's hatred against Edward, which a fresh incident exalted to the highest point. The young Lord was fond of a diversion, which, to the disgrace of human nature, was formerly practised, at a particular season of the year, in the streets of London and in many villages of Great Britain; it consisted of tying a cock to a stake, and throwing sticks at the poor animal till he was killed or unable to stand.

This horrid diversion was revived, through his Lordship's patronage, by a fellow who lived near the school. The young Lord himself, by dint of practice, had acquired such superior dexterity, that while other boys paid but a small pittance for a throw, the man declared he would not afford one to his Lordship much under the full price of the cock. This distinction was so flattering to the groveling ambition of the young Lord, that he considered it as an ample compensation for the wretched figure he made as a scholar. Although nobody liked better to sleep in a sound skin, yet nothing delighted him so much as be-

9 holding

holding others, whether men or beasts, bruising and mangling each other ; indeed, no kind of amusement seemed to interest him, unless some circumstances of cruelty belonged to it. When he walked in the fields, his great pleasure consisted in throwing stones at all the birds, or other unresisting animals, that he could reach. Sauntering alone, immediately behind the school, one morning, he saw a tame pigeon, a favourite of the master's, feeding a few yards from him ; after attentively looking around, and believing that nobody saw him, he threw a stone, and killed the pigeon on the spot.

Whatever pleasure could be derived from the consciousness of such an exploit, his Lordship, no doubt, enjoyed it ; but he could have none from the applause of others. The bird being uncommonly beautiful and familiar with all the boys, was not only the master's favourite, but, what seldom happens to favourites, was generally beloved. The young Lord therefore durst not trust his greatest intimate with the knowledge of this act, but retired with all
11 speed

speed to a distance, that he might not be suspected.

Clifton, Edward, and another boy, however, had, from a back window of the school, seen the whole transaction.

"Let us go directly," said the boy, "and acquaint the master."

"I shall not," said Edward, "and I hope neither of you will."

"To my knowledge," said the other, "he hates *you*, and would do you every mischief in his power."

"I know it," replied Edward; "and if he should continue to hate me, I am determined that it shall be without cause."

"I don't like to be a tale-bearer more than you," said the boy; "but it is a pity that he should escape unpunished for such an action."

"He shall not escape," cried Clifton.

Edward earnestly begged that they would not mention what they had seen; representing, that although the deed deserved punishment, it was beneath them to appear as informers; that as they were known to be on bad terms with his Lordship, it would
appear

appear as if they were actuated by revenge.

"I own that I *am* actuated by revenge," cried Clifton; "I will avenge the poor pigeon's death; for although I scorn to inform, I will pick a quarrel with him, and fight him."

"You had not best pick a quarrel with him on this score," said Edward; "since that would certainly lead to the master's knowledge of the whole affair, which would be doing in a secret and indirect manner what you scorn to do openly."

"Well, perhaps you are right," said Clifton; "I shall therefore say nothing about this business, either to the master or himself."

This was agreed to; but an incident of a singular nature brought the whole to light a short time after.

Lord Fillagree had found it difficult to introduce the amusement of throwing at socks among the boys; many of them, however, were fond of cock-fighting; and although interdicted by the master, some of them secretly kept cocks for that purpose.

Lord

Lord Fillagree was particularly fond of this amusement, and was present, as often as he possibly could, at all the cock matches that were fought in the neighbourhood. The most eminent cock-fighter in these parts was a butcher. This man had one very fine cock, which had won several battles, and gained him a good deal of money; but one day, being tempted by what he thought an advantageous bet, when the bird was almost exhausted with repeated victories, this wretch, with the unfeeling coldness of a covetous heart, matched him with a fresh cock. The generous animal began this last combat with unabated spirit; but it soon appeared, from his feeble attacks and tottering steps, that although his courage was intire, his strength was wasted; his opponent struck him a blow which was deemed mortal; he lay without motion on the ground, and the victory was declared in favour of the fresh cock.

The wounded veteran, however, did not expire on the spot, as was expected; but after some time shewed signs of recovery. Nevertheless, the loss of his money threw
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the man, if such a brute may be called a man, into so violent a rage, that, unmindful of the past merit, and unmoved at the mangled condition of the panting animal, "Damn him," cried the wretch, "he will never gain me another shilling by fighting; but he is still worth throwing at, and so, my Lord," continued he, addressing Lord Fillagree, "for half a crown, you may have a throw at him at the usual distance."

The young Lord accepted the offer; and the helpless animal would have fallen a sacrifice to the rage and wanton cruelty of two creatures, in many respects his inferiors, had not Edward accidentally passed that way. After being informed of the circumstances, he pulled out seven or eight shillings, all the money he had in his pocket, and offered them to the butcher for the cock, that he might save so fine an animal from a fate so cruel and unmerited.

"No, curse him," cried the butcher, "he has lost me a damnation sum of money; and I shall at least have the pleasure of seeing his brains beat out."

Edward

Edward threw down the money, snatched up the cock, and declared he would not suffer him to be thrown at.

Fillagree said, "the cock was the man's property; that he had a right to do with him what he pleased."

A boy, of the name of Wormly, an obsequious companion of the young Lord, supported his opinion, which encouraged Fillagree to lay hold of Edward, and endeavour to take the cock from him by violence. After being requested in vain to desist, he was checked by a blow from Edward, which brought blood from the young Lord's nose.

The butcher, on making the same attempt, met with the same kind of rebuke from Clifton; who, with another boy, had just come up. The butcher returned Clifton's blow with such a force as brought that youth to the ground, where he received a second from Fillagree. The butcher, Wormly, and Fillagree, were now fiercely attacked by Edward and the other boy; and on Clifton's recovering and joining them,

them, Fillagree took to flight, Wormly followed him ; and the butcher bellowed for mercy.

“ You ought to be ashamed to pronounce the word, villain,” said Edward ; “ but what you would not shew to this poor bird, which merited so much, we will shew to you, though you deserve none.” So saying, he begged his friends to spare the fellow ; and desiring him again to take up the money he had thrown down, as the price of the cock, he and his companions walked away ; Edward carrying the cock with him, which indeed he had never quitted, having fought all the time with his right hand only.

C H A P. XXVI.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

Young.

THE following day the butcher had the impudence to make a formal complaint to the head master of the school, that Edward had first robbed him of his cock, and then, in conjunction with Clifton and another boy, had beaten him unmercifully—adducing Fillagree and Wormly as witnesses; who not only supported the butcher's accusation in every point, but added fresh matter of charge on their own account; but in the course of the examination the true state of the case was made manifest; the boy, who with Clifton and Edward had been witness to the killing of the pigeon, felt so much indignation at Fillagree's accusation of Edward, who had acted so different a part respecting him, that he informed the master of that incident also.

“ Why did you not inform me of this immediately after it happened ?” said the master.

“ So I would,” replied the boy, “ had I not been prevented by Edward himself, who scorned to appear as an evidence against one whom he knew to be his enemy.” He then told the master all that passed between Clifton, Edward, and himself, at the time. Lord Fillagree was so confounded at this testimony, with the applause it procured to Edward, and the disgrace it threw on himself, that he was unable to offer a word in his own defence, and seemed overwhelmed with conscious guilt.

The master then turning to the butcher, said, “ If there is no law to punish such unprovoked and detestable wickedness as you have manifested, it is owing to its not having entered into the mind of the legislature that ever there could exist a wretch capable of it. Your horrid conduct has proved what could not before be imagined, and you must henceforth be held in abhorrence by every person endowed with a single spark of humanity. As for the young man of whom you

you have had the effrontery to complain, all the world must approve of his conduct, as much as they must detest yours. Go, vile wretch, hide yourself from the eyes of humanity, to which you are a disgrace."

The butcher slunk away amidst the hisses of the boys. The master then addressed himself to Fillagree in these words: "You deserve to be severely punished, both for killing the pigeon, and also for offering to abet, in any way, the odious rage of that vile fellow. I am content, however, to pass over your behaviour without farther notice, because the pigeon was mine, and also in consideration of what you now suffer, from the wretched figure you make in the eyes of your school-fellows, which I am willing to hope will be sufficient to work a favourable change in your behaviour."

Having said this, the master dismissed the boys; they attended Edward with the most genuine marks of applause, while Fillagree sneaked off to his chamber, abashed and confounded at the issue of an affair,

from which he had flattered himself with the gratification of his revenge.

It was not in the master's power entirely to abolish cock-fighting, although he took great pains to make the boys relinquish a diversion, the tendency of which is to harden the heart, and to infuse a relish for sights of cruelty and bloodshed. There seems to be some principle in nature which renders the sight of fighting highly interesting to the generality of mankind. In this country, the only mortal combats which are permitted, and prevail as a public amusement, are those of cocks; but the shocking scenes which were acted on the Roman amphitheatres prove to what a height this taste for bloody spectacles may be brought in a whole nation. To behold men cut and mangle each other; to expose them to be torn in pieces fighting with wild beasts, became the favourite entertainment of that people, and increased to such a degree, that all other amusements became comparatively insipid; they remained

mained whole days in the amphitheatres, feasting their eyes on these horrid scenes, from which the calls of business or duty were often too feeble to draw them. Were the Romans of a different nature from the rest of mankind? or, Were the hearts of that people gradually hardened by the horrid policy of permitting such spectacles? Is it clear that those who take delight in viewing cocks mangle and kill each other, but think with horror of what passed on the Roman amphitheatres, would not gradually come to relish the combats of gladiators and of wild beasts, if such combats were permitted by the government and laws of the country? Mankind are essentially the same in all climates; the points in which they differ are few and trifling when compared with those in which they agree. Britons are more humane than the Romans, because their government is better, their laws milder, and because the same scenes of cruelty are not exhibited before their eyes. The poet's observation respecting vice in general is peculiarly true when applied to scenes of cruelty:

Which to be hated need but to be seen ;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first *endure*, then *pity*, then *embrace*.

If then a good government is one of the most powerful engines for precluding national vice and promoting national virtue, is it not the duty of every Englishman to do what is in his power for the preservation, not of the forms only, but the spirit of that free Constitution which was established in Great Britain and Ireland in the year 1688 ?

A few hours after the scuffle about the cock took place, Lord Fillagree had written a very partial account of it to his aunt, Lady Lofty, imagining that she would write to the master on the subject, and expecting that her Ladyship's letter would make him declare against Edward, and in his own favour. In consequence of this manoeuvre, Lady Lofty sent by express a letter to the master, in the following terms :

“ SIR,

“ I have heard with astonishment that my nephew, the Right Honourable Lord Fillagree,

gree, was insulted in the grossest manner by a low boy, who by some oversight has been admitted into your school; this creature, I understand, is supported by charity, and came originally from an hospital.

"I take it for granted that you have already punished the villain; but I must farther insist, that he shall be without delay expelled; this is necessary for your own character, and without it you cannot expect that I, or others of the first rank, will permit their relations to remain at your school.

"I am, &c. &c. &c."

How much both the young Lord and her Ladyship had mistaken the character of the master, will appear by his answer, which was as follows;

"MADAM,

"I have the honour of your Ladyship's letter, and must suppose that the affair between your nephew and young Edward has been very much misrepresented to you; for after a very full examination into all the

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circumstances, I can assure your Ladyship that there is incontestible proof of the latter's having behaved through the whole with equal spirit and humanity, which indeed is conformable to the character I received of him when he first came to the school, and which he has supported ever since he has been in it. With regard to the unfortunate circumstance in this youth's situation, to which you allude, I have only to observe, that whatever his birth may be, his disposition, talents, and conduct, are such as would do credit to the most illustrious.

"Your Ladyship must therefore perceive, that if expulsion were a measure necessary to be adopted on the present occasion, he is not the person on whom it would be exercised; and even had his behaviour been as blameable as it is praiseworthy, it is my duty to inform your Ladyship, that his punishment would neither have been increased nor diminished by what you might *insist* upon, nor by the opinion of persons of any other rank, except that of master of this school.

school. As your Ladyship has been pleased to hint at what you think necessary for my own character, that being a point which touches me only, it would be unreasonable to expect that you should give yourself farther trouble about it.

“I am, with all due respect, your Ladyship’s
most obedient humble servant,

JOSEPH GEORGE.

The immediate consequence of this letter, as the master expected, was Lord Fillagree’s removal from the school. From this time the Countess often spoke against this particular seminary, and public schools in general, which she described as the nurseries of licentiousness and hot-beds of sedition, where ranks were too much confounded, and where drudging assiduity and vulgar acuteness were sometimes permitted to triumph over the highest distinctions of birth; and she expressed her surprise that the sons of the nobility were not kept distinct from those of commoners, by being placed

placed in separate chambers when at school, as the peers and commoners are in parliament, by which means the superiority of the nobility over commoners, in all praiseworthy endowments, would be as evident in the public schools as it is in parliament,

C H A P. XXVII.

— We might have spared our coming hither,
Fruitless to me, though fruit be here to excess.

MILTON.

CLIFTON and Edward remained a considerable time at this school, which proved advantageous to both, not only on account of the progress they made in classical literature, but also from the services they reciprocally rendered each other. Clifton's attachment to Edward drew the attention of several persons of rank on the latter, by whom otherwise he probably never would have been noticed; and the high esteem in which Clifton was held by Edward, gave the former an importance in the eyes of a few discerning men, which he would not have derived from his fortune and birth.

The period at last arrived when Clifton's relations thought proper that he should go to the University; and when the two youths separated at the summer vacation, they expressed

pressed mutual hopes of meeting there. Mrs. Barnet's inclination was, that Edward should have a complete education in the first place ; and that he should then be left to his own choice, with respect to his profession. With this view, she wished that he should pass some time at one of the Universities ; but while she was considering how to render this measure agreeable to her husband, an incident took place which saved her all farther thought on that head.

An old acquaintance of Mr. Barnet's happened to call upon him one day, when his brother-in-law, Mr. Temple, and his cousin Wormwood were with him. In the course of conversation, the gentleman mentioned his intention of sending his son, a youth of eighteen, to one of the Universities.

" I presume," said Mr. Wormwood ;
" your son is intended for the church."

" No, Sir," replied the gentleman ; " he has always shewed an aversion to the church,"

" He is intended, perhaps, for the study of physic," resumed Wormwood.

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"So far from it," said the gentleman, "that he loaths physick more, if possible, than divinity."

"Your son may make a very respectable figure in life, for all that," said Mr. Barnet; "for I must own I was very much of his taste at his age."

"Well, but what advantage," resumed Wormwood, "do you propose to your son from spending two or three years at the University?"

"In the first place," replied the gentleman, "he will be removed for two or three years from the seductions of London, which I think a very great advantage."

"A very great advantage, indeed!" added Mr. Barnet.

"It is an advantage, however," said Mr. Wormwood, "that he might reap in passing his time in any county of England, Middlesex excepted."

"That is very true likewise," rejoined Barnet, after a little musing—"Yes, to be sure, he is as clear of the seductions of Lon-

don in Cornwall or Cumberland, as at Oxford."

"The greatest inducement to study is the pleasure it affords," resumed Wormwood; "if your son has a taste for study, he will indulge it wherever he goes."

"I cannot say, that hitherto he has shewn any taste for it," answered the gentleman.

"You had best wait till he does shew a little," said Wormwood, "before you send him to the University; for although such a taste may be strengthened and improved, it seldom is created there."

"It is precisely, because he has betrayed a distaste for study every where else, that I have taken the resolution of obliging him, much against his own inclination, to pass a couple of years at the University, in the hopes that he may acquire a fondness for it there," said the gentleman.

"Why, Sir, you may just as well shut a man up in a cathedral for a couple of years,

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on purpose to give him a taste for the church," rejoined Wormwood.

"You must allow," said the gentleman, "that it is impossible for a young man to be so dissipated at a seminary of learning as in the capital."

"I will allow that it is impossible to be dissipated in the same manner," said Wormwood; "but lounging all the morning, and drinking port all the evening, are as unlikely to create a taste for study, as passing the same time at Hyde Park and the Theatres."

"The access which students have to the public libraries is surely a great advantage," resumed the gentleman.

"I am told," answered Mr. Wormwood, "that your own library in the country is an excellent one."

"Not equal to those in the Universities," said the gentleman; "and if students do not profit by them there, it is their own fault."

"If my son were to mispend the time allotted for study, it would afford me no consolation," replied Mr. Wormwood, "that

it was his own fault ; neither would it make much difference, whether this happened at the University or at my own house ; only, at the latter I should probably be sooner acquainted with it."

"He may attend the public lectures at the University," added the gentleman.

"Whether it is owing to their being ill-attended to, or from some other cause, I cannot say," answered Mr. Wormwood ; "but I believe these are pretty much laid aside."

"If they are," said the gentleman, "still there are many persons to be found at our Universities exceedingly well qualified to assist young gentlemen in their studies."

"There certainly are," resumed Wormwood ; "but as your son will need but *one*, he will reap no additional advantage by going where there are many."

"He may be privately instructed at either University," said the gentleman.

"Not more privately," answered Wormwood, "than at your house in the country."

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"One person cannot teach another every thing," said the gentleman; "particularly one of my son's age."

"My dear Sir," rejoined Mr. Wormwood, "I am so far from thinking that one man can teach another every thing, that I have long had a notion that no man can teach another any thing."

"How do people acquire learning, then?" said the gentleman.

"They teach themselves," answered Wormwood.

"But what becomes of those who cannot take that trouble?" the other asked.

"They learn little or nothing," answered Wormwood; "for although a little Latin and Greek may be whipt into a boy at school, whether he will or will not, all is soon forgot, if they do not afterwards cultivate those languages from taste. Believe me, therefore, Sir, that until your son has acquired a real fondness for study, until he finds it one of the enjoyments of his life, to which he is led by the pleasure it produces, it will be of little importance to send him to the University. Indeed, if he is sent

contrary to his own inclination, the probability is, that his dislike to study and literary society will increase there ; whereas, if he had already some taste for such pursuits and such society, he would himself be impatient to go there ; his taste would be improved, and he might acquire more literary knowledge than, perhaps, he could in the same time, and with equal application any where else. All depends on his own turn of mind ; without a strong desire, nothing can be learnt at your son's age. Where many masters are employed, it generally happens that the least is learnt ; but he that is fond of study will soon find those who can assist him."

The gentleman, after a considerable pause, resumed. "Most of the young men of rank, in this country, pass two or three years at one or other of the Universities ; an early acquaintance and friendship with some of them may be highly advantageous to my son, as it has been to many others."

"I have heard that argument so often used," said Wormwood, "as a reason for sending young men to the Universities, that I begin

begin to think it has more extensive weight than any other ; it operates on the mind like the great prizes in the lottery ; people are so much tempted by them as to forget that it is a losing game on the whole ; and that the acquaintance and example of those high-born youths may lead others into habits and pursuits which will more than counterbalance all the advantages to be derived from their friendships, although there were a certainty of retaining them. Besides," continued he, "if your greatest inducement in sending your son to an University is his forming an acquaintance with men of quality, I imagine I could put you on a plan which would give him a still better chance of succeeding."

"Pray what is that?" cried Barnet.

"Send him to Newmarket and the gaming-houses," answered Wormwood.

"I believe there is something in that," cried Mr. Barnet ; "for there is Tom Sweepstakes, whose father was a cook, and who never studied any thing but hazard and horse-racing ; yet he is hand and glove with a greater number of Lords and Dukes than any fellow of any University."

Mr. Temple, who hitherto had listened to the conversation without taking any part, now addressed himself to Wormwood in the following terms:—

“After all you have said, it is evident, that the utmost which can be done to render a seminary of education useful, is to unite in it as many inducements to study as we can, and exclude whatever corrupts the morals, and tends to promote dissipation. Those objects are, in some degree, accomplished at our Universities; where the taste of the student may be formed to literature by the society and conversation of men of letters, where he has a command of the best books in every branch of learning, is stimulated by emulation and by literary rewards, while he is sequestered from the splendid luxuries of life, the dissipating amusements of the capital, from assemblies, operas, plays, and has nothing presented to his view but such objects as favour contemplation, and excite the desire of intellectual improvement. There is not, indeed, an absolute obligation on the young men to study; they
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are not compelled to their tasks, nor terrified to exertion by the same means that are used at inferior seminaries—and you yourself, Mr. Wormwood, have admitted, that after a certain age whatever a person learns effectually, he acquires by his own voluntary efforts; and that those who rely on the labour of teachers learn little or nothing. At our Universities, no doubt, as every where else, many young men are averse to study, fond of pleasure, and incapable of steady application. The ablest instructors, and the best instructions, will be of little use to youths of such dispositions, and they will receive as little literary improvement at the University as they would have done had they passed the same time in the country or in the capital. The fair question is, Whether a young man, with a taste for letters, and a desire for knowledge, has it, or has it not in his power to improve himself more at the University, than he could in the same time any where else in this kingdom? Now, that the inducements to study, and the means of literary improvement, are united there as successfully as in any other part of

this Island, or in Europe, seems probable, from this observation, that no country, or seminary of learning in Europe, has produced a greater number of eminently learned men than England, the most distinguished of whom were educated at its Universities."

Mr. Wormwood, finding himself unprepared to make a serious answer to Mr. Temple's observation, was driven to the subterfuge of attempting a jest, instead of an argument; he said, with a careless air, "This fertility of learning is, no doubt, owing, in a great measure, to the quantities of port wine which is drank at the Universities."

Mr. Temple not deigning to make any return to this, the conversation took a different turn.

The same evening Mr. Barnet, who never understood irony, however obvious, being alone with his cousin Wormwood, said to him, "I never knew that port wine was so much relished at the Universities."

"Relished!" cried Wormwood, whom the claret he had drank after dinner had
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put him in a gayer mood than usual; "that it is, (continued he,) most of the students, over and above all their other improvements, acquire at the Universities a decided taste for port wine."

"It is the best taste they can acquire," said Mr. Barnet; "for it is not only the cheapest, but also the wholesomest wine they can drink—I have always found it so."

"It does not inspire those light airy fancies," said Wormwood, "which your thin sparkling French wines produce, but solid, substantial, and weighty conversation."

"I have always found it so," repeated Mr. Barnet.

"Port wine inspires politics as copiously as the streams of Castalia did poetry," continued Wormwood.

"As for my part," said Mr. Barnet, "I never taste any stream whatever; but I have been told that the greatest politician in the kingdom drinks nothing but port wine."

"How could he otherwise have stood so long against opposition?" rejoined Wormwood.

"I suspect," said Mr. Barnet, "that the leading Members of Opposition deal too much in your frisky French wines, and in that same stream you mentioned."

"You think, perhaps, they had better apply to the great politician *you* mentioned, for a portion of his port," said Wormwood.

"That is my real opinion," answered Barnet.

"It must be owned," said Wormwood, "that a very great many people in this country are of the same opinion."

Here the dialogue was interrupted by Mrs. Barnet's joining them.

Perhaps it would be too much to assert that Mr. Barnet was determined to send Edward to the University, entirely by the hopes of his acquiring a taste for port wine, and so becoming a more agreeable companion to Barnet himself; but he certainly often regretted that the boy did not relish it, and was sometimes a little out of humour with his wife for encouraging him in his abstinence; and it is also certain that the day after this conversation with Wormwood,

wood, he told Mrs. Barnet that he was resolved to send Edward to the University, on purpose to finish his education. Mrs. Barnet approved highly of this measure, which was put in execution a fortnight after.

The friendship which had so long subsisted between Edward and Clifton continued with undiminished fervour at the University, notwithstanding a considerable difference in their characters.

The latter displaying a fire and impetuosity of temper which often overleaped the bounds of prudence or propriety, while the passions of the other were more under the control of reflection.

This difference seemed to have arisen from their opposite situations in life, more than from any original difference in their dispositions or natural powers. One being nobly descended, the heir of a considerable fortune, splendidly connected, surrounded by those who admired his vivacity and encouraged his dissipation. The dependent state in which the other was placed stimulated exertion and awakened circumspection. The first state often pro-

duces an arrogant and unfeeling character. This was prevented in Clifton by early hints from his mother, who, notwithstanding her life of fashionable dissipation, was a woman of good understanding and great benevolence. The second state sometimes sinks the mind into despondency ; or, which is a still greater misfortune, by suggesting flattery and fawning, produces an abject character ; this was prevented in Edward by a native fund of firmness and manly pride.

C H A P. XXVIII.

As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itself can fly,
 And pond'rous slugs cut swiftly through the sky;
 As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
 The wheels above urged by the load below;
 Him emptiness and dulness could inspire,

And were his elasticity and fire.

Pope.

AT the University Edward became acquainted with all the companions of his friend Clifton, the natural carelessness and gaiety of whose temper rendered him less delicate in his choice than he ought to have been in so important an article; the relish he had for whatever was singular and ridiculous in character led him sometimes to prefer the company of those who were so distinguished to more estimable society; from this, more than from being his kinsman, proceeded that degree of intimacy which subsisted between him and Mr. Carnaby Shadow. This young man was the son by a former marriage of Lady Maukish,

who was nearly related to Clifton's mother ; he was of course son-in-law to Sir Mathew Maukish, whose behaviour to the lame sailor on the heath it is hoped the reader has not forgot. As Sir Mathew is about to appear again on the scene, it will be proper to give some account of his birth and parentage.

It was fortunate for Sir Mathew, who valued himself for being much of a gentleman, that he was born in the city of London ; for had he been born elsewhere, there is a chance that he never would have passed for a gentleman at all ; for it is only in London that people of the sphere of life in which his progenitors moved could have accumulated such a quantity of riches, as, by the courtesy of England, procures the title of gentleman to the meanest of mankind.

Yet as often as Sir Mathew had occasion to mention his *family*, he pronounced the word rotundo ore, and with as strong emphasis as if it had been emblazoned with the proudest hieroglyphics of heraldry.

All

All we could ever learn, however, either from written annals or oral tradition, concerning the house of Maukish, is, that the grand-father of the present Sir Matthew was renowned for one of the best furnished sloop-shops in Wapping; and that his father was for many years an eminent oilman in the environs of Drury-lane. His mother likewise distinguished herself by various improvements in the mysteries of smoaking and pickling, so that the very best smoaked tongues and nicest pickles in London were thought to be prepared and sold by her.

By the joint efforts of this respectable couple they accumulated a considerable fortune, with part of which they purchased a moderate estate at no great distance from London, to which, in the wane of life, they retired with their family, consisting of a son and daughter. The latter died young; the son had an University education, and on the death of his father came into the possession of a very considerable fortune, which it was the ruling passion of his mind to increase; he disdained however to enter
into

into any of those lines of life which are called commercial, but determined to pursue riches with all the assiduity of a trader in a different path. His plan was to get into parliament, where he thought his genius could not fail to conduct him to greater wealth and importance. One consideration afflicted him; he thought he observed in the minister rather a prejudice against men of genius; that he chose to place in some of the most lucrative offices and nearest to himself, persons of acknowledged dulness and devoid of eloquence: he regretted this, but expected that he should have address sufficient to create an exception in his own favour. It was generally allowed that Sir Mathew possessed a very large share of vanity; yet it was sometimes a subject of dispute whether he was not more avaricious than vain. In forming his acquaintance, his rule was to connect himself with those who might assist him in his advancement in life, and never require his assistance in return: he assiduously cultivated the acquaintance of the opulent and powerful, literally observing a maxim which had been
often

often repeated to him by his father—

Such a man as you would be,
Draw unto such company.

By a few years constantly employed in making this collection, he formed at last, what he thought, a brilliant assortment of friends; it must be confessed, however, that it consisted of a few fortunate knaves, a considerable number of wealthy fools, and some noble Lords, mightily inclined to be of the first class, but really belonging to the second.

Sir Mathew's views enlarged with his success; as he rose in the scale of importance, his ambition augmented in force, *vires acquirit eundo*. He had no sooner purchased a seat in parliament, than he looked with the eyes of confidence to some lucrative and distinguished office. Such a mark of the minister's attention he thought he had a claim to on various accounts, particularly on that of his eloquence; a talent, which, in his own opinion, he possessed in an eminent degree, and which he was fond of displaying even in private company. He usually spoke,

spoke, on the most frivolous subjects, in such a declamatory stile, and delivered the most common-place sentiments with such force of emphasis and gesticulation, that an inattentive hearer might have mistaken his verbosity for the dictates of wisdom and profound reflection.

He attempted to impose, in the same manner, on the House of Commons, and for this purpose he studied a few speeches, and pronounced them with all the pomp of an actor, and all the emphasis of gesticulation; but the energy of his delivery could not give weight to matter so specifically light; it was like firing loose feathers from the mouth of a cannon—much noise but to no effect. For, however the Members may be divided by the spirit of party, yet neither the influence of Administration, in that house, nor the partiality of Opposition, can save dullness from ridicule, nor prevent wit and eloquence from open applause. So that Mr. Maukish's orations (for he was not then a Knight) were reduced to their real value, and heard with that contempt which was their due.

When

When Mr. Maukish found that his parliamentary talents did not push him up the ladder of fortune so quickly as he expected, he thought of assisting them by an advantageous marriage. He had as high an opinion of the charms of his countenance as of his oratory :—in the judgment of many, they were much on a footing, and equally insipid.

He paid his addresses to Lady Bab Shadow, by birth a woman of quality, and widow of a gentleman of that name. It was generally said that her Ladyship had married Mr. Shadow from pure love ; but there was no reason for this assertion, except that nobody could discover in Mr. Shadow's character and situation in life any rational inducement for a woman in her's to marry him. Lady Bab, however, after his death, called him the best of men, and declared that although she were to live a thousand years she never would marry again, so great was her respect for his memory. Mr. Maukish paid his addresses notwithstanding ; his eloquence was more successful with Lady Bab than it had been in the

House of Commons; she consented to marry him a year and one day after the death of Mr. Shadow, and consigned to her second husband all the personal charms she had formerly devoted to the first: it must be confessed the cargo was not splendid; Mr. Maukish himself used to say, that it was not a *set of features or complexion that he admired.*

His aspiring mind was touched by contemplating her connections and her favour at court, which he thought much greater than it was in reality. While such contemplations afforded him pleasure, he was secure from one source of mortification that humbles the pride of some husbands—the lustre of his own understanding could not be obscured by the brilliancy of his Lady's.

Lady Bab Maukish was unquestionably a very weak woman; some people have asserted that she was, without exception, the silliest woman of quality about court. This was going too far, and could be believed only by those who were better acquainted with Lady Bab than with some other Ladies of quality about court.

Soon

Soon after the marriage, a relation of her Ladyship having been created a Knight of the Bath while he was abroad, that gentleman, at Lady Bab's solicitation, appointed Mr. Maukish to represent him at the instalment, by which proxy he obtained the honour of knighthood, and became Sir Mathew Maukish. This trophy, which generally terminates the vista of ambition to physicians, surgeons, painters, and aldermen, did not satisfy that of Sir Mathew Maukish: he ardently looked towards some important office, and had even hopes of obtaining a peerage at no very distant period. Flattering himself that he should have his two predominant passions, avarice and ambition, fully satisfied. He was disappointed in both; the first *cannot* be satisfied, and he was not created a Peer.

Yet Sir Mathew and his Lady were the two most assiduous attenders of the levee and drawing-room within the bills of mortality. Besides other motives, Sir Mathew delighted in seeing his own name in the list, which, for the edification of the public, the compilers of newspapers exhibit of those

who were present at the last levee: it was a great mortification to him for a considerable time to find himself neglected; but at length he fell on means to have the name of Sir Mathew Maukish always inserted among *the distinguished characters* who had been at court the preceding day, and Lady Maukish had every article of her dress mentioned after every birth-day.

But finding that all this personal assiduity, joined to the influence of his wife's relations and his own parliamentary talents, produced not the desired effect; perceiving that one batch of Peers was created after another, without any notice being taken of him; he lost all patience; swore that the peerage was prostituted in such a manner, that it was a disgrace for a gentleman to be of the order; and that, for his own part, "by God, he was determined never to be a Peer;—his Majesty might take it as he pleased."

Sir Mathew had observed pretty strong symptoms of weakness in the Administration, which, joined to his ill-humour, determined him to vote with Opposition—and before the end of that very session, he had
the

the pleasure of seeing the party he had joined, established in power ; of course, all his hopes revived, and his aversion to a peerage abated every moment. But when he thought himself in a fair way of obtaining the object of his wishes, a new Administration was suddenly formed ; the party he had joined was turned out ; and he himself again ranked among the opponents of Administration ; a situation very unsuitable to the mind of a servile worshipper of power, devoted to any government or any minister, while the one existed, or the other kept his place. Thus, by a most unexpected jumble in politics, Sir Mathew Maukish, with some other unfortunate gentleman, whose political creed was the same with his, found himself at once shuffled into Opposition, and obliged to act contrary to his determination and principles. Without one sentiment in common with the leaders of the party he had joined, and incapable of tasting the spirit of their conversation, or putting a just value on their talents, he was under the necessity of voting with them.

No man ever more heartily repented any act of his life than Sir Mathew Maukish, did that unfortunate fit of anger which made him desert the ministerial banners, and enlist with those who had so little chance of ever having the power to promote his interest, the only motive which, in his opinion, a man of sound judgment could have for being of either party, or, indeed, for being in Parliament at all. And when instances were quoted of men who are actuated by no discernible motive but a regard for the interest of their country, he considered them; to whichever party they belonged, and whatever their reputation for good sense might be, as nearly approaching to idiots.

Sir Mathew had all possible inclination to make another wheel, and return to the ministerial party; but he dreaded the resentment of his new friends, and the ridicule with which he well knew they would overwhelm him; and therefore, although he was determined to quit them, he waited for some pretext, and in the meanwhile he attended the House less punctually than formerly. But on his hinting an intention
of

of staying away when a debate very interesting to the party was expected; it struck even Lady Bab so much, that she said, "Do you not risk forfeiting the friendship of the leaders of Opposition, if you do not assist in promoting their measures?" To which Sir Mathew replied, "Of what value, my dear, is the friendship of those who have nothing to bestow? As for their measures—though, no doubt, they think them calculated to bring themselves into power; yet, what is to be expected from men who never accomplish the object they have in view, or having accomplished it, allow it to escape immediately after? They are the most unlucky crew that ever ventured on the same bottom; they are constantly in storms, or with the wind blowing directly in their teeth; and if, for a wonder, a gale should spring up in their favour, when they seem ready to reach their long wished-for harbour, the wind veers about in an instant, and puff—they are blown back into the bleak and boisterous ocean of Opposition."

Sir Mathew's displeasure at both parties gained on his mind daily, until at length detesting politics, and out of humour with himself, he retired with his Lady to the country in disgust. Few of the fair sex could be less calculated than Lady Bab Maukish to cure a man of disgust; the state of mind, therefore, in which he left town gained strength in the country; he endeavoured, indeed, to confine his ill-humour to his own family; but, like the business of a tallow-chandler, although its effects were strongest at home, yet it became also a nuisance to all the neighbourhood.

CHAP. XXIX.

Their only labour was to kill the time ;
 And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
 They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme ;
 Then rising sudden to the glass they go,
 Or saunter forth, with tottering step and slow ;
 This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
 Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
 Where hours on hours they listlessly recline,
 And court the vapoury God soft breathing in the wind.
 THOMSON.

MR. Carnaby Shadow was educated at
 Westminster school, from which he was
 in due time sent to Oxford ; he soon forgot at
 the latter all that he had been forced to learn
 at the former. After continuing three years
 at the University, he passed two years in the
 capital, without once thinking of any settled
 plan of life, or any body suggesting to him
 that any such plan was expedient ; for
 although his fortune was originally consi-
 derable, he had already contrived to dissi-
 pate all that was left by his father in ready
 money ;

money; his mother's jointure absorbed a great part of his estate, and he was reduced to a very limited income. It was, therefore, suggested to Lady Bab, by a relation of her late husband, that it would be highly expedient for her son to adopt some profession. Her Ladyship, being strongly impressed with the propriety of this, wrote to her son to come immediately to Sir Mathew's house in the country, as she had business of *great importance* to communicate to him.

Nothing could be more unfortunately expressed than this letter, because Carnaby had a kind of horror for the very name of business, particularly if it was of importance; and besides, he was not very fond of his mother's company, and had a complete abhorrence of Sir Mathew's.

He therefore made one excuse after another for not leaving the town, being determined not to go near them until this business of importance should be terminated. Lady Bab, however, became so impatient that she wrote to inform him, that since he could not come to the country, she had resolved

solved to go to town, and would expect that he would meet her on a particular day, which she mentioned, to settle the important business. This terrified Mr. Shadow so much, that he set out directly for Bath, desiring the people at his lodgings to say, that he had gone the day before, and had not received her Ladyship's letter.

Disappointed of seeing her son, Lady Bab sent for that relation of her husband who had first suggested the propriety of Carnaby's applying to some profession. She informed him of her errand to town, and at the same time asked his opinion respecting the profession which it would be most proper for her son to adopt. The gentleman mentioned the army as the most honourable; adding, that he imagined her Ladyship should purchase an Ensigncy in the guards without delay. To this Lady Bab answered, that the same idea had struck herself; but she understood that the King was a little too apt of late to send the guards abroad in time of war, which had obliged several valuable officers to sell out of the army.

The

The gentleman seemed a little surprised at her Ladyship's objection, and hinted, that without seeing some service in the time of war it would be impossible to acquire the knowledge necessary for a general officer, which was a rank, no doubt, that she expected her son would attain in due time.

"I must ask your pardon," said Lady Bab; "I myself am acquainted with some excellent general officers, who never served abroad, or in the time of war; but my son's going into the army is out of the question, since the original use of the guards seems to be quite altered."

"Pray what does your Ladyship think was the original use of the guards?" said the gentleman.

"To defend the King and Royal Family at home," replied Lady Bab; "and, therefore, it was natural to expect that he in return would prevent them from being exposed to dangers abroad; but his Majesty, it seems, thinks otherwise, and we must submit. But as the law is the next honourable profession to the army, I hope my son will choose it for his profession. Having had

an University education, he is, in all respects, fitted for that line of life, in which his family connections can help his promotion, as effectually as they could had he chosen the army."

The gentleman perceiving that her Ladyship asked his advice, as is usual, on a point which she had already decided, did not take the trouble to state the objections which occurred to him against her project; and, in compliance with her request, he proposed it to Carnaby on his return to town.

Although this gentleman put the proposal in the most favourable light, to render it agreeable to Carnaby, yet, as he could not avoid hinting the necessity of *studying* the law before it could be turned to any account, the youth was somewhat alarmed; he had been forced to study so greatly against his appetite at Westminster, that he retained an aversion to it all the time he was at Oxford, and still felt a little squeamish when the word study was mentioned.

But on being afterwards assured by an old chum, that to give him a right to practise

tise

the law, it was not studying, but eating, that was requisite; that the former was entirely optional, and often omitted by those who are called students of the law. What was indispensably necessary was, that he should eat commons twelve times; that this must take up five years to all who have not been educated in one or other of the English Universities; whereas if they have had that advantage, two years would be deducted, of course he might be called to the bar within three years, provided that he paid his quarterly dues for twelve terms.

Carnaby was a good deal relieved by this account of the matter, and as he was a little in want of money and expected a supply from his mother, he wished to conciliate her as much as possible, and gave her to understand that he had no objection to the study of law, and was ready to begin when she pleased.

Lady Bab was delighted with this instance of compliance in her son: she immediately caused the genteelst chambers that could be had to be taken for him.

Carnaby mentioned a considerable sum that would be necessary to purchase law books. But Lady Bab had already taken care of that, having procured from an eminent lawyer of her acquaintance an ample list of books, which she informed her son were already ordered, and would be sent to his chambers as soon as they could be got ready. This was somewhat of a disappointment to Carnaby, who had no intention to expend on books the whole sum he expected to be advanced for his library. It was some consolation however when he saw them brought home, and arranged according to their various ranks on the shelves; for his mother had ordered them to be all bound in red morocco and magnificently gilt, so that they had more the appearance of a gay assembly of officers of the guards, all glittering in their full uniforms, than being related in the smallest degree to the sable brotherhood of Westminster-hall.

When Carnaby did not know what to do with himself, which was often the case, he sometimes made a journey to Oxford to see

See his young cousin Clifton, and became acquainted with all his companions. Being considerably older than any of them, and looked on as a man of fashion, those youths were highly flattered by being of the party when he came to pass a day or two with Clifton, who was too apt to be enticed to return the visit, and sometimes persuaded Edward to accompany them to the capital, where Carnaby made them acquainted with companions far more dangerous than himself.

At the University, Carnaby had been considered as one of the best-natured fellows in the world; he seemed to have no object nor will of his own, but continually agreed to whatever was proposed by others; and when no one was at hand to suggest what should be done, he lounged from one place to another, so entirely devoid of thought, that when he returned home he could no more give any account of where he had been than if his legs had walked away with his head and body, without consulting the former in the least on the subject. This indolence and indifference extended even to his

his drefs which alarmed Lady Bab with the apprehenfion that he would degenerate into a floven. Her Ladyfhip, however, was not allowed to remain long under this dread; for foon after he came to town, he took a new turn, and from a floven became a fop.

Although Carnaby had frequently found time a great load at the Univerfity, yet on his firft coming to London he thought it equally oppreffive; for it had been represented to him, that eating and keeping terms were not all that was neceffary to give the reputation of knowledge in the law; that it was alfo incumbent on him, at certain feafons of the year, to remain feveral hours every day in his chambers; and, as often as any body called for him, to be found with two or three large law folios open on the table before him. This Carnaby thought fo intolerable a flavery, that although he was affured of its being the univerfal practice, he never fubmitted to it, except when he knew that Lady Maukifh was in town, becaufe fhe was apt to carry her acquaintance to admire the library and learning of her fon. But as foon

as he knew that she had set out for the country, he neglected his folios, and turned his attention to dress.

A bias to this kind of foppery is a misfortune to a mind of any vigour, which is capable of being turned to objects of importance; but to a mind entirely relaxed by indolence it may rather be an advantage, by warding off weariness, and precluding a taste for drinking or other pernicious resources.—It certainly helped Carnaby to get over many an hour which hung heavy on his hands; for the accuracy and minuteness with which he attended to all the variations of dress, as they appeared on the great leaders of fashion, were astonishing to those who were acquainted with his former indifference and inattention. And as soon as he made any new discovery, whether in the height of the cape of the frock, the cut of its sleeve, or in the length of the breeches, he communicated it to his own taylor, by whose rapid industry, although Carnaby was merely a copier, he sometimes passed for the original inventor. And as
boots

boots and buckskin breeches are essential articles in a British coxcomb's wardrobe, he was profusely provided with both; indeed none of the most eminent collectors of the age, a few persons of high rank and fortune excepted, surpassed him in the variety of switches, horse-whips, shoe-buckles, shirt-pins, seals, and watch chains, which adorned his museum. The hair-dresser, with the help of the sportsman's calender and Harris's list, cleared him without a great deal of yawning of two hours immediately before dinner; after which he was seldom at a loss, having the play-house or opera till eleven at night, and Ranelagh or the tavern until three in the morning, when he was not engaged to some ball or private dance, to which and to dinner he received frequent invitations; which, with the cards of his visitors, were attentively placed on his chimney, such as were graced with titles being conspicuously mustered in the front, while the lower order occupied the center and rear ranks.

C H A P. XXX.

Creatures of every kind but ours
Will comprehend their natural powers ;
While we, whom reason ought to sway,
Mistake our talents every day. SWIFT. —

CLIFTON and Edward happened to be at Carnaby's chamber one day, when Lady Bab Maukish entered. Clifton had always been a great favourite with her Ladyship ; but she had heard, with indignation, that he had formed an intimacy with a youth of low birth, and had intended to take the first opportunity of remonstrating with him on the impropriety of such an improper connection ; but when Clifton presented Edward to her, she was so struck with the beauty and symmetry of his face and person, that she changed her resolution, and engaged all the three to dine with her the day following ; and afterwards made Clifton promise to visit her in the country, and

and bring his friend with him, as soon as they could leave the University for a week or two.

The two youths went soon after, and were accompanied by Carnaby ; they were received with kindness by Lady Bab, and with the appearance of it by Sir Mathew, who thought it his interest to pay respect to one of Clifton's family, and on his account was also civil to Edward. Although Sir Mathew lived at no great distance from Mr. Barnet's family, they were little acquainted ; he despised Barnet as a mere cit, unconnected with people of quality—but at present Sir Mathew had a point to carry in the country, in which he had no hopes of succeeding, if Barnet, whose interest was more affected by it than that of any other, should oppose him. This circumstance Sir Mathew communicated to his Lady, and they directly began to cultivate an acquaintance with Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, which grew to some degree of intimacy.

Sir Mathew invited them to dinner, while Clifton and Edward were with him. Miss Barnet had left her boarding-school some

time before, but she was at this period at Brighton with Mrs. Temple, who had gone there on account of her health. Carnaby also happened to be absent from this dinner, which gave Lady Maukish more freedom to expatiate on the promising talents and high expectations of her son, and the figure he was likely to make as a lawyer and statesman;—this was a favourite topic with her Ladyship.

Mr. Barnet happened to observe, “that if he should turn out to be a good lawyer, there was no need of his being a statesman also.”

“It is of importance, however,” said Sir Mathew, “to a man who is in Parliament to be at the same time of a *profession*, because that circumstance can do him no harm while his friends are in power, and may be of great use,” added he, with a sigh, “in case they should, by any cursed accident, be turned out.”

“What is the best profession, do you think, for a statesman to be of?” said Mr. Barnet.

“No

"No profession is so lucrative as the law," answered Sir Mathew.

"I beg your pardon," rejoined Mr. Barnet; "the mercantile is as lucrative at least."

"The mercantile leads to riches, but not to honours," said Lady Maukish.

"It is a great honour to be rich, an please your Ladyship," said Mr. Barnet.

"I was just going to say so," added Sir Mathew.

"But it is still greater honour," rejoined Lady Maukish, "both to be rich, and Lord Chancellor of England."

"I do not fully perceive," said Mr. Barnet, after ruminating a little, "how the Lord Chancellor (begging your Ladyship's pardon) comes to be introduced at present."

"I made the observation, Mr. Barnet," replied Lady Maukish, "because my son is to be immediately called to the bar; and considering his connections and abilities, there can be little doubt, sooner or later, of his arriving at that dignity; which proves

that the profession of law is preferable for him."

"Push round the bottle, Mr. Wormwood," said Sir Mathew, a little out of countenance, and wishing to change the subject of discourse.

"I beg leave to drink the health of my Lord Chancellor Carnaby Shadow," said Mr. Wormwood filling a bumper.

Observing that some relations of Carnaby's who were present, seemed still more uneasy than Sir Mathew; and that Mr. Wormwood was sharpening all the weapons of his ridicule, Mrs. Barnet put her husband in mind that they had a good way to drive, and had best order the carriage."

They set out a little after, and were accompanied in the coach by Mr. Wormwood.

What Lady Maukish had said respecting the profession of the law had made a strong impression on the mind of Mr. Barnet; after a pretty long silence, he asked his wife abruptly, "If she did not think that the business of a lawyer was one of the best that a young man could be bred to?"

It struck Mrs. Barnet at the instant, that her husband's question regarded Edward, as Mr. Barnet had, on former occasions, spoken to her respecting the profession he ought to be bred to ; but she had, with her usual address, procrastinated any decision on that head, until he should have remained a sufficient time at the University, which being now accomplished, she answered, " that the business of a lawyer was one of the best that a young man could follow, provided that he was thoroughly well educated, of quick parts, and capable of strong application."

" I am precisely of the same way of thinking," resumed Mr. Barnet ; " which makes me very much repent my not having followed that profession myself, according to my grandmother's advice."

Mrs. Barnet was so much stunned with this observation, that she could hardly draw her breath. Her husband continued :—

" If I had entered at the Temple when my grandmother first proposed it, I should have certainly been at this moment Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, instead of the present Chief Justice."

" Without

“Without disputing the *probability* of the thing,” said Mr. Wormwood, “I do not see the absolute *certainty* of it, even although you had taken your grandmother’s advice.”

Mr. Wormwood had no sooner finished his observation, than Mrs. Barnet threw him such a look of disapprobation as determined him to suppress his sarcasms and irony for the rest of the journey ; for he had the highest respect for her, and was unwilling to disoblige her.

But Mr. Barnet directly answered, “I must of course have been Chief Justice before him, because he did not enter as a student at any of the Inns of Court until a full year after my grandmother proposed that I should.”

Perceiving signs of distress in his wife’s countenance, “I see, my dear,” continued Mr. Barnet, “that this makes you uneasy, and therefore I am sorry I mentioned it, and will endeavour never to mention or put you in mind of it again ; although I must confess that it is curdled provoking to reflect that I have lost so good a place,
merely

merely by a little childish obstinacy ; for I am told that an exceeding good salary is annexed to the office of Chief Justice ; and every body knows that a Judge has nothing to do but to sit on a cushion and deliver his opinion, which, be it right or wrong, nobody dares contradict ; besides, no set of men live better than your Judges, as I myself can attest, having sometimes dined with them at the assizes."

Mrs. Barnet being unable, and Wormwood afraid to speak, a considerable silence ensued ; at length Barnet resumed.

" Pray, my dear, was it not for a public oration that Edward obtained one of the gold medals, when he was at school ?"

" The last he got," replied Mrs. Barnet, " was for a Latin oration, which was much admired."

" Well," resumed Mr. Barnet, "*it stands to reason* that he could make English orations fully as well, and for them, instead of two or three gold medals, he may get two or three thousand golden guineas, perhaps, in one year."

" I do

"I do not know what you mean, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet.

"I mean," replied her husband, "that Edward had best become a lawyer, and make orations in Westminster-Hall. I am convinced he will succeed every bit as well as Mr. Carnaby Shadow, for all Lady Bab's boasting."

"I am convinced of that also, my dear," said Mrs. Barnet.

"Then it does not signify talking," rejoined her husband, "Edward shall begin to study the law without more delay; for who knows, my dear, but that he may obtain the promotion I missed, and thereby be enabled to reimburse me for all the expense I have been at on his account."

Barnet had a sincere regard for Edward; nobody's company gave him more satisfaction, and Mrs. Barnet found little difficulty in making him advance all the money necessary for the youth's education and expenses; yet the native meanness of Barnet's mind was ever apt to discover itself, in spite of all the pains his wife took to give him a more generous way of thinking.

Perceiving

Perceiving that she blushed at what he had last said, he immediately added, "Do not imagine that I grudge the expence I have been at on Edward's account; I only say, my dear, that it would be a *satisfaction* if he were in a situation to enable him to shew his gratitude."

"It is impossible to be more grateful than he is," said Mrs. Barnet.

"*That* I would risk my life upon," added Wormwood.

"I do not dispute it," rejoined Barnet; "though I must confess that I have known people who professed a vast deal of gratitude as long as they were unable to make any return for the benefits they had received, and yet seemed to have very little when they had it in their power to repay them."

"I am certain that our Edward is not of that disposition," said Mrs. Barnet, with earnestness.

"I hope not," replied her husband, "and I do not think he is; all that I say is, that it will be a *satisfaction* to me, and also to you, I dare to say, to see him repay the whole expence we have been at on his account, including

cluding the lawful interest, because that would put his gratitude out of doubt; and after all, it would detract nothing from my generosity, since I could not be positively certain when I advanced the money on his account, whether he ever would have the power and inclination to repay me or not."

I will answer for the inclination," cried Mrs. Barnet.

"Truly, my dear," replied her husband, "if he has not the power, the inclination is a mere matter of moonshine; for which reason, if he never has the one, I shall not trouble you, nor any body else, to become responsible for the other."

When they came home, Mrs. Barnet went directly to her own apartment, and left the two gentlemen seated in the parlour.

"I should be glad to know, my good friend," said Wormwood, "whether you do not feel very *comfortable*, when you reflect on the services you have rendered to so fine a young man as Edward?"

"To be sure I do," answered Barnet; "I have felt something of that nature almost

every day since my wife first brought him to the house."

"Perhaps you have had nearly as much satisfaction in such reflections, as in the recollection of the most magnificent dinner you ever gave?"

"A great deal more," replied Barnet; "for I recollect having given magnificent dinners to people I hate."

"Possibly," continued Wormwood, "the reflections I allude to have been as comfortable to you as even the best dinner you ever eat yourself."

"I cannot say quite so much as that," replied Barnet; "because nothing can be so comfortable as a good dinner while one is eating it; though it sometimes lies a little heavy on the stomach after it is over; whereas the reflections you mention makes one's heart the easier and lighter the longer they continue."

"The wisest thing we can do then, my friend," said Wormwood, "is, to lay in store that kind of nourishment which is the most pleasant of digestion."

Edward

Edward himself had, like most youths at a certain age, an inclination for the army, and had given Mrs. Barnet some hints to that purpose ; but she being averse to that plan, did not encourage it, and he lost hopes of it so much, that when the scheme of his studying law was proposed to him, as the most agreeable to Mr. and Mrs. Barnet, he expressed no reluctance, although he was by no means fond of the profession.

C H A P. XXXI.

Virtue may be assail'd, but never hurt ;
 Surpriz'd by unjust force, but not enthrall'd ;
 Yea even that which mischief meant most harm,
 Shall in the happy trial prove most glory ;
But evil on itself shall back recoil.

————— If this fail,

The pillar'd firmament is rottenness,
 And earth's base built on stubble.

MILTON.

AN occurrence took place a little before this period, which did much honour to Edward.

He had been long fond of the exercise of skating, in which, as in most others, he displayed uncommon address. While he was indulging himself in this amusement, with many others, the ice broke under one young man at a place where the water was deep enough to have drowned him ; all who were near him fled immediately to the shore. Edward, at some distance, and with the graceful rapidity of *the feathered mer-*

cury, was gliding over the surface when he saw the confusion, and heard an exclamation, that young Lord Fillagree would certainly be drowned. He immediately checked his course, and then moved towards the youth, whom he beheld holding by the edge of the ice, and struggling to extricate himself; but as often as he made an effort to get out of the water, the ice broke, and he again fell in.—Several who observed Edward's intention called to him not to proceed, for if he did, he could only lose his own life, without saving the other's. Notwithstanding this prudent advice, he persisted in advancing towards the young man, who despairing of the success of his own efforts, kept his hands and arms above the sound part of the ice, and cried loudly and incessantly for assistance. As Edward approached, he begged him to be silent, and then holding his handkerchief by one corner, he threw the other to Fillagree, at the same time extending his arm to the utmost, that he might keep the weight of his own body as far as possible from the broken part of the ice, and that the sound
might

might have the better chance of sustaining the youth when he should get upon it.—At that instant a sailor, who had not before been on the ice, but viewed the scene from the shore, ran towards Edward, calling “avast, avast, brother; the sliders on which you stand have no hold; that squalling lubber is more likely to drag you to the bottom than you to heave him above board, or tow him ashore; catch fast hold of this here with your larboard hand.” So saying, he jerked the end of a piece of rope to Edward, while he himself stood firm on the ice, holding the other end. “Now, boys, bear a hand,” cried he; “hilloa, pull away.” It now appeared that the weakest parts of the ice had been already broken by the repeated exertions of the young Lord; for when by a new effort he got above the ice it did not give way; and holding by the end of the handkerchief, he was pulled to a safe part of the ice by Evi-
len and the sailor.—The latter, after contemplating the young Lord with a look of contempt, said, “Zounds, what a squalling you did make, friend; d—n me if I have

not seen a whole ship's crew go to the bottom with less noise than came from your single jaw-popt."

Edward could not help laughing at this speech of the sailor. Whether it was the shivering condition in which Lord Fillagree was that deprived him of recollection, or his being offended at the sailor's speech and Edward's laughing, cannot be known, but he certainly went away with all the expedition he could, and without saying a word to either.

Edward then, shaking the sailor by the hand, offered him a guinea for his assistance in saving the young Lord from being drowned.

"He is not worth the money, by G—d," said the sailor.

Edward begged him to take it.

"Well, since you insist upon it, master, I'll accept of your gulnea," resumed the sailor; "but on my conscience you have a hard bargain."

Lord Fillagree went abroad soon after, without waiting on Edward, or ever expressing any sense of obligation.

At

At that time Edward was involved in a species of distress which he had hitherto been unacquainted with. A young man happened to be present when he received a remittance from Mrs. Barnet to clear off his year's accounts, and supply him with money for the immediate exigencies of the present term. This youth earnestly applied to Edward for the use of the whole, on a plausible pretext, and with the strongest assurances of repaying it within a certain time. Edward relying upon this, entrusted him with the whole; but two days before the term of repayment, the borrower left the University in many people's debt. This event afflicted Edward very much. Several tradesmen had given in their accounts, with intimation, that they were in great need of the money. When he reflected on the generosity which Mrs. Barnet had always shewn in regulating his allowance, it augmented his distress; he felt the greatest reluctance from communicating this affair to her; he would have applied with less uneasiness to Clifton, but

on his first going to the University, she had advised him never to borrow money from his fellow-students. Besides, Clifton had been for some time at the house of the Earl of Frankvil, to whom he was related. As Oxford was on the road between this nobleman's house and the capital, he always sent for Clifton as he passed, and the youth had presented Edward to him; in consequence of which, and of the stile in which Clifton spoke of his companion, Edward had been invited with Clifton to Frankvil-house. This invitation he had declined.

When Clifton returned, he assured Edward that he was a prodigious favourite with the Earl, who had heard of his adventure with Lord Fillagree. "Notwithstanding his regret that the puppy was not drowned," added Clifton, "the Earl admires your conduct exceedingly, and he told me in express terms that I should not be a welcome guest at Frankvil-house, unless I took you with me; and repeatedly in the hearing of a pretty numerous company expressed a strong inclination to serve you; and what he

he expressed I am sure he sincerely wishes to have an opportunity of performing, for he is in all respects a man of honour."

While the two friends were talking on this subject, a letter was delivered to Edward. He shewed marks of indignation while he read it.

"That epistle does not seem of an agreeable tenor," said Clifton.

"Yet it relates to Lord Frankvil and you," replied Edward, handing him the letter—which Clifton read as follows :

"SIR,

"This will inform you that the living of ——— is just become vacant ; it is in the gift of the Earl of Frankvil. The writer hereof is willing to pay into your hands the sum of 500l. provided you will use all your influence with his Lordship to bestow that living on a certain clergyman of great piety and learning, who will be mentioned to you. You shall have security, I say, that 500l. will be paid to you upon the above clergyman being appointed to the living ; and 200l. shall be advanced to you immediately, provided you make an earnest application

plication for this purpose, and engage his Lordship's relation, the Honourable Mr. Clifton, to join in the same.

"If you approve of this, direct a line to A. B. at the — coffee-house, to be left till called for. Mention where and when you can be spoken with by a friend of the writer of this. Secrecy and honour may be relied on."

"I am sure that I have seen this man's writing before," said Clifton, when he had finished; and I have a very strong suspicion that this pious epistle is the production of a certain obsequious gentleman who only left this University last year. I forget his name; he who made up so much to me, and whom you may remember I could never endure. On some pretence or other, however, he called on Lord Frankvil, and was kept to dinner on the very day when his Lordship expressed so much regard for you. He ought to be exposed."

"The real writer of this letter deserves to be exposed," replied Edward; "but as by making any noise on this subject we
risk

risk throwing a suspicion on a man who perhaps is incapable of such baseness, this is the best way of disposing of it." So saying, he took up the letter and threw it in the fire.

"Well," said Clifton; "but might not some good be extracted from this information? Have you no friend whom you might recommend to his Lordship on this occasion?"

"I have no right to think that his Lordship would mind my recommendation; but I have a friend to whom I lie under the strongest of all obligations. I would go to the Indies to serve him; he is a man who would do honour to any patronage."

"You mean Mr. Temple," said Clifton.

"I certainly do," replied Edward; "and you cannot conceive what a pleasure you would do me by applying to my Lord for——"

"I will do what you please," replied Clifton; "but can tell you beforehand, that his Lordship will not have the smallest scruple or ceremony in refusing me; where-

as,

as, if you make the application, in the humour he is in, I do believe you have a great chance of succeeding." !

Edward, however, still thought he could not with propriety address my Lord on such a subject; but he at last agreed, on condition that Clifton would join him in the application. No answer came from his Lordship for three weeks, and Edward was uneasy in the thoughts of having yielded to his friend's importunity. At length Clifton received a letter from Lord Frankvil in the following terms:

" There are many things in which your opinion, my dear Jack, would have great weight with me ; but I confess that in choosing a clergyman I should not have thought of asking it. When I expressed a desire of serving your friend Edward, I literally meant himself, and not another at his recommendation ; however, in consequence of your conjunct letter, I have made inquiry respecting Mr. Temple, of whom I have received so excellent a character, that I shall write to him in a few days to inform
him

him of his appointment. As I now consider the recommending of such a man as a service done to myself, you will inform Edward that my inclination to be of service to him is increased by this appointment.

“Yours, very sincerely,

“FRANKVIL.”

A very short time after this letter had been read to Edward, he took post for Frankvil-house, to thank the Earl for so great a mark of regard; and at the same time to beg of his Lordship to conceal from Mr. Temple whatever part Edward himself had taken in the business.

“Why should you preclude him from the pleasure of knowing who are his friends?” said the noble Lord.

“He knows very well,” replied Edward, “that it is the pride of my life to be considered as his friend; but I have a strong reason for wishing that he should not know that I ever presumed to mention him to your Lordship.”

The

The noble Lord then assured him that it should be as he desired.

Edward's reason was founded on an idea that Mr. Temple might be a little hurt in having it believed that he was indebted for this piece of good fortune to the recommendation of an obscure youth; and that it would afford him satisfaction to think he derived it from the influence of his own reputation on the mind of the Earl.

C H A P. XXXII.

Dullness with transport eyes the lively dunce,
Rememb'ring she herself was pertness once.

Poet.

SIR Mathew Maukish and his Lady continued to cultivate the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Barnet with the greatest assiduity; it was more difficult for her Ladyship to succeed with Mrs. Barnet than for Sir Mathew to gain on the mind of her husband. What rendered Lady Maukish's company more agreeable, however, than it otherwise would have been to Mrs. Barnet, was the favourable manner she always spoke of Edward, who had now left the University, and had chambers in the Temple. He passed most of the recess at Mr. Barnet's house in the country, and Lady Maukish's visits were more frequent while he was there than at other times. Her Ladyship often recommended to the youth to cultivate the acquaintance of her son, who,

from his superior knowledge and experience, she observed, would be an useful adviser to a young man just beginning the study of law ; and to Mr. Barnet she hinted, that Carnaby's talents and connections would speedily raise him to situations in which he might be of great use to Edward. She expressed, however, some regret that her son had unfortunately neglected being called to the bar, which he was entitled to have been at the preceding term, and enjoined Edward to put him in mind, when he returned to town, to take the necessary steps for that purpose at the ensuing one.

When Edward returned to London, he called one day on his friend Clifton, with whom he found Mr. Carnaby. Shadow, who immediately proposed that they should dine together at a tavern ; Clifton readily assented ; and Carnaby said, that as he was on his way to Hyde-Park, he should order dinner at the tavern as he passed. He then left them, and mounted his horse, which was at the door, and which being a new purchase,

purchase, he was impatient to exhibit in the streets and in the Park.

“What an easy tempered good-natured fellow he is,” said Edward.

“But wonderfully insipid in a morning,” said Clifton.

“I observe that you are more apt to push the bottle when he is in company, than at other times,” said Edward; “you are never at rest till you get him half tipsy.”

“Certainly,” replied Clifton; “and don’t you know the reason?”

“I cannot say I do,” answered Edward.

“Because,” said Clifton, “small-beer, when brisk and frothy, is sometimes agreeable enough; but when flat, there is no swallowing it.”

When they met at dinner, and when Mr. Shadow had attained what Clifton thought his most amusing point, Edward, recollecting Lady Bab’s injunction, told him, that his mother was impatient for his appearance at the bar as a Counsellor.

“To tell you a secret,” said Carnaby, “I would just as soon appear at the bar as a prisoner.”

“That

"That is a secret, which I confess I should not have expected from one of the profession you have chosen."

"D—n the profession!" cried Carnaby; "it was none of my choosing; I hate it mortally."

"What reason can you have for so strong an aversion?"

"What reason! What reason!" repeated Carnaby; "a very good, a very solid reason."

"That I should expect, of course," said Edward.

"Clearly," added Clifton, "as it has so much weight with you! but, after all, on what is it founded?"

"On what is it founded!" exclaimed Carnaby; "why on those cursed eternal periwigs which Counsellors are obliged to wear in all weathers, when they appear at the bar; no consideration on earth could prevail on me to make myself look so like a gig; and if I were willing, I don't believe my head could support one of those hideous periwigs for an hour together."

"You

"You think then," said Clifton, "that to be a lawyer it is necessary to have a very strong head."

"Whatever is necessary, my aversion to those d—d periwigs is unsurmountable."

"That is unlucky," said Edward, "considering what Lady Maukish has in view for you."

"True," cried Clifton; "for if you boggle so much at the tie-wig of a simple counsellor, how could you support that enormous weight of periwig which the head of every Chancellor of Great Britain is doomed to bear?"

"They shall doom my head to the block sooner," replied Carnaby.

"Only imagine," rejoined Clifton, "to be awfully seated on a wool-pack, during a whole session of parliament."

"Dreadful!" cried Carnaby.

"Sessions after sessions," added Clifton.

"Shocking! shocking!" exclaimed Carnaby.

"Not to mention the chance of a trial by impeachment at Westminster-Hall," said Edward.

"Name it not," cried Carnaby.

"There obliged to remain," continued Edward, "from winter to midsummer, in sight of *all manner of persons*, hearing examinations and cross-examinations, speeches and replies, sufficient to confound the clearest head in Christendom, even although it were not buried in a voluminous mass of horse-hair."

"Fogh! Fogh!" cried Carnaby.

"He is almost choaked with the bare idea," said Clifton.

"Eh gad, and so I am!" resumed Carnaby; "and rather than be suffocated in that lingering manner, I would choose to be buried at once in my cool grave."

"This, however, is supposing the worst that could happen," resumed Edward; "for even if you were to proceed in the profession of a lawyer, you might possibly escape being buried alive in a Chancellor's wig; at all events I think you ought to make *an effort* to please your mother, by appearing, for once at least, in the wig of a Counsellor."

STANLEY

CHAP. IV.

Y

"Curse

"Curse efforts," cried Carnaby; "I always detested them, and never could make one in my life."

"Forgive me," said Edward; "I think I could put you in mind of a very vigorous effort, which Mr. Clifton and I were witnesses to your making of your own accord."

"I do not know what you mean," said Carnaby.

"Nor I," added Clifton.

"Do you not remember," resumed Edward, "our calling one morning at your chambers, when we found you struggling, with all your might, to squeeze yourself into a new pair of buckskin breeches? I am sure I shall never forget the strenuous efforts you made on that occasion."

"Ay, on that occasion, you shewed yourself capable of the most laudable exertions," rejoined Clifton.

"The most pains-taking man on earth could not have pushed more earnestly to gain a livelihood for himself and family," added Edward, "than you did to carry your point on that occasion."

"Yes," replied Carnaby; "but that was a different affair."

"It must be confessed," added Clifton, "that studying law is one thing, and pulling on a pair of breeches is another."

"Assuredly," resumed Edward; "for many people drop the one, who wish to wear the other all their lives."

"What I meant to say," replied Carnaby, "was, that studying the law is a bore, and disturbs ones head; whereas—

"Tight breeches," said Clifton, "pinch elsewhere."

"I remember, however," rejoined Carnaby, "that on the occasion you allude to, I was very much puzzled whether to proceed or draw back."

"Like Macbeth, you recollected," said Edward, "that

— should you wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

C H A P. XXXIII.

Dangerous Connections:

FROM the time that Edward left the University he had been principally intent on the study of history, the nature of government, the spirit of laws in general, and other kinds of knowledge which are rather preparatory to, than forming a part of the business of a lawyer.

His mind being delighted with these studies, he pursued them with eagerness and success.

But when he came to apply himself to the study of the municipal law, and the forms of the Courts, he found it more laborious, because less entertaining, and he was the more readily led into dissipation. No young man could have more natural life and less affected wisdom; his dislike of formality and reserve was sometimes made use of by his young companions, as a means

to

to seduce him to be of their parties. In general, his good sense and steadiness enabled him to reject their proposals, except when they were supported by his friend Clifton, whose fondness for humour made him find entertainment in the ridicule as well as the talents of those with whom he kept company. As Edward seldom could resist the importunities of Clifton, he sometimes had cause to repent the excesses into which he was led, the effects of which generally extended a day or two beyond that in which they were committed; so that one night, disagreeably spent with Carnaby and his companions, generally lost two days study to Edward.

Among Carnaby's most intimate companions, one was devoted to the bottle, another to play; the first, whose name was Myrtle, had early in life lived two years with a relation in the country, who being a habitual drunkard, had gradually seduced him into frequent intoxication. This young man had once promised better things. At the time on which he first went to reside with this unfortunate relation, he was of an active

active temper, of a most obliging disposition, a lover of sincerity, with great natural quickness, some desire of fame,—the most blessed of all dispositions for a man of fortune; because it is the source of improvement, and the best preservative against that miserable bane of men of fortune, *ennui*. Of all the contrivances to exclude this intruding demon from the mind of man, the most debasing and destructive is, the use of intoxicating liquors; that pernicious habit blunts all desire of improvement, deadens emulation, obscures the understanding, sinks the soul into sluggishness, renders men insensible to the love of reputation, familiarizes them with the idea of contempt, and extinguishes every enjoyment, but that maddening delirium excited by spirituous liquors, which soon hurries them to their graves.

Poor Myrtle was advancing to this deplorable state; he rose every morning with a confused head and heart, filled with remorse; his nerves unstrung, and his temper unsupportable. For those complaints he sought a cure in the very source of his dis-

ease; and did not recover any degree of ease and good humour until he had lodged a considerable quantity of strong liquor in his stomach: this proved a most treacherous palliative; all his ailments recurring with augmented force the succeeding day, and requiring an increased dose to alleviate them. The only comfortable part of his life, therefore, (if any part of such a life could be called comfortable,) began some time *after* dinner; as for the dinner itself it afforded him none, so completely was his appetite destroyed; but after a certain number of glasses, his ill-humour gradually diminished, and as the bottle continued to circulate, he advanced in cheerfulness to a certain point, at which his ideas from gay became confused, acquiring every moment more and more obscurity, until he was carried, in a state of stupor, to bed.

Having thus perverted the faculties of the youth's mind, and blunted all his powers of enjoyment, his obliging relation died, and left him a large estate to enjoy; and the young man was often quoted as one of the most fortunate men in the kingdom.

Mr.

Mr. Shuffle was Carnaby's other companion. He in reality hated wine, although he sometimes affected a great disposition for jolity ; he then promoted drinking, while, with all the address he was master of, he passed the bottle, and often assumed the appearance of being flustered when ~~his~~ senses were quite clear, which appeared as soon as the cards or dice were introduced ; but if by any accident, in spite of his caution and address, he felt his memory or presence of mind disturbed, no intreaty could prevail on him to play.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,

Quam quod ridiculos homines facit;

Juv.

MR. Carnaby Shadow was a loser by both his companions; one injured his health, the other his purse. Although he had no taste for wine, and disliked gaming, he was in danger of falling a sacrifice to both, from a weakness he had in common with many better men; namely, an inability of resisting solicitation. Had Mr. Myrtle and Mr. Shuffle been men of rank, or greatly distinguished as men of fashion, Carnaby would infallibly have become a drunkard or a gamester; but as they were neither, he never thought of them when they were out of his sight, and never fell into their peculiar vices but from their importunity. Carnaby had another weakness of a less dangerous, but a more ridiculous nature;

nature ; that of imitating the dress and peculiarities of every fashionable man with whom he was acquainted. If he happened to pass a short time with a person of this description who spoke quick, Carnaby's words were observed soon after to flow more rapidly than usual ; and this increased velocity continued until he met with a more distinguished person who spoke slow ; but if that person was absolutely a stutterer, Carnaby was observed to take as much pains to check certain words, as his noble model did to pronounce them. He was at one time seized with a convulsive shake of his head, which lasted near two months ; at another he seemed to be almost deaf, and was not cured of the affectation till a certain noble Lord had quite recovered his hearing. Carnaby had always shewn a partiality for red wines ; but on hearing a noble Duke declare that he preferred white, Mr. Shadow, for a considerable space of time, confined himself to Sherry and Champagne. These ridicules, joined to his excessive good nature, rendered his company highly amusing to Mr. Clifton, whose enjoyment

joyment was greatly increased when he could persuade Edward to partake in it. On one occasion, Carnaby having engaged Mr. Clifton to accompany him to certain races, the latter prevailed on Edward to be of the party. The day after the three young gentlemen had set out, Mr. Shuffle called at Carnaby's lodgings, and understanding from the servant that on their return from the races they intended to dine at a particular inn on the road, at no great distance from town, he formed the design of meeting them there. Without explaining his intentions to Mr. Myrtle, he persuaded him to accompany him in a visit to an acquaintance of both, who had a house near the same road, but several miles farther from town than the inn in question. Mr. Shuffle's scheme was to meet the three youths at the inn, and to engage them in play after dinner, when Myrtle should have warmed them with wine.

When Mr. Shuffle and Myrtle arrived at the inn, they saw Edward and Carnaby standing in the court. The latter told them they had just arrived; that Clifton had left
them

them immediately after the races to visit a relation, but they expected two other gentlemen, for whom they had ordered dinner, and that he hoped Messrs. Shuffle and Myrtle would be of the party. Although Shuffle was disappointed when he heard that Clifton was not to come, he expressed much joy at this accidental rencontre, as he called it, and accepted the invitation. Myrtle went directly to inquire about the wines, and took a glass of Madeira by way of trial.

In paying the last post, Shuffle finding there was an overplus of nine shillings, gave it to the two postillions who had driven Myrtle and him.

As he ordered this ample recompence with a loud and boasting voice, he was heard by another postillion who at that instant drove a chaise and pair into the court. A decent looking woman, but whose features bore the marks of sorrow and adversity, stepped out of the chaise; she immediately inquired if any stage coach for London was expected to pass soon; and
being

being told that one would pass within half an hour, she said that provided there was room she would proceed by that conveyance. She then paid the postillion his fare, and gave him a shilling for himself. The fellow looking at it scornfully, said, with an insolent tone to the lady, "What is this for, mistress." To which she mildly replied, "I am sorry, friend, I cannot afford to give you any more at present; for to say the truth, I have scarcely money sufficient to clear my expences to London."

"If I had known as much," retorted the fellow, "damn me if I should have driven so fast. Ay, Jack," continued he, addressing one of the postillions who had driven Shuffle and Myrtle, "you have met with two generous gentlemen, but I have picked up a shilling b—ch, by God."

"You don't expect always to have the best luck, do you?" said the other. "Don't you remember the last time we met that I received only eighteen pence for driving two officers sixteen miles, and I saw you get half a crown for bringing one man ten."

“What the devil could you expect from two beggarly officers in the army?” resumed the first postillion; “whereas the gentleman that I drove that day was a master butcher in Clare market.”

At the commencement of this dialogue, the lady had walked into the inn. The grooms and footmen who filled the court applauded the postillion’s wit with loud laughter, in which they were joined by Shuffle and Carnaby. Edward was otherwise affected.

Having followed the lady into a parlour, he found her wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

“Pray, Madam,” said he, “do not allow the brutality of that fellow to affect you too much; he is really not worth your notice.”

“I know it, Sir,” said the lady; “and it is not his rudeness that affects me; but the reflection on my own irreparable misfortune, in the loss of him, who used to protect me from such insults.” Here she burst anew into tears, and continued,
for

for some minutes to sob as if her heart were breaking.

When she seemed to have recovered herself a little, "I hope you will forgive me, Madam," said Edward, in the most respectful manner; "but I heard you hint that your finances were slender at present; may I beg therefore that you will oblige me by accepting of this trifle, till you are in easier circumstances."

The lady, looking with surprize at him, said, "You are extremely good, Sir; but I believe I have money enough to carry me to town, where I am not without hopes of getting a supply e'er it be long."

"Why should you run any risk, Madam?" replied he with earnestness; "you may not find your friends directly on your arrival; what I offer is a trifle—only five guineas—for which I have no immediate use, and you shall repay them when you please. I earnestly beg your acceptance of them. Pray do, Madam, you will indeed oblige me very much."

The lady desiring to know to whom she was obliged, and taking his address, at length yielded

yielded to his intreaties, and accepted the five guineas.

When Edward withdrew, to his pleasure and surprise he met Mr. Temple in the passage. That gentleman had arrived some hours before on his way to London, and had been detained at the inn by an incident that shall be explained in due time.

While he sat in an upper room, he had heard the laughter of the grooms and footmen, and on one of the waiters entering, he asked what was the occasion of all that mirth? "They are laughing," answered the fellow, "at a kind of a gentlewoman who is just arrived in a post chaise. Scarcely having money enough to hold out the remaining posts, she could give the postillion only a shilling, which to be sure is a little upon the shabby order in such rainy weather; and she now sits moping by herself, until the arrival of the stage coach, which to be sure is more fitter, an' please your honour, for such second-hand gentry, than a post chaise."

Mr. Temple desired to be shewn where the Lady was, in a manner that indicated displeasure.

"I meant no offence, please your honour," said the waiter. "I always respects the cloth, because they orders the best of whatever is in the house, and sometimes allows to waiters genteelly."

Mr. Temple having again desired to be shewn to the Lady, was informed that a gentleman was with her. Waiting until he could speak to her alone, he met Edward, and being at the same instant told that the Lady was disengaged, he desired Edward to wait a few minutes for him in another room. Mr. Temple himself then went to the parlour in which the Lady was, and in the most delicate terms made her an offer of the same nature with that which he had prevailed on her to accept.

"This is very surprizing," exclaimed the Lady, "that two proposals of this nature should be made to me in one day." She then assured him that he had been anticipated in his generous intention, and that
she

she no longer stood in need of the assistance he seemed so willing to lend.

Mr. Temple had no notion that Edward was the person who had been with the Lady when he met him in the passage ; but he shewed great satisfaction as soon as he discovered from her description that it was so.

“ I presume, Sir,” said the Lady, “ that charming youth is a near relation of yours ; sure I am, your souls are akin.”

Mr. Temple bowed without farther explanation, and then hinted a desire that she would place the same confidence in him that she had in Edward, and oblige him by accepting his offer also. To this the Lady replied, “ that she was not quite satisfied with herself for having yielded to the intreaties of his friend. “ It is possible,” continued she, “ that I may not have need of the money he has lent me ; but there was so much goodness in his motive for making me the offer, so much candour and benevolence in his countenance, and such delicate earnestness in his manner, that I found them irresistible ; and when I accepted, it was really

in some degree to oblige him. The same motives would have made the same impression, continued she, had your humane proposal preceded his; but you see, my good Sir, there is no longer the same necessity."

Mr. Temple seeming uneasy at her persisting in her refusal, the Lady added, "I am exceedingly sensible, Sir, of your goodness; and although your young friend was in too much hurry to hear my story, perhaps you will have patience to learn something of the person you are so ready to oblige."

She then informed Mr. Temple, that she was the widow of an officer of the artillery, who had died in the West Indies; that she had one son, a youth of about thirteen, who was at school in London; that she had hardly any thing to maintain herself and this boy, except the pension of a subaltern officer's widow; that she had been living with a relation in the country for a considerable time, on purpose to enable her to pay her son's expences at school, and was now on her way to town to see her son, and
make

make interest to get him received as a cadet on the establishment at Woolwich.

Mr. Temple said, he was happy she had informed him of her errand to London, because he had hopes that it would be in his power to promote her views, as he had the honour of being known to the Master-General of the Ordnance, and would certainly speak to him in favour of her son; adding, that from the known attention he paid to the duties of his office, and the patronage he willingly bestowed on the sons of officers, there was little room to doubt of success.

The Lady poured forth a profusion of grateful acknowledgments to Mr. Temple, while he wrote in his pocket-book the name and situation of the school where her son was, with her own address, that he might know where to find them in London.

The waiter entered to inform her that the stage-coach was arrived; that he had secured her a place, as one of the passengers was to go no farther in the coach; and that it would not proceed for near an hour, by

which time he hoped that the rain, which was very violent, would abate.

On leaving the Lady, Mr. Temple found Edward in the passage. The coachman having assisted a young woman with an infant in her arms, from the coach-box, was leading her, drenched with rain, and the water pouring from her clothes, into the kitchen. Edward and Mr. Temple followed them. Sir George Royston, who has been already mentioned, and Colonel Snug, of whom the reader will know more hereafter, stood before the fire; they waited for fresh horses to their chaise.

"If that creature comes hither," cried the Colonel; "by G—d we shall be all afloat!"

Edward drew a large chair near the fire, and expressing sympathy at the state she was in, desired the woman to sit down.

"I do not mind myself," said the poor woman; "but I fear for my child."

Her apprehensions were without foundation; for when the rain began she had pulled off her cloak, and stript herself of
some

some other parts of her dress, to screen the infant ; and although she herself had been soon wet to the skin, when the cloak and other wrappings were removed, the child's usual clothes were found quite dry.

While the mother, still apprehensive that her child might have suffered, examined him with affectionate solicitude, the infant seemed alarmed at the number of strange faces that were gazing on him, which Edward remarking, gently pressed the woman's head nearer the child, and at the same instant tickling the cheek of the latter, repeated from Virgil's eclogue—

Incipe, parve puer, risu cognoscere matrem.

The infant, as if it had understood the words, dissipated the mother's fears, and repaid her care by immediately smiling in her face.

Edward then whispered the Landlady to take the poor woman into a bed-chamber, and give her a dry gown and cloak, for which he would indemnify her.

The Landlady did as she was desired.

"Poor young woman," said the coachman, as she left the room, "I am sorry there was not room for her within the coach; she has been exposed to the rain above two hours; and I am sure she is drenched to the skin, and is much to be pitied."

"She looks like a new-ducked w—re," said Sir George Royston, with a laugh.

"She is not handsome enough to be of that profession," said Colonel Snug.

"A woman under misfortunes has a right to be pitied, please your honours," said the coachman, "whether she is handsome or not."

"She may have a right to what she pleases; but nobody ever troubles their heads with those who are not handsome," rejoined Sir George.

"Handsome is who handsome *does*, please your honours," said the coachman;—"this poor woman pulled the clothes from her own back, and exposed herself to the storm to protect her child—that is what I call handsome."

"Ay, my good fellow," said Mr. Temple, clapping the coachman's shoulder; "and what

what every humane and feeling man will call handsome."

"Parsons, to be sure, are in general men of feeling," said Colonel Snug, sneeringly.

"Brave men are generally humane," replied Mr. Temple, fixing the Colonel; "and when a soldier is otherwise, he dishonours his profession."

"The rain was so violent, and continued so long," resumed the coachman, "that I fear the poor woman will suffer in her health."

"Those creatures never suffer in their health," said Snug; "I have seen soldiers wives, with children on their backs, keep pace with the men on a march in the midst of frost and snow, and I never heard of their being the worse for it."

"It is nothing to those who are used to it," added Sir George Royston.

Mr. Temple, suppressing his indignation at this discourse, and addressing the coachman, said, "Friend, you seem to take some interest in this poor woman; pray what do you know of her?"

"All

“ All that I know, please your honour, about this here young woman just gone out is, that her husband is a sea-faring man ; who was taken by a press-gang in the streets of London about a month ago, and sent to Portsmouth. When she heard of this, she followed him without more delay, notwithstanding her grief for such an accident ; whereof she took her child with her, and remained there until the ship on which her husband was aboard sailed, and most of her money was expended on necessaries to fit him out, which she sent to him after she came ashore, by the boatswain, although her husband, like an honest-hearted sailor, had desired her not to do it, for fear of distressing her ; and so, being short of money, she took a seat on the outside of my coach, and to be sure she did nothing but cry and sigh, although I said all I could to comfort her, by telling her of a relation of my own whose husband went to sea, and left her with five children, instead of one ; and he was absent for nine years without her ever seeing him, and yet he returned at last in perfect

perfect health, and with a good deal of money, about a month after his wife's death. I told the poor woman all this to keep up her spirits, saying, that I hoped the same would not happen to her, as to the article of dying, but only as to her husband's returning in perfect health, and with a good deal of money ; but all I could say was not able to comfort her."

"I hope you was able to comfort her, however," said Colonel Snug, "when she was stripped ; for I think you told us she stripped herself at last ?"

"When the rain began," answered the coachman, "she stripped herself of part of her clothes to shelter her child ; and without disparagement, I hope that you, nor none of your relations, ever stript for a more sinful purpose."

"Do you know, friend, to whom she goes when she arrives in London," said Mr. Temple.

"She told me," replied the coachman, "that she was going to her husband's mother, who is a poor woman who lives in Holborn."

Holborn. Her own father is butler to Mr. Blossom, a rich nabob from the East Indies; but he was so enraged at her quitting her service to marry the sailor, that he has not seen her since, although the sailor is of an honest character and a handsome man; but handsomeness in a husband, please your honour, is nothing to a father, although it is a great deal to a daughter."

"I am very well acquainted with Mr. Blossom," said Mr. Temple; "and I will speak to him on the subject, and I hope he will prevail on his butler to receive his daughter with kindness, and provide for her and her child till her husband shall return."

"God Almighty bless you, my good Sir, for your intention," cried the poor woman, who returned to the kitchen with the Landlady, and had overheard Mr. Temple; "but my father, who is a very honest man, is so passionate, that it will be difficult to bring him to consent to take me home; and if he did, he would be apt to speak of my dear

Richard

Richard in a way that would break my heart."

Mr. Temple desired her to make herself easy, as he should take care to mention the affair in such a manner as would reconcile her father."

Sir George surveyed her with astonishment; he could hardly believe she was the same whom he had seen shivering with cold and drenched with rain a little before. Anxiety for her child had likewise contributed to drive the rose from her cheek, impair the lustre of her eye, and to give her the sickly look of dejection. The alteration of dress, the refreshment she had taken, and above all the cheering smiles of her infant, had now restored the native beauty of her countenance, which was also augmented by the glow of gratitude.

"Upon my soul, my dear, I am glad to see you so much recovered," said Sir George; "I was afraid you had suffered from the rain. As for the gentleman in whose service your father is, he is my intimate friend. O, I am convinced that he and I together will soon prevail

prevail on him to be reconciled to you; and, hark you, (added he, drawing her a little aside, and speaking in a low voice,) you will call on me after to-morrow; there is my address; I shall by that time have seen your father, and will probably have good news to impart; in the mean time here is something to purchase clothes for your child." So saying, he slipped a guinea into her hand with his card.

By this time Colonel Snug was seated in Royston's carriage, which had arrived the moment before. When Sir George was stepping in after him, he was followed to the door of the chaise by the young woman; who with an air of modesty and gratitude returned him thanks. Colonel Snug was somewhat struck also with the favourable alteration in the appearance of the young woman; and, observing that there were a good many spectators, he was prompted by ostentation, with a slight mixture of good-will, to exhibit his generosity.

“La Plume,” he called with an air of dignity, as he drew on his glove; “La Plume, give this young woman a couple of guineas on my account.”

When the poor woman had expressed her thankfulness for this fresh instance of liberality, La Plume came to the side of the chaise, and informed the Colonel that his money was already expended all to within a few shillings, and desired five guineas more from his master that he might give two to the woman, and keep the rest for future disbursements.

“Blockhead,” cried the Colonel, “why did you not tell me so before I drew on my gloves; it is impossible for me now to fumble for my purse; postillion, drive on.” The postillion obeyed, and the carriage disappeared.

The rustic group who were witnesses to this scene were shocked; curses against the Colonel burst from every mouth, and when they came to comment upon his conduct, the general construction was, that he had ordered the two guineas to be given from
sheer

their vanity, knowing that his valet had no money, and that the order could not be executed. In this, however, they were mistaken. Colonel Snug had really believed that his servant had some guineas of his money remaining, and he intended *bona fide* that two of them should have been given to the woman. The Colonel was in the habit of profusion, and although always in debt, he was never in want, and therefore put little value on small sums. He had ordered the money to be given, because he was pleased with the woman's face, because she had attracted the people's attention, and because parting with two guineas by a word to his valet, gave him no trouble; whereas pulling off his glove gave him a little. The spectators had no idea that any man could so cruelly disappoint a person in the poor woman's circumstances, merely to save himself so very small a piece of trouble; for the most selfish villager has no conception of that degree of selfishness and insensibility to the feelings of others which exists among the sons of luxury and sloth in capitals,

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capitals, where the heart is rendered callous by the daily exhibition of profusion contrasted with want, misery with mirth, and where people are so often the witnesses or accomplices of the ruin of friends or acquaintance.

C H A P. XXXV.

La charité sanctifie les actions les plus communes, et
l'orgueil corrompt les plus sublimes vertus.

ROCHEFOUCAULD.

DURING part of the foregoing conversation, Edward had settled every article regarding the young woman, and the stage-coach being ready, the landlady informed her that the clothes she had borrowed were now her own, the young gentleman having paid for them, and for an inside passage for her in the coach.

The poor woman, unable to express her gratitude, burst into tears.

Mr. Temple, having handed the officer's widow into the carriage, next lent his assistance to this woman.—“Dry up your tears,” good woman,” said he, “and step in ; but led me advise you not to go near the gentleman who whispered you, until I have prevailed on your father to see you, which
I shall

I shall endeavour to do as soon as I get to London."

She assured him, that she would observe his advice ; and the coach drove away.

When he turned about he found Mr. Shuffle and Carnaby standing behind him ; they had come in search of Edward, who presented Mr. Temple to Shuffle as a friend of his, whom he had prevailed on to dine with them.

In a short conversation which Mr. Temple had apart with Edward, immediately before they sat down to dinner, the former asked whether Edward intended to proceed to London that evening, or remain with those gentlemen at the inn ?

Edward answered, " That Mr. Shadow and he himself were determined to go to town very soon after dinner."

" As for Mr. Shadow's determinations," said Mr. Temple, " you ought to be sufficiently acquainted with him to know, that their execution depends more on the will of the company in which he is than his own ;

A A 2

and

and from what I have heard of two of his present companions, I think it is most likely that the one, by pushing the bottle, and the other, by proposing gaming, will detain him here for this night."

"He shall remain without me, then," said Edward; "for I am resolved to go to town."

It was then agreed, that in case Carnaby chose to remain, Edward should set out with Mr. Temple, who mentioned, at the same time, his having been already detained much longer than he originally intended; and that he now waited for a person with whom he had some business, and who would probably call for him before they had done dinner; soon after which he would order the chaise."

During the dinner Myrtle called for a variety of wine, and was continually inviting one or other of the company to drink.

Mr. Temple drank two glasses with him, but refused when he proposed a third.

"I never

"I never knew a man of your profession," said Shuffle, addressing Mr. Temple, "who did not love his bottle."

"I have known several of yours," replied the latter, "who liked to keep themselves quite cool, and therefore declined it."

As Shuffle lived by gaming, and knew that he was looked on as a *professed* gamester, this reply pinched him a little; however, after a short pause, he said: "My profession? I have no profession but that of a gentleman, Sir."

"And did you never know a gentleman, Sir," answered Mr. Temple, "who liked to keep himself cool, and therefore declined drinking?"

"Gentlemen! I spoke of clergymen," said Shuffle.

"They are included in the other class," said Mr. Temple; "and in general support the character as honourably as the men of any profession whatever, without excepting those, Sir, who *profess* to be gentlemen and nothing else."

Mr. Shuffle was of a disposition to be insolent, when he could with safety, and peculiarly inclined to be witty on the clergy. Mr. Temple's manner convinced him, that it would be prudent to reserve certain jokes which he had ready prepared on that subject for some other opportunity. After a short pause the conversation became more amicable.

About an hour after dinner, Mr. Temple called for a bill, saying he was obliged to go to town.

This demand for the bill was repeated by Mr. Shuffle, who heartily wished him gone, as he felt himself in considerable restraint in his presence, and feared that he would be a bar to some of his projects. He was vexed, however, when he heard Edward propose to Carnaby that *they* should go also.

This being violently opposed by Mr. Myrtle, Carnaby declared that he could not think of quitting good company so soon.

"Then," said Edward, "as I am under that necessity, I will be obliged to Mr. Temple for a place in his chaise."

In

In collecting the bill, Shuffle made such a demand from each as left eighteen shillings for the waiter.

Mr. Temple, after paying his proportion, observed, that this was a great deal too much.

"Pray what would *you* be for giving him?" said Shuffle.

"The third part, at the utmost," replied Mr. Temple; "and in giving more I should think I did wrong."

"What would you do with the remaining twelve shillings?" said Shuffle. "I will be damned sooner than take a sixpence of it."

"There is no need of the alternative," said Mr. Temple, "as I think the twelve shillings may be better disposed of than either by giving them to the waiter, or resuming them ourselves."

They all agreed that he should dispose of them as he pleased. Mr. Temple then rung the bell, and desired that the young man who waited below to speak to him might be sent up.

"Gentlemen," said he, addressing the company, "I arrived here this morning a considerable time before any of you; and, as I passed into the parlour, I saw the youth I have now sent for pay half-a-crown to the waiter for a bottle of wine; he was pale, emaciated, and seemed to stand more in need of victuals than of drink; he had, besides, a look of sorrow which interested me. 'Is that wine for your own drinking, my lad?' said I. 'God forbid!' answered he, with a look of horror.

"On my inquiring farther, he told me, that his aunt was ill of a putrid sore throat; that the apothecary had sent some powders of Jesuits bark, with directions that they should be taken in port wine. I asked, if he himself was at the expence of this? Before he could answer, the Ostler, who stood by, said, 'Ay, that he is, and of the apothecary's drugs also.'

"Well," resumed the youth, "and so I ought; did not she maintain me when I was a helpless child, after my father and mother's

mother's death, and prevent my coming on the parish?

" 'It is not every one, however, that would do the same,' replied the Ostler; 'but thou art a worthy soul, Joe, and God's blessing will follow thee.—This poor young fellow,' continued the Ostler, addressing me, 'has taken as much care of his aunt as if she had been his mother.'

" 'Well, and so I ought,' said the youth; 'she took as much care of me as if I had been her son.'

" 'I then asked him,' continued Mr. Temple, "by what means he was enabled to maintain his aunt. He answered that he was a house-carpenter, and gained sometimes two shillings, and sometimes half-a-crown a-day. The Ostler again broke in, saying, That the young lad had almost killed himself, by working extra hours, as he called it, to procure necessaries, and doctor's stuff to his aunt; adding, that, to his knowledge, the very coat that ought to be on his back was at that moment in pawn for that purpose.

" What

“ ‘What care I for a coat?’ said the youth; ‘if my aunt recovers, I will soon get another coat; but if she die, where shall I find so kind a relation?’ ”

“ Here the tears flowed from his eyes; and I confess, gentlemen,” continued Mr. Temple, “ I was much touched with the dutiful and generous behaviour of this young man; and——but here he is.”

It was evident from the youth’s wan face, and emaciated person, that very little of his wages had been spent on his own diet.

“ Well, Joe,” said Mr. Temple; “ how did you leave your aunt ?”

“ Much better,” replied he, “ thanks be to God and your honour; she has taken two of the powders and three glasses of wine, and is so much revived that the apothecary now thinks she will recover entirely.”

“ I am glad to hear it,” said Mr. Temple; “ and have to inform you, that those gentlemen desire you will accept of twelve shillings to assist yourself and her until her health is quite re-established.”

“ I am

"I am much obliged to the gentlemen," said Joe; "but the six bottles of wine you sent from the inn, and the guinea you gave me——"

"Well, well," interrupted Mr. Temple, "say no more of that; but here take the gentlemen's money, and when you are able to come to town, call where I directed."

Joe retired, and Mr. Temple said, "I hope, gentlemen, you are all satisfied that the money is better bestowed than as was at first proposed."

All gave a ready assent, except Mr. Shuffle; who said: "After all, I do not see that there was any necessity of retrenching from the waiter on purpose to give to this man; but to shew that I approve of his conduct to his aunt, and can be as charitable as any man, although I love to pay waiters genteelly, Here, Landlord, here are two guineas, which I desire may be added to the guinea which I find Mr. Temple has already bestowed on him."

"Since that is the case," cried Myrtle, who had drank a great deal more than any

of the company, "d—n me if Mr. Temple, although he is a parson, shall be more charitable than me; and so I desire, Mr. Landlord, that you will forthwith send Joe a dozen of this very port, and put it to my account, that Joe and his aunt may get jovial together, when Mr. Temple's six bottles are exhausted."

"I always loved to be in the fashion," said Mr. Carnaby Shadow; "and since charity seems to be the present ton, I do not choose to be left like a quiz out of the mode; that the poor woman and her nephew, therefore, may be able fully to relish all this port wine, I beg the landlord may also send her a roasted chicken, or whatever dish she likes better, every day, until she is quite well, with a good large dish of beefsteaks for Joe, to put a little more flesh on the poor devil's bones; and I promise to pay his bill at sight, which is more than I ever did to my taylor's."

"I heartily hope, gentlemen," said Mr. Temple, "that the fashion you have begun will become general and have a long run;
and

and I am happy to find that our meeting to-day has proved so beneficial to two people who seem so well to deserve your bounty. It is fortunate for Mr. Shuffle that he can afford to be at once charitable and lavish. I am not in that situation ; my finances oblige me to pay waiters and postillions no more than their due, that I may be enabled to pay trades-people the whole of theirs, and still have something to bestow upon the necessitous." Having said this, he and Edward took leave of the company.

As they went down stairs Mr. Shadow's servant offered to assist Edward on with his great coat. " I shall not put it on at present," said he, taking the coat from the servant, and stepping into a room, beckoned Joe to follow him. " Here," said he, " Joe," after he had shut the door, " here is a coat which encumbers me, I have a notion it will suit you ; try it on."

" Lord, Sir," said Joe, " I should be ashamed to put on your honour's coat ; besides the night is very cold, and your honour——"

" Never mind my honour," said Edward, interrupting him, " but on with the coat.

Come,

Come, hold out your arm. Yes, I thought it would fit you."

"It fits me to be sure," said Joe; "but it is too fine."

"Well, Joe, wear it for my sake, and I hope you will never be under the necessity of pawning it, either on your own account or your aunt's." So saying, he flew out of the room, and darting into the carriage, where Mr. Temple was already seated, they drove off.

They had no sooner left the room, than Mr. Shuffle said; "Now I should be glad to know what is the parson's real view in all this flourish about this fellow Joe."

Myrtle. What view could he have but to serve the man?

Shuffle. I cannot tell what view he had, but I'll be shot if that was the whole of it.

Garnaby. Why do you doubt it?

Shuffle. Because all parsons are hypocrites; and I never knew any of them that had not some motive of interest in whatever they did.

Landlord. I ask pardon for putting in my word, gentlemen; but, I must say that
I have

I have known Mr. Temple do several things quite of a piece with his behaviour to the poor lad.

Shuffle. I'll be hanged, then, if he has not done them on purpose that you might trumpet his fame through the country for charity and benevolence.

Landlord. He must have engaged many trumpeters besides me, please your honour; for I hardly ever hear his name mentioned but some person in the company has something of that nature to record of him.

Shuffle. Pshaw! it is all ostentation.

As Mr. Shuffle pronounced this, he turned contemptuously his back on the Landlord, who left the room; and then addressing Carnaby, he said:

Shuffle. Do you imagine that all the fuss which your friend Edward made about the woman proceeded from pure love also?

Carnaby. Why faith, I should think so; for the woman seemed to be in great distress about her child.

Shuffle. Distress! to be sure she was in distress; but what was her distress to him?

Carnaby.

Carnaby. Very little, one might naturally think ; but Edward is singular in that way ; you can have no conception how much I have seen him moved at the distress of people with whom he had no connection, and in whom he ought naturally to have had no concern. I perceived that he was exceedingly moved with the coachman's story about the woman and child.

Shuffle. If he is to be taken in with affecting stories, he may have one told him at the corner of every street in London. Beggars never were so numerous ; one would be tempted to think that half the town was starving of hunger ; but for my part I make it a rule never to give any thing to a street beggar.

Carnaby. That is a very good rule when you are in a carriage and can drive past them ; but how do you do when you are a foot, particularly if you are caught knocking at a door ?

Shuffle. Why then indeed I am under the same necessity of surrendering my money as if a pistol were held to my breast.

Every idea of charity is equally out of the question in both cases; though in the one the money is demanded for God's sake, and in the other for my own sake.

Carnaby. I do remember being once singled out by a terrible woman with an enormous belly, who stuck to me bawling for charity the whole length of Piccadilly. Being determined not to give her a farthing, I was quickening my pace to shake her off, when unluckily I met a Lady of my acquaintance, and stopped to speak to her. The hideous wretch with the belly, taking advantage of the incident, renewed her clamour so loud and so woefully, that I was afraid the monster would have been delivered in the open street, and so I was obliged to throw her a shilling, which put an end to *her* labour and *my* pangs at once.

Shuffle. And many of the simpletons who saw you thought, I'll be sworn, that you gave her the shilling from a motive of charity, just as the blockhead of a Landlord imagines that the parson's behaviour to Joe proceeded from pure benevolence. No,

no, it is all a farce; men of sense know better, and you may depend upon it that your friend Edward has taken a fancy for the woman, and has appointed her to meet him in town. You may remember that after her dress was put a little in order she looked pretty and piquant enough.

Myrtle. She looked pretty to be sure; but I am convinced she is a modest woman for all that.

Shuffle. I don't know what you mean by a modest woman.

Myrtle. A woman of chastity.

At this Shuffle burst into a horse-laugh, in which he was joined by Carnaby, who exclaimed in the intervals, "Chastity! that is a good one!"

Myrtle. Notwithstanding all your mirth, I think I understand women as well as either of you, and from the appearance and manner of the sailor's wife, I am willing to bet a hog'shead of claret on her being modest.

Shuffle. It would be taking an advantage of you; you have already drank a little
too

too much. Chastity ! why it never was much the mode among women of her rank ; and you must know, my dear fellow, how very irksome the fashion has been to some of the superior orders, and how difficult they find it to support that kind of reputation which is still considered as indispensable on certain occasions. This piece of old etiquette they think may have suited the buckram reign of Queen Bess, but is a grievance that requires to be redressed at present. The sailor's wife, however, is not affected by this restraint, as the parson knows, who I suspect understands women better than you.

Carnaby joined Mr. Shuffle in his jokes against the parson and the sailor's wife ; but as the reader might not think them so entertaining as the two gentlemen themselves did, they are omitted.

C H A P. XXXVI.

— What his hard heart denies

His charitable vanity supplies.

POPE.

SOON after Mr. Temple and Edward were seated in the post chaise, the following dialogue took place.

Edward. Of all the hardeners of the heart, I believe avarice is the greatest.

Temple. I believe so too; for when that cold passion gets hold of the heart, it contracts it even beyond the expanding influence of vanity; and you may therefore observe, that thorough-paced misers are devoid of vanity.

Edward. It is clear that the gentlemen we have left are not thorough-paced misers.

Temple. I am afraid, however, that the bounty which flows from unworthy motives is generally ill applied.

Edward.

Edward. The effect is good, whatever the motive may be. The bounty flows at least from the rich to the poor.

Temple. I believe that ill applied liberality does more harm than good. If the extravagant manner in which some people reward waiters and postillions had no other effect than making money pass from one set of worthless persons to another, there would be no cause of regret; but the ill consequences of this absurd prodigality is more extensive, and often proves a real inconveniency to the community in general. You yourself was a witness to the insolent behaviour of the postillion to the Lady in the court of the inn; this was entirely owing to the ill directed profusion of such people as those we have quitted; if that fellow had not been accustomed to receive more than his due from the prodigal and ostentatious, he would not have treated that distressed Lady with such brutal insolence. Those who pay postillions and waiters with such childish profusion are the original cause of their insolence to people,

B B 3

who,

who, whether from choice or necessity, pay them no more than their due.

Edward. The prodigality you condemn in those gentlemen proceeds merely from inattention, or contempt of money.

Temple. If the profusion were universal, or extended to a great number of other objects, I should be of your opinion. If, for example, they were equally lavish to the unfortunate house-keeper, whose distresses occasionally come to their knowledge, or if they *overpaid* the industrious tradesman with the same liberality with which they overpay waiters at inns, taverns, and gaming-houses, I should impute their prodigality to disregard of money; but when I see the same men who are so lavish to the latter, pass the naked beggar without emotion, lend a deaf ear to the tale of domestic distress, and evade the payments of their just debts, I cannot impute their conduct to inattention or contempt of money.

Edward. To what then do you impute those gentlemen's liberality to postillions and waiters? Do you imagine they have
any

any particular kindness for that class of men ?

Temple. I think they have a kindness to none of the human race ; every bit as little to those to whom they are so prodigal as to others. After they have enjoyed the parade of throwing them the money, they do not care if those who received it fell and broke their necks, or were hanged the next day.

Edward. But still there must be some cause for this peculiar liberality to waiters and postillions ; for the gentlemen in question, thoughtless as you think them, must act from some motive or other.

Temple. It is not easy to account for any part of the behaviour of those whose general conduct is marked with inconsistency. In this particular instance I think, however, it may be done. You may have observed that those who have the least business are often in the greatest hurry ; we see people posting with the rapidity of couriers, as if the fate of the empire depended on their speed, who, when they came to the end of their journey, have nothing to do, and there-

fore return with the same expedition to the place from whence they started : but they cannot have all this impatience gratified without being lavish to the drivers ; for those fellows will not kill their master's horses for nothing. Besides, many of the fine gentlemen in question are fond of the cringing attention and prompt servility of waiters and footmen, from some of whom common civility is no more to be had, without bribery, than the suffrages of venal voters at an election. Be assured, my young friend, that those who lavish their cash in this manner, or who risk great sums at play, although they do not apply their money to proper uses, have no contempt for it.

Edward. It seems astonishing, that any man in his senses, and independent circumstances, can risk that blessed state for the chance of attaining any possible fortune, or the enjoyment of the most expensive luxuries.

Temple. Especially as the most expensive luxuries are not the pleasantest. The true way of calculating the risks in gaming is not by the quantity of money, but by the

quantity of happiness that is to be lost or gained; and, according to this rule, it will appear, that he who would stake ten thousand pounds, being his whole fortune, against a million, upon an equal throw, would make an imprudent bet.

Edward. I am clearly of that opinion.

Temple. But if those are blameable who throw away their own fortunes or happiness, what do you think of those who risk the fortunes of others?

Edward. You mean those mercantile adventurers, who, having the reputation of being rich, but conscious that they are worth nothing, risk the money they have borrowed in projects of commerce, which, if successful, the gain will be their's, and if otherwise, the loss is for their creditors.

Temple. I did not speak of them.

Edward. I know not, then, to what class of men you allude.

Temple. This Mr. Shuffle, whom we have just parted with, is of the class to whom I allude. He is indebted to every friend

friend or relation whom he could prevail on, under any pretence, to lend him money ; this money he immediately risks at the gaming-table. But, although he has been often successful, and enabled to pay all his creditors, he has always either spent the money in luxurious profusion, or laid it up in a fund for future gaming. He pays no legal debt until he is forced by law. All his creditors who, from delicacy or affection, have abstained from using these means, remain unpaid. I have heard, that he even prevailed on his mother to sell great part of her jointure, to relieve him on an emergency ; and that she was reduced to great difficulties, and neglected by him before her death. This plan of taking advantage of the partiality of friends and relations is the basest of all kinds of swindling ; and if those who practise it, who amount to a considerable number in this virtuous capital, were to declare in plain English the sentiments on which their conduct was founded, each of them would address his friend or relation to the follow-

ing effect :—" Sir, or Madam, I know you have a greater friendship or regard for me than any other person of my acquaintance ; I shall therefore cheat you out of as much money as I possibly can. As for my other creditors, I shall pay them all I owe them, because they would throw me in prison if I did not ; but as you love me too much to proceed to such extremities, I cannot bear the thoughts of paying you a single sixpence, whatever inconvenience you may suffer from the want of your money."

Edward. I am filled with horror ; but I cannot help thinking that what you have heard of Shuffle has been exaggerated ; I cannot believe that any man on earth could act so.

Temple. I should be happy to think, my dear Edward, that you would be of your present opinion twenty years hence.

Edward. At all events I will warn Carnaby, and put him on his guard against Shuffle.

Temple.

Temple. He will not profit by your warning ; he is too vain, and too self-sufficient.

Edward. I know Mr. Shadow to be rather a weak man, and somewhat of a fop ; but I do not think him vicious or unfeeling.

Temple. There are exceptions, no doubt ; but in general nothing is more unfeeling than a fop, nor any animal more completely selfish. I have seen one of them grudge a crown to a tradesman, and the next minute pay three guineas with pleasure for a switch. I have known another call every day for a fortnight to observe the progress of a new phaeton he had ordered to be built, while he was with difficulty prevailed on to pay a single visit to a friend confined with illness. A ball, a horse-race, a new dancer, the latest fashion, interest him more than any thing of real importance. The mind of a fop, regardless of what is valuable, attaches itself to those trifling objects only which the vortex of
fashion

fashion whirls within its reach. Nothing of moment can adhere to what is so essentially flimsy, like rubbed amber, which, without influencing any substance of weight, attracts all the straws and chaffs that are near it.

C H A P. XXXVII.

Inter causas malorum nostrorum est, quod vivimus ad exemplum, nec ratione componimur, sed consuetudine abducimur. SENEC. EPIST.

THE conversation having been interrupted by the change of horses, a long silence took place, during which Edward was absorbed in thought; at length Mr. Temple said, "I perceive we are near the end of our journey, but before we separate, I feel myself disposed to give you a little advice, if you are in the humour of receiving it."

Edward beginning to declare how much he should think himself obliged, Mr. Temple added, "Advice, you know, my dear fellow, is a kind of commodity which people in general are more apt to give than willing to receive—it costs nothing.

Edward. Forgive me—*That* experience which enables a person to give good advice may have cost a great deal.

Temple.

Temple. The bestowing it, however, does not make a man the poorer.

Edward. It may be a very valuable present, notwithstanding ; for, (assuming somewhat of a theatrical accent,) " He that gives me good advice, gives that which, not impoverishing him, may make me rich indeed."

Temple. It were a thousand pities not to make you rich, since you think you can be so at so cheap a rate.

Edward. I am all attention.

Temple. To begin then, I advise you to avoid gaming.

Edward. Gaming !

Temple. Yes, and drinking.

Edward. Why I have not the smallest taste for either.

Temple. I know it.

Edward. How then can you think it necessary to caution me against them ?

Temple. Because the caution may be useful.

Edward. Against gaming and drinking !

Temple.

Temple. Yes, gaming and drinking ;

Hæc sunt quæ nostra liceat te voce moneri.

Edward. You say that you know that I have no taste for them ?

Temple. And *therefore* I think it may be of use to caution you against that complaisance to the taste of others, which, by habit, creates a taste, where it did not before exist ; because when allowed to grow and take root by habit, all caution is superfluous. I have lived thus long in the world, and have known few instances of gamesters leaving off play, until both their money and credit were exhausted ; and hardly one drunkard who ever reformed.

Edward. I have such an aversion to one, and so little propensity to the other, that I shall have no occasion for exercising the virtue of self-denial in abstaining from both.

Temple. Perhaps not yet. I have known young men who, at your time of life, seemed to have an aversion to the one, and no taste for the other ; and, by keeping company
with

with gamesters and drunkards, became the victims of drinking and gaming. I remember this poor fellow Myrtle a sprightly young man, not in the least addicted to drinking, until from mere easiness of disposition, and a dread of ridicule, he swallowed every night a greater quantity of wine than he liked, in compliance with the solicitation of those who liked a greater quantity of wine than he could swallow ; and, to avoid the imputation of a milk-sop, he has become a sot.

“ His companion Mr. Shuffle was originally fond of hunting and country amusements, lived a good deal on his estate in the country, and shewed no taste for gaming beyond a moderate bet on a cricket match ; but being elected a member of a club, where he was often witness to very deep play, and tempted with the ease and expedition with which he saw money acquired by some of his acquaintance, he felt a desire of imitating them ; the consequence of which was, his losing a sum which distressed him considerably to pay ; this he determined to recover, and

then to quit gaming for ever. He began the attempt, I have been told, with caution, but being laughed at for refusing deep bets, where he was assured the chance was in his favour, and seeing those who accepted them admired for their spirit, he caught more courage, increased in spirit every night, and at length had spirit enough to lose his whole fortune. Of late, I understand, he has been more lucky, and is now somewhat raised in point of circumstances, but greatly sunk in that of reputation. In short, my dear Edward, I am convinced that although there are excesses into which young men are sometimes led, from too great indulgence to natural propensities, those of drinking and gaming are not of the number. To acquire a taste for the one, a strong reluctance must be overcome ; and the other, being a continual exercise of the passion of avarice, cannot be supposed natural to youth ; yet, when acquired, they engross every faculty of the mind, rule with the most tyrannic sway, and often lead to debasement, infamy, and ruin. It is, therefore, before the taste is acquired,

acquired, and while the reluctance is unsubdued, that advice and warning can be of any utility; and one of the most important pieces of advice that can be given to the generality of young men at their entrance into life is, that they do not sacrifice their own tastes to those of others. This is the more requisite, because *that* modesty and diffidence, which belongs to men of the most amiable character, inclines them to give up their own judgment to persons of higher self-sufficiency and inferior understandings. And we daily see those who are fond of the exercise of reason, and have pleasure in reflection, sacrifice their reason in complaisance to men who cannot bear their own thoughts, and are never comfortable until they have drowned reflection. We also see those who are formed for the enjoyment of society, and who covet nobody's money, led into gaming by men who have no enjoyment but play. People of weak characters, who are the most ready, ought to be the most shy to imitate others; for as valetudinarians, who have

not strength of constitution to throw off their old diseases, are in the greatest danger of sinking under a new contagion ; so those who have not strength of mind to correct their own foibles, are the most likely to retain every fresh ridicule or fashionable foppery that they once adopt. As for my own part, I have such a despicable opinion of the *servum pecus imitatorum*, that I should think it less contemptible to be an original than a copy, even in things reprehensible ; and if I should ever become a drunkard, it shall be because I myself find pleasure in the taste and effect of wine, and not because other people do ; or, if I shall ever risk my money at play, it shall be when I myself become covetous, and not because Mr. Shuffle, or any other of my acquaintance, is so. On the same principle, when I become a saunterer from one public place of entertainment to another, it shall be after I have lost all taste for study and conversation, and not merely in imitation of Mr.

Carnaby

Carnaby Shadow, and fashionable people of the same cast.

“ There is yet another species of imitation, my dear Edward, which has ruined greater numbers than all the rest put together ; that is, when the poor imitate the wealthy. A man in confined circumstances may be placed in situations, no doubt, where there is a call for spending more than he can afford ; in that case, he must yield, with a good grace, to the necessity ; and, afterwards, he must have the firmness to retrench his expences till the excess is compensated ; but he must through life resist the solicitations of thoughtless profligates, and the unfeeling rich, who see the distress of their acquaintance with indifference, to whom the expence that ruins him is a trifle, and who will be the first to abandon and laugh at him, after leading him to the door of a jail.

“ Here, my dear Edward, ends our journey and my tedious lecture ; but if you will come and dine with me to-morrow,

I promise you a bit of mutton and a bottle of excellent claret, without a morsel of advice."

To this proposal Edward willingly assented, and, calling a coach, stepped into it, and drove to his chambers.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.

Poet.

THE following morning Edward called on Mr. Temple before breakfast, telling him that he felt an inclination to accompany him to the father of the poor woman who had married the sailor, that they might unite their endeavours to prevail on the man to be reconciled to his daughter.

" I fancy I am indebted for this early visit to your suspecting I had forgot the sailor's wife," said Mr. Temple. " I thank you very cordially, my young friend, for reminding me of this engagement ; we shall go together after breakfast, for although I hope it would not have escaped me, the sooner a duty of this kind is performed the better."

They went accordingly. The master being absent, Mr. Temple told the butler that his principal business was with himself, and regarded a virtuous woman to whom any man in England might be proud of being related. He proceeded to mention his daughter in terms of the highest regard; both he and Edward put her affectionate behaviour to her child, and the whole of her conduct, in such a light, that the man was entirely softened, and having expressed a desire of seeing her, Mr. Temple took him into his carriage, and drove directly to the house of the mother-in-law in Holborn, where they found the sailor's wife with her child. It soon appeared that the butler's cruelty had not proceeded from an unfeeling heart, but from a sudden gust of pride, which had frozen his natural affection, joined to an obstinate temper, which made him punish himself rather than not punish a daughter whom he loved. The persuasion of Mr. Temple overcame his obstinacy; the sight of his daughter melted his heart; and the man's affections flowed

in their natural course, and with augmented force. From this time he took more delight than ever in the company of his daughter; he became very fond of his grandson; he rendered the old woman's situation more comfortable; his own life became much happier; and he sincerely joined the mother and wife in wishing for the safe return of the sailor; in which wish they were all gratified the following year.

When they withdrew from the reiterated blessings of this happy family, Mr. Temple having reminded Edward that he would expect to see him at dinner, waited on the Master General of the Ordnance, and had the satisfaction of succeeding in his application for the son of the officer's widow. Mr. Temple, impatient to communicate this good news to the mother, drove to her lodgings in the city, and informed her that her son would be received into the Academy as soon as he should present himself.

Mr. Temple, having enjoyed the happiness which this information conveyed to the Lady, was taking his leave, but she pressed him

him to stay until her son, whom she expected every minute, should return. Mr. Temple said that he would find some other opportunity of seeing the young gentleman ; but he must deny himself that satisfaction at present, because he had business to transact before dinner. The Lady seemed much disappointed in the thought of his not seeing her son ; “ For I am sure, said she, it would afford you satisfaction to find that the person for whom you have so generously interested yourself, is one of the bravest, worthiest, sweetest youths in the world.”

Mr. Temple could not comprehend how he should find all this in the young man's appearance ; but he plainly perceived that the mother was convinced of it, and that she would be mortified if he did not see her son ; he therefore stayed until the youth arrived. There certainly was nothing very interesting in his face, person, or manner. The Lady presented him to Mr. Temple with exultation ; he received the young man with every mark of kindness ; asked him a few questions ; gave him some instructions

structions respecting his conduct at the Academy, and congratulated the Lady on her having so fine a young man for her son. He then left her the happiest woman in England, and pretty well convinced that her son, if he lived, would become one of the best engineers in the service, and might not improbably one day be at the head of the Board of Ordnance. Those of the readers who have no children may suspect that this Lady was a very foolish woman; but those who are mothers will allow that she may have still been a woman of good sense.

When Mr. Temple arrived at his own house, he found that Edward had been waiting above an hour.

"I wish you joy," said Edward, "for I see by the cheerfulness of your countenance that you have been successful."

"That I have," replied Mr. Temple; "and I shall sit down to dinner with very great satisfaction." He then recounted the particulars of his visit to the officer's widow.

“ How fortunate was it,” said Edward; “ that you chanced to stop at the inn ; and how grateful ought you to be, my good Sir, to poor Joe the carpenter, and to this Lady, for affording you the means of so much enjoyment.”

“ I confess it,” rejoined Mr. Temple ; “ both you and I must have a partiality for those who in any way contribute to our happiness. The recollection of having been of service to that worthy lad and his aunt, as well as to the Lady and her son, conveys a pleasing kind of sensation, which I cannot express.”

“ Shakespeare could,” replied Edward ; “ it comes over the heart as soft music does over the ear ;

——— Like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets.”

“ It is most fortunate for men to have hearts so framed that they derive pleasure from such recollections. Men of that construction are stimulated to do good to others for their own sake.”

“ Do

“Do you not think,” replied Edward, “that such a motive degrades benevolence? I should love to find some nobler motive for doing good.”

“Find as many motives for doing good as you can, my dear Edward; but I hope you will never lose that one; because I take it to be the most active and the most certain.”

This led to some disquisitions, much too abstract for our purpose, and which, after the two friends had agitated a long time, they left as they began, without coming to any satisfactory conclusion; but as we have no wish

— On metaphysic ground to prance,
To shew our paces, not one step advance,

we have determined to omit the rest of this dialogue.

C H A P. XXXIX.

The swell of pity not to be confin'd
Within the scanty limits of the mind,
Disdains the bank, and throws the golden sands
A rich deposit, on the bord'ring lands.

COWPER.

WHEN Edward returned to his chambers in the evening, he found a letter, containing a very pressing demand of payment for an account which had been due a considerable time. On one or two occasions, before he left the University, he had exhausted the whole of what he was allowed for expences before a third of the term for which they were destined was expired; this was partly owing to his having been led into some parties which he ought to have avoided, and partly to his having paid more attention to the voice of charity and benevolence than to the state of his finances; but on all these occasions he had contrived
to

to balance his profusion at the beginning of the term with such rigid œconomy at the end of it, as to preclude the necessity of applying for any other assistance. In the particular instance mentioned above, where, by the fraud of a companion, he was involved in a much larger debt than he had ever been before, he had prevailed on his principal creditor to be satisfied with a partial payment every three months, until the whole debt should be extinguished ; but on this man's death the trustees for his children had ordered the letter to be written which Edward found at his chambers on his return from Mr. Temple's.

The perusal of this epistle disturbed Edward greatly. The very last time he had been at Barnet-hall he had heard Mr. Barnet complaining bitterly of certain demands of money which had come unexpectedly. This he was apt to do from habit ; for his wife had entirely arranged his affairs, and his expenditure was now considerably under his income. But Edward thought with horror on any unusual demand being made

on

on his account, and considered his having risked the money of his benefactors, and putting them to any inconveniency, not merely as imprudent, but as ungrateful. This young man having during his childhood been plunged in adversity, was invulnerable to many blows and cross accidents under which the prosperous and effeminate would have sunk. The misfortunes of his birth had peculiarly exposed him to the scoff of pride and the idiot sneer of wealth; these, however, he knew how to repel, and had learned to despise; but remorse was a feeling to which he was unaccustomed, and it preyed on his mind with extreme acuteness. Some parts of Mr. Temple's conversation on their return from the country, had awakened feelings of that nature. Among other things he had said, that *those who affected to be charitable or generous at the expence of others, were not charitable nor generous at all*. The letter which Edward now found at his chambers renewed and augmented his disquietude, and brought Mr. Temple's observation with pain into his

his recollection. What Mr. Temple had intended as a warning, Edward took for a reproof: however just, delicate, and well-meant a remonstrance may be, it is apt to create dislike to the giver in the breast of the person to whom it is given; not only because it has an air of superiority, but also because it conveys the painful sentiment of self-condemnation. We often see the minds of people of this unhappy species of sensibility alienated from their best friends, their benefactors, even their parents, merely because they cannot bear the least implication of censure; and this is still more insupportable if it comes from those to whom we have rendered good offices.

Although Mr. Temple was perhaps the first who ever gave Edward the irksome feeling above mentioned, it had an opposite effect on his mind; he saw the friendly motive from which it sprung, and he rejected every other suggestion; he considered Mr. Temple more than ever as his friend. Several pretty strong proofs of this young man's strength of mind have been given,

but none perhaps so strong and so uncommon as this. He waited on Mr. Temple the following day, and with many expressions of blame of his own misconduct, he unfolded the nature of his embarrassments. Mr. Temple interrupted his self-accusation, and said every thing that could alleviate his uneasiness. "As for the sum you are in immediate need of, so far from being inconvenient for me, my dear lad," said Mr. Temple, "I must inform you that I am richer now than ever." He then related his extraordinary good fortune in obtaining the living; "for which," added he, "I am indebted to some unknown benefactor; because being unacquainted with the nobleman who gave it me, notwithstanding his polite intimation that he was prompted entirely by my general reputation, I am convinced it originates in some particular recommendation; but be that as it may, it enables me to advance double the sum you need, and here it is."

Edward having thanked Mr. Temple, refused to accept of more than the precise sum

sum he needed, which he said he would regularly pay by instalments, in the same manner he had arranged with his former creditor. When Mr. Temple objected to this, Edward said, "I am displeased with myself; this is a sensation, my good Sir, that you are unacquainted with; but, take my word for it, it is not pleasant, and I am resolved to get free from it as soon as I can; but in my opinion that cannot be done in any other way than by bearing the burden of my own imprudence myself, and not by placing it on the back of another."

When Mr. Temple attempted again to contest the point, and prevail on him not to subject himself to such severe restrictions, Edward answered with a smile, "Pray, in this, allow me my own way; why should you prevent a man, who is in disfavour with himself, from using the only means that can restore him to his own good graces?"

By much the most painful circumstance in the execution of this economical plan,

to which however he adhered until he had accomplished his object, was its precluding him from certain acts of charity to which he had been accustomed. To seclude himself from every other source of expence, gave him infinitely less uneasiness. He had kept during a whole season from the opera, though he was uncommonly fond of music. He was at last prevailed on to agree to go to one which was much admired. While he was dressing, he heard a murmuring of voices in the passage below ; on inquiry, he was told that it was occasioned by a workman who had dropped half a guinea that he had just received for his week's wages, which could not be found, and on which his own maintenance, and that of his wife and child, depended. It immediately struck Edward that he could afford to give the man the half guinea by staying from the opera that night. He accordingly sent him the money and staid at home. On another occasion, having been prevailed on to promise to dine at a tavern with some young men of whose company he was fond,

he was solicited for charity at the tavern door by a woman with an infant suckling at each of her breasts, and two half-naked children following her. "For heaven's sake, a penny," said the poor woman, "to purchase some bread."—"We are very hungry," cried the children.

Edward thrusting his hand in his pocket, found he had just a guinea, and no other money of any kind. "Good heaven," thought he, "I am going to throw away the greatest part of this on a dinner, and it will maintain this poor woman and her children a fortnight." He slipped the guinea into the poor woman's hand, and returning directly to his chamber, he sent an apology to the company, and dined with more delight on a mutton chop than he had ever experienced from the most luxurious dinner.

While Edward had a free fund which enabled him to perform certain acts of charity, he indulged in every elegant amusement for which he had a taste, and which

he could comprehend within the limits of his allowance; but while he was obliged to curtail the first, he could not bear to gratify himself in the second on the occasions just mentioned.

He was not, however, content with this; he was not satisfied with the result of his first attempt, and he was not content with the result of his second attempt.

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He was not, however, content with this; he was not satisfied with the result of his first attempt, and he was not content with the result of his second attempt.

CHAP. XL.

L'intérêt parle toutes sortes de langues, et joue toutes sortes de personnages, même celui de désintéressé.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

THE reader will remember, that when Mr. Temple and Edward came to town, Mr. Carnaby Shadow chose to remain at the inn; the consequence was, his losing a considerable sum of money to Mr. Shuffle. The difficulties which this occasioned obliged him to apply for a supply to his aunt, a lady we have not before had occasion to mention. She was eldest sister to Lady Bab Maukish, with whom she had quarrelled upon account of her first marriage with Mr. Shadow, thinking such an alliance with a commoner disgraceful to their family. This misunderstanding between the sisters continued until the death of Mr. Shadow, when his widow shewed such an excess of affliction, that her life was

said to be in danger, on which her sister, whose maiden name was Virginia, relented, and made a visit to the disconsolate widow. This produced a reconciliation; for Lady Virginia, notwithstanding her family pride, was of an affectionate disposition. In the course of this renewed intimacy, Lady Virginia became so exceedingly fond of her sister's son Carnaby, that their mutual friends flattered themselves that this circumstance would form a bond of permanent union between the two sisters; and so it probably would, had not the wrath of Lady Virginia been re-kindled in the most provoking manner; for Lady Bab not only married another commoner, but she married him at the very time that her tender-hearted sister thought her in danger of dying of grief for the loss of the first. Her Ladyship was so shocked with this new stain on the family, that she could not abstain from some strong expressions on the meanness of her sister's conduct in the presence of her maid, who, being inclined to apologize for Lady Bab, observed,

objected, "that although a Lord was undoubtedly preferable as a husband to a Commoner; yet, as Lady Bab had now married two Commoners, she might be considered as on a footing with any Lady of quality, who had been the wife of only one Lord."

Lady Virginia rejected, with indignation, the idea of two Commoners being equivalent to one Lord; and her ill-humour was augmented, because the maid's suggestion reminded her, that her younger sister had been married twice, while she was still without a husband. She told the maid, therefore, that her notion of things was vulgar and gross; that the circumstance of her having had two husbands aggravated the impropriety of her sister's conduct; that the utmost length a woman of virtue could go, was to submit, for once in her life, to the ceremony of matrimony, and all its odious consequences; but the idea of two husbands, even although they were both Peers, would revolt the heart of every woman of true delicacy.

"Does

"Does your Ladyship believe," said the maid, "that, besides your Ladyship's self, there is a vast number of women of *true* *delicacy* in England?"

Lady Virginia, better pleased with this question than she had been with the maid's former observation, answered, with a smile, "That she hoped there were."

This second offence would have produced an irreparable breach between the sisters, had it not been for the augmenting affection of Lady Virginia for her nephew, who, as he grew up, did not permit her passion to exalt in sentiment, but brought it to repeated tests, which a weak passion would not have stood—and in a short time all the money she had invested in the public funds was exhausted. The principal part of her fortune, however, consisted of a land estate, of which she was co-heiress with her sister, a circumstance which rendered it difficult for Lady Virginia to obtain money on mortgage.

After Mr. Shuffle had received all that he had won from Carnaby, he perceived, that

that whatever his future success at play might be, difficulties would occur respecting the payment which he was desirous of obviating, and with this view he suggested to the young man, that nothing could be more ridiculous than for his mother's and aunt's fortunes to remain in their present state; that it would be infinitely more convenient for them, and for him also, to have it divided, that each sister might dispose of her own as she pleased.

Garnaby, being struck with the propriety of this friendly hint, without much difficulty prevailed on Lady Virginia to permit him to make the proposal to his mother, who having consulted her husband on the subject, Sir Mathew presented Carnaby with a plan of division, by which he said both sisters would be accommodated, because Lady Bab would have the half which lay nearest some land of his, while Lady Virginia would have that portion which was most valuable in itself.

Carnaby being satisfied with this account of the matter, presented Sir Mathew's plan
to

to his aunt; but when she submitted it to the consideration of her steward, he assured her that Sir Mathew had committed a mistake in his estimate, as the half destined for his spouse was not only the most commodious from the circumstances he had mentioned, but also, by much, the most valuable in all other respects.

Carnaby, on the other hand, still persisted that the estimate was equal and fair.

The steward, on the contrary, asserted, that the superior value of Lady Bab's portion was so evident, that nothing but Carnaby's partiality for his mother could prevent him from seeing it. In this assertion the steward was mistaken; for Carnaby really preferred his aunt; but the slightest idea of expediency to himself over-balanced any regard he had for either.

Lady Virginia, being kept steady by the admonitions of her steward, and other friends, withstood her nephew's importunities in this instance, on which he left her disappointed, and in an exceeding ill-humour. He even assumed the airs of an injured person; and

and being convinced that she would not be able to support his coldness and displeasure, he refrained from visiting her. Her Ladyship, being thus deprived of the pleasure of seeing her affectionate nephew, went to pass two months at a fashionable watering-place, at a considerable distance from London, and near the new living which Mr. Temple had so unexpectedly obtained, and to which he had lately transported his whole family, determined to make it his chief residence.

Miss Louisa Barnet accompanied her aunt on this occasion. The reader is already acquainted with Mrs. Barnet's reasons for permitting her daughter to be often, and for considerable intervals, absent from her father's family; she had passed most of the preceding season at London in the family of Mrs. Easy, a woman of character and genteelly connected, with whose daughter Miss Barnet had formed a great intimacy at the boarding-school. On this account Mrs. Easy had visited Mrs. Barnet, and entreated her to allow her daughter to pass some time at her house in town, that the two young ladies

ladies might cultivate the friendship which had begun at school. To this proposal Mrs. Barnet assented the more readily, as Mrs. Easy was a widow Lady, highly esteemed for the real worth of her character, and the elegance of her manners, in whose company Miss Barnet had opportunities of being introduced to the most fashionable assemblies:

The taste which the young lady acquired for the amusements of the capital, during a few months residence there, rendered those of the country entirely insipid to her. Mrs. Barnet observed this with much pain at her daughter's return to her father's house; and on Mrs. Temple's desiring to have her niece's company at her new residence, Mrs. Barnet consented with pleasure, as a likely plan for reconciling her daughter's mind to an absence from London; and also because she could not be in better company than in Mr. and Mrs. Temple's, nor in worse, in some respects, than in Mr. Barnet's.

Mr. Temple's house was so near the watering-place, that he was almost daily there with the two ladies. And here the slight

acquaintance which Miss Barnet had formerly had with Lady Virginia grew into a considerable degree of intimacy. Lady Virginia was entirely obliged to her title for the obsequious attention which Miss Barnet paid her, and which won her Ladyship's heart to such a degree, that she would have been well pleased to see her the wife of her nephew Mr. Carnaby Shadow, although it had long been her earnest wish that he should marry a woman of quality, and by that means diminish that corruption of blood derived from his father, which was to be transmitted to his own innocent children. Independent of Miss Barnet's beauty and accomplishments, Lady Virginia was induced to make this sacrifice, in consideration of the young lady's being the reputed heiress of a greater fortune than any unmarried woman of quality of her acquaintance. From the instant that this idea struck her, she took every opportunity of sounding the praises of her nephew in the ears of Miss Barnet, describing him as the most elegant, handsome,

handsome, and accomplished youth in England. The young lady, however, had seen Mr. Carnaby once or twice at some assemblies in the capital, and had formed a just enough notion of his value. As she heard the exaggerated praises of the aunt with a smiling countenance, interrupting them only with the interjections—Admirable! Really! Wonderful! and the like, Lady Virginia was persuaded that the young Lady's imagination was already warmed in favour of Carnaby, who, she thought, had only to appear, that he might secure his conquest over Miss Barnett's heart. In this persuasion she wrote to her nephew. Carnaby received the letter just as he had pulled on his boots preparatory to his morning lounge in Bond-street.

"O ho!" cried he, as the letter was delivered to him; "this comes from the old girl; I thought we should hear from her soon; let us see what she has to say." Carnaby then read Lady Virginia's letter, commenting on it as he read in the following manner:—

"My

"My dear nephew," (Damned dear, to be sure, when you refused Sir Mathew's plan of division, said he; and then recommenced the reading as follows:)

"My dear nephew, Notwithstanding your late unkind behaviour, I have never ceased to be your friend, and to think how I might be of the most effectual service to you, of which I will give you a convincing proof, if you will set out for this place as soon as you receive this letter." (So, so, said Carnaby, interrupting the reading, I suppose she has come round at last, and is to consent to the division—Well, let us go on.)

"What I have to communicate is of the greatest importance to your happiness and fortune;"—(Ay, to be sure it is;)" but,"—(But—what the devil is this?)" "but I refrain from mentioning it now;" (Why the deuce should she refrain mentioning what is of so much importance?)" "because it is of a nature not to be trusted on paper." (The deed of division, undoubtedly, must be written on parchment, but she might have said, *on paper*, that she would agree to

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it.) " Besides, if I should inform you now, you might mention it to somebody before you left town." (Well, and what if I did ?) " But that which I have to propose to you ought to be kept a profound secret, until it is concluded." (I see no great use for that.) " And you know, my dear Camaby, that you never could keep a secret in your life." (Nor you neither, my dear Lady Virginia ; indeed, I am a little surprised at your being able to keep this bottled up till you see me ; it would have been more in character, if you had poured it all forth on the paper before you folded it up. But what is this ? said he, looking at the bottom of the page, and seeing the words *turn over*. Here is more ! He then read on the other page :) " On second thoughts, I cannot bear to keep you in suspense ; I will, therefore, inform you of this business without any farther delay ; for I know you are naturally impatient," (Curse the woman, why does not she out with it ?) " and always was so ever since your childhood ;" (Egad, she will continue

tinue prattling till the end of the paper ; and, perhaps, forget the secret at last. But let us see, where was I ?) “ ever since your childhood ; which disposition you inherited from my dear father, who was reckoned one of the most impatient Peers of the realm, particularly before dinner ;”— (Zounds ! this is what the Duchess of ——— calls *Clish-ma-clavier*. Well, what comes next ?) “ although his Lordship was a man of dignified deportment, and a philosophical turn when he was not rendered peevish and passionate by hunger or contradiction ; two things he never could bear. Well, the secret I have to communicate to you is neither more nor less than this,” (Thank heaven, here it comes at last !) “ that you may, if you please, have a beautiful young Lady, with a great fortune, in marriage ; for I have already prepossessed her entirely in your favour ;” (Well, who the devil is this beautiful young Lady ? O ! here she is ;) “ and this young Lady is Miss Louisa Barnet, who, besides her beauty and fortune, is en-

dowed with many accomplishments. That she is not of noble birth, but of mere city extraction, is, doubtless, to be regretted," (I thought that would be a rub,) particularly by you, my dear, whose blood is contaminated from the same polluted source;" (Curse the old malicious cat!) "for which, by the by, I am not to blame;" (And am I? the devil is got into the woman; am I to be blamed for this more than she is?) "for, had your mother" (Ay, to be sure my mother had some hand in the business) followed my advice, and married a Peer, then, my dear," (Ay, what then, my dear?) "you would have been of noble blood by both your parents;" (Hem, egad I am not quite sure how that might have turned out—let me consider.—My present mother's son would not, in that case, have been the son of my late father; nay, he might not have been a son at all, and then, the Lord only knows what would have become of me; I might, for what I know, instead of a boy, have been a girl. I should not have reflected that; for although I should have been probably

probably a very pretty girl, and although women are better off now than in the days of yore, yet I fancy I am better as I am. Formerly it was a terrible bore to be a woman; now, to be sure, they have a good deal more liberty; they jaunt about every where as freely as the men; but still I don't think I should ever have been brought to like being a woman; I could never have learnt to keep my seat on horseback with both legs on the same side, like a woman. Between friends, I do not think I should ever have been so disinterested and so affectionate as a woman; I am convinced I never should have been modest like a woman. Then, there is the bearing of children—ah, that is the very devil! It is clear I am much better as I am; and, upon the whole, my dear aunt, I am better pleased that my mother did not follow your advice. But let us see what more you have to say, added Carnaby, and then began again to read the letter;) “of noble blood by both your parents; but that opportunity being now lost, a marriage with this young Lady

will be very convenient for you in your present circumstances, and ought to be accomplished without any delay."

"Thank my stars, I have reached the end at last," cried he, after drawing a long breath. Well, upon my soul, I have no objection to the old girl's scheme; Miss Barnet is a devilish pretty girl; Lady *Hornbury* had her at some of her assemblies; the most fashionable young fellows in town followed and admired her. On my conscience, I believe she would make an excellent wife; our house would be always full of the best company."

So saying, he ordered a post-chaise-and-four, resolving to set out directly on a visit to his aunt.

C H A P. XII.

L'artifice et le mensonge sont de grandes marques de la
foiblesse et de la petitesse de l'esprit humain, comme
la fausse monnoie l'est de la pauvreté.

ROUSSEAU.

JUST as Mr. Shadow was going, Sir George Royston was introduced. Carnaby had long wished to be on an intimate footing with Sir George, who on his part had rather slighted the acquaintance. His object in calling at present was to learn from Carnaby what was become of the sailor's wife they had seen at the inn.

Sir George had been greatly disappointed by her not calling at his house as he had expected, and he now hoped that Mr. Shadow would be able to give him some account of her.

Carnaby frankly informed him that he had been inquiring after her himself, and understood that Mr. Temple had entirely

reconciled her father, under whose protection she then was in lodgings, within a few doors of his master's house.

"Damn those parsons," said Sir George, on hearing this account; "they are the most officious fellows in the world, and continually spoiling sport."

"I expect a piece of service from one of them, however," said Carnaby; "perhaps from this very Reverend Mr. Temple, which I hope will turn out very well."

"You have no design to be married, have you?"

"My design is a secret."

"If that be your project, you expect a great fortune of course."

Carnaby nodded and smiled.

"What! a very great fortune?"

Another nod from Carnaby.

This excited Sir George's curiosity, and he resolved to know the name of the Lady.

"You are too close and reserved, no doubt, to intrust the name of the happy female even with an intimate friend."

Carnaby

Carnaby was greatly pleased to be informed from such good authority, that he was the intimate friend of a person of such long established reputation, as a man of fashion and knowledge of the town, as Sir George Royston.

Carn. Nay, I should never have thought of making a mystery of the matter to you, but the secret is my aunt's.

Sir Geo. I suspected as much; aunts and mothers are wonderful promoters of matrimony. Well, I can have no interest in this, my dear Shadow, but in as far as your happiness and reputation are concerned, and an aunt is no doubt a better judge of those than a friend.

Carn. I am far from being of that opinion; and to shew you that I have no kind of reserve with you, Sir George, I will freely tell you that the party she has in view for me is Miss Louisa Barnett, who you may have seen last winter, with Mrs. and Miss Easy, at the opera and at some assemblies; she was a good deal admired; she

is

is an only child, her father is very rich, and is old and infirm.

Sir Geo. I remember to have seen the girl; but I had no idea of her being an *only* child; I thought she had a brother.

Carn. No, thank you; if she had a brother, they should just as soon persuade me to marry him as her.

Sir Geo. Well, but are you sure that Barnet's fortune is so immense?

Carn. Of that there is no doubt. I have heard Sir Mathew, my father-in-law, who thinks of nothing but money, and knows the state of all old Barnet's affairs, declare that he was exceedingly rich.

This account of Miss Barnet's expectations gave Sir George the idea of a project, for the accomplishment of which he determined to turn Carnaby from his present pursuit.

Sir Geo. You call Barnet old; I have seen the man, and to tell you the truth, my friend, I do not think him old enough for your purpose.

Carn.

Carn. He is very infirm, besides being old,

Sir Geo. I do not know what you call infirm ; he is as fat as a hog, and, as I have been told, eats like a cormorant.

Carn. That I confess he does ; but he is laid up half the year with the gout.

Sir Geo. The gout, my good friend, is a disease not to be depended upon. Old Lavish the nabob had it for twenty years ; and poor Tom, his eldest son, endured all the torment of Tantalus for the last four years of the old fellow's life. It was doubtful whether the father suffered most from the gout, or the son from disappointment. Poor Tom often assured me, when he saw his father recover fit after fit, that he was convinced that the gout is a disease which *prolongs* rather than *shortens* life ; so that I would not have you to rely too much on the gout, for unquestionably it is a very deceitful distemper.

Carn. Independent of her fortune, however, Miss Barnet is a very pretty girl.

Sir

Sir Geo. So are fifty girls in London, who may be had for a couple of guineas! I hope you have no design to imitate your acquaintance Bob Whimsy, who proposes marriage to every girl he meets with a tolerable face; and who, because he finds no happiness in frisking from one assembly to another, imagines he is formed for matrimony and retirement.

Carn. Imitate! Imitate Whimsy!

Sir Geo. I beg pardon, dear Carnaby; nobody will suspect you of imitation; and all the world knows that a man of sense would never imitate a coxcomb and fool; but I could not help thinking of Whimsy, when you mentioned Miss Barnet's beauty as a reason for marrying her; because in my opinion her share of beauty is but moderate. She has none of the elegant languor of high fashion; she seemed to me to be remarkable only for the vulgar bloom of a milk-maid, and the pert look of a French milliner. Pray how old is she?

Carn. I should guess about seventeen.

Sir

Sir Geo. What an awful age for a wife, my dear friend! why you can have no hopes of seeing an end to her; had she been seventy, indeed, I should have advised you to venture; though, to say the truth, I had no notion of your being a marrying man. I thought you would have rather liked to have been a little longer at the head of fashion.

Carn. Marrying has been a good deal the fashion of late.

Sir Geo. Not near so much as *keeping*. Nothing gives a young fellow the air of a quiz so much as being married.

Carn. To say the truth, I used to have as great an aversion to being married as any man in England. The scheme, I have already told you, is my aunt's; she has brought it on without consulting me.

Sir Geo. Then you have a title to break it off without consulting her; for depend upon it, my young friend, that matrimony is a cursed bore for one at your time of life; and, like a desperate throw at dice, it

ought not to be risked until a man is at the brink of ruin, and has no other resource.

The effect of this conversation was, that Carnaby countermanded the post-chaise, and wrote to Lady Virginia that indispensable business put it out of his power to wait on her. Sir George then prevailed on his friend Colonel Snug to invite Carnaby to accompany him to Newmarket, where he was soon to go with a small party for the trial of some horses, which he knew would be flattering to Carnaby, and keep him from disturbing the project which he himself had formed, and in consequence of which he set out for the Wells near Mr. Temple's.

C H A P. XLII.

—— Veniant a dote sagittæ.

JUVEN.

SIR George had not only squandered his paternal estate, but a large sum of money left him by a relation. The whole had been dissipated in expensive living and gaming ; no part of it had been bestowed from any benevolent or generous motive, and very little for any friendly or charitable purpose. What Piso said of Otho might also be said of Sir George—*Perdere iste sciet, donare nesciet*. He still retained, however, a genteel person, and the airs and manners of a man of fashion. As the extent of his mortgages were not known, although he was poor in reality, he was still so rich in resources, that he *seemed* as affluent as the most wealthy. Having been for some time reduced to that desperate state which, he

thought,

thought, justified a man of sense for marrying, he had already made some unsuccessful attempts at a match suitable to his circumstances. Notwithstanding his having hitherto failed, his ill success could not be imputed to any romantic refinement in his choice, like those unreasonable men who, unmindful of their own deficiencies, expect every excellence of the mind and body in the woman they honour with their hand. Sir George was even willing to wave certain qualities, which have been thought by the most reasonable men necessary : for example, he did not positively insist that his spouse should have either much good sense or goodness of disposition ; and as for that modesty, gentleness, and even timidity of deportment, which some people admire so much in the fair sex, he resolved, that he would dispense with them also, being sensible that they were seldom to be met with in that class of women from which alone he would accept of a wife. In short, he was determined not to object to any woman for being ever so arrogant and proud, provided her person

was

was in proportion to her pride. What made Sir George Royston the more easily dispense with mental accomplishments in his wife was, his being fully satisfied that he himself possessed a quantity sufficient for both. The only article in which he could be thought in the smallest degree difficult, was that in which he was conscious of being deficient himself; in all other points he was easy, and ready to sacrifice his own particular taste; which would have led him to prefer a very old woman, or one in a declining state of health, had he not made up his mind not to reject any woman, however youthful and healthy she might be, who was sufficiently provided in the main article; and, therefore, when mention was made of Miss Barnet's fortune, with the flattering circumstance of her father's ill state of health, he resolved to pay his addresses to her, notwithstanding her youth, and in defiance of every indication of perfect health and a lasting constitution.

Having dissuaded Carnaby from the prosecution of a project which he himself in-

tended to adopt, he soon after appeared at the Wells with a brilliant equipage, and accompanied by a young Peer, whom he had prevailed on to go with him, for the same reason that he had put his footmen in new liveries; and when the simple youth had, by his title, served to give a little eclat to Sir George's first appearance, having no farther use for him, but finding his Lordship rather an incumbrance, he prevailed on him to return to London.

Sir George's first care was to pay his court to Lady Virginia, at whose house he soon met with Mrs. Temple and Miss Barnet; he cultivated the favour of the former with the most respectful attention; making it at the same time fully understood by the latter, that it was entirely on her account.

The rank which Sir George Royston sustained in the world of fashion, the easy assurance of his manners, the elegance of his dress, the gaiety of his conversation, rendered more shining by the names of Earls and Countesses, Dukes and Duchesses, which were liberally interspersed through
all

all his narratives, rendered him agreeable to Lady Virginia, who did not see his drift so well as Miss Barnet, while his artful behaviour to Mrs. Temple gave her a more favourable opinion of him than might seem consistent with her usual good sense and discernment: but who has not remarked instances of both good sense and discernment being lulled by artful and persevering flattery?

Sir George's progress in the good graces of Miss Barnet was assisted by an incident. A Lady of rank and beauty appeared on the scene, and attracted universal attention. As Sir George was of her acquaintance, and made a more brilliant figure than any other man at the place, she expected that his chief attention should be paid to her. As this Lady was a woman of quality, and as Louisa Barnet's heart was not at all concerned in the connection she wished to maintain with Sir George, she would have been satisfied with a fair division of his homage, but when she found the Lady aiming at the whole, she determined she should have

none of it. From the moment she formed this resolution, as often as Sir George, after having spoken to the Lady in question, began to address Louisa, the latter assumed such an air of coldness, that a stranger would naturally have thought that she was very little acquainted with him, and wished to be less.

Finding that the least attention paid to the one was incompatible with his views on the other, Sir George took no more notice of his old acquaintance, and was immediately taken into favour by his new.

Miss Barnet became instantly attentive to his discourse, seemed to admire his bon mots, for he had the reputation of a wit, and she even heard his most unsuccessful attempts with a smile of approbation: he was her constant partner at the assemblies, and a frequent visitor at Mr. Temple's house. Hitherto that gentleman had been absent; his arrival disconcerted Sir George's scheme; he knew enough of the Baronet's character to be persuaded that he was an exceedingly improper acquaintance for Louisa; and he
blamed

blamed his wife for having countenanced that degree of intimacy on which they were.

Mrs. Temple was convinced of her error ; this she owed to her good sense. She acknowledged her conviction ; and this proceeded from her good temper ; a quality fully as valuable, and, perhaps, more rare than the other. She expressed so much uneasiness, that her husband began to justify, instead of continuing to blame her conduct. She mentioned to Miss Barnet what her husband had told her respecting Sir George's character and circumstances. The niece replied, that it could not be expected that the life of a gay man of fashion would, in all points, be agreeable to the sentiments of a clergyman ; and as for his circumstances, they were nothing to her.

Mrs. Temple then advised her niece, very earnestly, to drop his acquaintance.

The young Lady thanked her for the friendly advice, with an air that gave the aunt a notion that she would not adopt it : in this she was confirmed the following day, when she understood that letters had passed

between Sir George and her niece ; and when she heard her express a desire of going to a ball at the Wells the week following. With her husband's approbation, Mrs. Temple wrote that very day to Mrs. Barnet.

Sir George Royston had made some attempts to gain the good will of Mr. Temple, but was soon convinced, by the cold politeness of that gentleman's behaviour, that he would not succeed ; he laid his account, therefore, with meeting obstacles from that quarter ; but he flattered himself that opposition would provoke the young Lady, render her lover dearer to her than before, and, by giving the intrigue something of a romantic air, hasten the accomplishment of his scheme. He tried to draw her into a regular correspondence with him by letters, but only a few notes had hitherto passed between them, and these related merely to the intended ball : he had sent his first note in a mysterious manner, but she returned her answer openly ; he had even at one time thrown out a vague hint respecting a jaunt to the
North,

North, and had already made certain preparations for putting such a scheme in execution, being fully persuaded that he would, in a short time, prevail on the young Lady to adopt it.

In this, it is probable, he over-rated the degree of favour in which he stood with Miss Barnet. She had nothing in view but the gratification of vanity, by engrossing the attentions of the most fashionable man of the place : and this experienced man of the town was so blinded by the same passion, as to believe her to be seriously fond of him ; he imputed to love what belonged to coquetry.

How often do we see men of experience, and even shrewdness, act as weakly, and of course more ridiculously than a girl, through vanity !

C H A P. XLIII.

No single virtue we could most commend,
 Whether the wife, the mother, or the friend ;
 For she was all in that supreme degree .
 That as no one prevailed, so all was she.
 The several parts lay hidden in the piece ;
 Th' occasion but exerted that of this.

DRYDEN.

MRS. Barnet set out for the house of Mr. Temple an hour after receiving his wife's letter. Mr. and Mrs. Temple *seemed* as much surprised at Mrs. Barnet's arrival, as her daughter was in *reality*. She entered with a cheerful countenance, seemed to be in high spirits, and in the best humour, with Miss Barnet in particular. She informed the young Lady, however, that her father was impatient to see her ; and hinted that she herself had something of importance to communicate, which she would

would reserve until they were in the carriage on their return.

Miss Barnet could not help shewing uneasiness at the mention of her returning, and began to meditate some excuse or pretext for prolonging her stay. This did not escape the penetrating eye of her mother, who again mentioned, in terms calculated to excite her daughter's curiosity, that she had something of a very interesting and agreeable nature to speak of to her. In this manner she prevented her daughter from making any objection to returning, although she had two or three times determined upon it, and was just ready to state her objections, when Mrs. Barnet disconcerted her plan, by rousing her curiosity, and turning her attention to another subject. The mother succeeded so completely, that the daughter was occupied the whole night in thinking what the important and interesting business could be which her mother reserved for her private ear when they should be *tête à tête* in the carriage; and

Miss Barnet's curiosity at last became so vexatious, that instead of making objections to their departure, she was ready before her mother to set out in the morning; which they did, after Miss Barnet had written a note to Sir George, to inform him that it would not be in her power to dance with him at the ball, because she was obliged to accompany her mother home.

When Mrs. Barnet was seated in the carriage, she had a story prepared for her daughter's amusement sufficiently interesting to form the basis of their conversation during the whole journey, which terminated on the very evening on which Sir George Royston was to have met her at the ball.

Mrs. Barnet had determined from the first to seem entirely ignorant of her daughter's having any acquaintance with that gentleman, to avoid all remonstrance, upbraiding, or discussion on the subject, having observed that wounded vanity, self-love, and the spirit of contradiction all

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take

take part on such occasions against the remonstrator, and rather do harm than good. Miss Barnet certainly had no violent passion for Sir George Royston; but who knows what abusing him, blaming her for having ever spoken to him, ordering her never to speak to him more, and such irritating measures, might have produced? And who has not known instances of the cooling embers of languid love being kept glowing, and at length kindled into a flame, by furious attempts to extinguish them? Every thing of that nature Mrs. Barnet avoided with the utmost care, and used every means in her power to render home agreeable to her daughter, and for that purpose she seemed to place full confidence in her, and to be perfectly satisfied with her conduct. She observed with concern, however, that the young Lady herself took little interest in the objects around her, was no way entertained with the company which she either met at her father's, or with those she visited in the neighbourhood; that she

had

had no taste for the amusements of the country, and that, contrary to her natural turn, she seemed sometimes pensive or absent in the midst of company. Disturbed by those appearances in her daughter, Mrs. Barnet began to fear that in the stillness and uniformity of rural life the young Lady's mind might be directed to her late pretended lover, who she imagined had a stronger hold of her affections than was really the case, and who might endeavour to renew a correspondence with her. Mrs. and Miss Easy were at this time at Barnet-hall; they had come in consequence of a very pressing letter written by Mrs. Barnet on the day that she set out for her daughter. She had done this with a view of rendering home the more agreeable to the young Lady. But they had been at Barnet-hall only a few days when Mr. Barnet was seized with a severe fit of the gout, an accident which never failed to render the house intolerable to strangers, and extremely disagreeable to those whom duty obliged to remain in it.

In

In this situation of things, Mrs. Barnet agreed to Mrs. Easy's request, that Miss Barnet should accompany Mrs. and Miss Easy to London, in the hopes that their society and the amusements of the capital would produce that effect on the former, which the present circumstances of her own family rendered improbable in the country. And she was the more anxious to obtain her husband's consent that her daughter should accompany Mrs. and Miss Easy to London, and remain some time there, because she had received information that Sir George Royston had gone to Aix la Chapelle.

He had taken this step in consequence of some very interesting intelligence from London. One of his principal creditors had intended to have him arrested, but had postponed that measure on being assured that he was on the point of being married to a rich heiress. On afterwards hearing that the heiress had changed her mind, the creditor resumed his former intentions. An acquaint-

acquaintance of Sir George sent him notice of this by express. The Baronet left the place several hours before the creditor reached it, and in spite of the diligence used by those who continued in pursuit of him, Sir George got clear out of the kingdom, and arrived safely at Aix la Chapelle, which exasperated the creditor so highly, that he persevered during several hours in pouring curses on all governments without distinction which protected debtors from being seized wherever they could be found, and dragged home to their native prisons.

This man's intemperance admits of some excuse on account of the money he lost; but the opposite opinions entertained by the company at this place on the present occasion are more surprising, and serve to illustrate the common observation, that people's opinions in general are derived from their own particular situation, more than from the real merits of any disputable point.

Sir George Royston's adventure with Louisa Barnet was the prevailing topic of conver-

conversation at the Wells for some time. The fathers and mothers, particularly those who had grown-up daughters, exclaimed against him as a needy fortune-hunter, of course a villain of the first magnitude.

Sir George's creditors in general, forming a considerable portion of the permanent inhabitants, censured Miss Barnet as a coquet and a jilt for not having gone off with him to Scotland to be married, as by her inconstancy many honest industrious tradesmen would run the risk of losing the money he owed them.

A genteel young man from Ireland, who was paying his court to a woman of considerable fortune, observed, in a private company where this affair was warmly discussed, "that he was sorry to give an opinion against a Lady, but certainly Miss Barnet had acted with insincerity; because it appeared that she had no intention of marrying Sir George, but that her view was merely to induce him to lose his time in paying his court to her in preference to others, with whom he might have succeeded; whereas Sir George had behaved with sincerity, was ready to have carried

carried her off, and married her like a man of honour."

A Lady who had been an heiress, on whose countenance there was a deep impression of melancholy, who lived separate from her husband on a moderate allowance out of her own fortune, answered, "Had Sir George Royston behaved with the sincerity of a man of strict honour, Sir, he would have informed Miss Barnet that he was overwhelmed with debt; that his motive in proposing marriage to her was not love, but to repair his own fortune from the ruin of hers: but as he made no mention of these truths, and would probably have treated her cruelly, had she become his wife, there is no room to praise his sincerity or honour."

Having pronounced this in somewhat of a broken voice, the Lady rose from her seat, and walked towards the window, wiping her eyes with her handkerchief.

When Mrs. Barnet was certain that Sir George Royston had been obliged to go to the Continent, and saw her husband confined with the gout, she became not only willing
but

but even solicitous, that Louisa should go to London with Mrs. and Miss Easy ; but she found a good deal of difficulty to prevail on Mr. Barnet to consent.

Nothing could be more opposite than the sentiments of the husband and wife on this head. Mrs. Barnet wished that her daughter should go to London, because she well knew, that when her husband was ill of the gout, there would be no amusement and little comfort at Barnet-Hall. Whatever was agreeable in Mrs. Barnet's lot, and whatever source of happiness she had in her power, she was desirous of partaking with her friends ; and if she had had the distribution of enjoyment, the largest portion would have been dealt among them.

Mr. Barnet, on the contrary, wished his daughter to remain for the very reason his wife desired her away ; because home was to be the abode of disquiet. With some peculiar marks of character, Mr. Barnet had one in common with a great many of mankind ; but it is to be hoped, that few possess it in so eminent a degree ; and of those few it were

much to be wished that none were to be found in the very highest ranks of life, for there such a disposition is a much greater evil than it can be in the middle or inferior ranks of society. The peculiarity alluded to is this, that while he gave himself little or no concern about the distresses of any of the human race, he would have thought the whole human race well employed in relieving his; and if any of his acquaintance seemed to enjoy ease or comfort, when *he* laboured under sickness or pain, he stated it as a clear sign of a selfish and unfeeling disposition. This being Mr. Barnet's way of thinking, nothing can be a stronger proof of his wife's address, and the influence she had with him, than his consenting that his daughter should go to London at the particular period when her residence in the country would have been most agreeable to him. As soon as Mrs. and Miss Easy set out for the capital with their young friend, Mrs. Barnet invited Edward to the country, in the hopes that his conversation would be some compensa-

tion to her husband for the absence of her daughter. Her expectation was not disappointed ; Edward became every day more agreeable to Barnet, and a remission of his pain happening soon after, he imputed it entirely to the pleasure he derived from the youth's company, to the great mortification of the apothecary, who insisted that it was the effect of one of his draughts, which Mr. Barnet had vomited up two hours before the pain remitted.

Edward's manners were irresistibly engaging, and his conversation of that happy nature that gains good-will to the speaker, while it diffuses good-humour through the company. One unfortunate effect flowed from this, Mr. Barnet was more peevish than usual as often as Edward was out of his sight. The young man himself, however, was impatient to return to those studies on which his hopes of independency were founded ; he languished to indulge, from funds of his own acquiring, that continual propensity which he felt to acts of benevolence and liberality ; he was likewise eager

to lighten the burden of obligation, the only burden of which he could have wished himself relieved, for the express purpose of laying it upon others.

Having observed, however, that the most remote hint of his going to town was always received with ill-humour by Mr. Barnet, Edward was entirely silent on that head; but when Mrs. Barnet saw her husband considerably better, she desired Mr. Temple to introduce the subject, that she might endeavour to convince her husband of the expediency of Edward's returning to London. One day after dinner, therefore, Mr. Temple took occasion to observe, that the Courts were then sitting, and looking to Edward, "Is it not time," said he, "young man, for you to resume the weighty studies of the law?"

"Curse the law!" cried Barnet, throwing on the table the very nectarine he was going to bite.

The company, who perceived that this burst of anger entirely proceeded from Mr. Barnet's dislike to the idea of the youth's leaving them, joined in a laugh; after which,

which, Mr. Temple said, "I hope, my dear brother, for your sake more than mine, that your malediction is not directed against the *gospel* as well as the *law*; at any rate you ought to consider that Edward has been here a month."

"A month!" cried Barnet; "he has not been here above a week."

"It is fortunate for him," resumed Mr. Temple, "that he can make a month seem a week; but you may rely upon it, that he has been here just three and thirty days."

"Well, well, it does not signify," said Mr. Barnet, peevishly; "if it were three and forty, he shall not leave us yet."

Nobody could be more convinced than Mrs. Barnet of the expediency of Edward's going to London; but she knew at the same time that the most likely way to make her husband obstinate to retain him in the country was to insist at that moment on the propriety of his going to town; she therefore changed the subject, and, some time after, the conversation turning on the dangers to which young men are exposed at

their first arrival in the capital, she happened to remark, that it was fortunate for them when they were connected with people who were wiser and more experienced than themselves, to give them counsel and advice. No more passed at that time, and the company separated.

Mrs. Barnet afterwards seized a favourable moment for resuming the subject, and at last was fortunate enough to persuade her husband, that Edward ought to go to London very soon ; but what she had accidentally dropped on the subject of arming a young man with good advice made an impression on her husband that she did not expect, and prompted him to an exertion which she certainly never intended he should make.

C H A P. XLIV.

Ne faut il que deliberer ?
La Cour en Conseillers foisonne.
Est-il besoin d'exécuter ?
L'on ne rencontre personne.

DE LA FONTAINE.

MR. Barnet being sufficiently recovered to bear an airing in the carriage, he desired Edward to accompany him ; and when they came to a part where the road was uncommonly smooth and level for several miles, he spoke to the following effect :
“ My dear Edward, after mature and deep reflection, I have at length come to the opinion, that it will not be for your advantage to remain longer in the country at present ; but that you ought to set out for London to-morrow morning. You may remember that my wife mentioned the need which young men, ignorant of the world

like yourself, have of good counsel, particularly when they reside in such a place as London. Mrs. Barnet does not want for sagacity, as far as her understanding reaches; but as that cannot go far on account of the weakness of her sex, she threw it out as a hint to me, being conscious that she herself is incapable of executing such a task. Accordingly I shall take this opportunity, when there is nobody present except ourselves, to arm you with some useful rules for the better regulation of your future conduct. First and foremost then, I advise you to make yourself master of your business as soon as possible; for I once heard an eminent attorney declare, that, in your profession, loss of time is loss of money.

“ In London you will sometimes meet with people who prefer pleasure to business: but I counsel you to prefer business to pleasure; because, although pleasure is by much the most agreeable in the mean time, yet I have been told by some who have made the experiment, that business affords most satisfaction on reflection.

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“ It is usual for young lawyers to direct their attention to a knowledge of the practice of some particular court, with a view to distinguish themselves in it; but I advise you to acquire a thorough knowledge of the practice of all the courts without exception, that you may have as much business as you please in each, and then you may adhere to that which you find the most profitable. Eloquence, you may depend upon it, is of considerable use in the exercise of your profession; I recommend it to you, therefore, to excel all your contemporaries in that article. Judgment and good sense are also of service to those who practise the law, and you have been remarked for putting a great deal of meaning in a few words. I remember to have heard Mr. Temple assert, that in a few observations which you made one day after dinner at my table, there was more sense and meaning than in all that fell from Sir Mathew Maukish, who made an harangue on the same subject that lasted an hour. I must inform you, however,

that Mr. Wormwood remarked at the same time, that although condensing a great deal of matter in a few words is admired on some occasions, yet, in law, it is thought more beneficial to involve a small quantity of meaning in a profusion of words; this kind of eloquence, he assured me, was greatly in vogue, not only in law-papers, but likewise at the bar. He mentioned also some other places, where the same species of oratory gains ground daily. It will therefore be proper that you pay some attention to acquire an art so much in fashion. I forbear to mention those other places, because I do not wish to give offence to either House of Parliament, and far less to the church, being firmly attached both to church and king, although I never go either to church or court, not from want of respect, but merely because I find them both extremely tiresome. I beg, however, that you will not mention what I have said, regarding the eloquence of the parliament and pulpit, to our neighbour Sir Mathew Maukith, because he would naturally think I meant a wipe at his
parlia-

parliamentary speeches. You will also conceal what I have said from my brother Temple, who cannot bear that any thing should be insinuated against the eloquence of the pulpit.

“ Women, my dear Edward, have been always considered as very dangerous creatures for young men : As there is the greatest collection of them in the capital, London, of course, is thought the most dangerous place in England for an inexperienced youth. Perhaps you may think that you cannot properly be so called, having had some experience of the women of the country ; but I must inform you, that they are, in some respects, different from the women of the town ; so that you ought not entirely to form your notions of the one, from your knowledge of the other : in this you are in danger also of being misled by the denomination sometimes given to the latter, who are vulgarly called women of pleasure, although they, not unfrequently, turn out to be women of pain.

“ You ought to avoid bad habits of every kind, because habit when indulged becomes
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a second nature, and requires very great strength of mind to overcome. This degree of philosophy and strength of mind, however, I myself have exercised, for I acknowledge that in my youthful years I was a little given to women, yet, notwithstanding the power of habit, I have now, by dint of reason and reflection, almost entirely got the better of that dangerous propensity. I mention this for your encouragement.

“ It may be proper also to mention, that homely women are the least dangerous; when you are obliged therefore to be in female society, you had best attach yourself to that class instead of the handsome, who are more apt to lead young men astray, to the ruin of their reputation, and, which is worse, even to the injury of their health. This is not only my opinion, but it was that of Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived; who gave many excellent rules against the allurements of beautiful and wanton women. But it must be acknowledged, that his wisdom appears more conspicuous in his precepts than in the manner in which he himself observed

observed them; from which it is evident that we ought to observe his precepts and not follow his example. I could add some other useful instructions, but being of opinion that it is better to make but moderate exactions of young people with a great probability of their being fulfilled, than by requiring a great deal to run the risk of some being neglected, I shall terminate my admonitions here."

As Mr. Barnet ended this discourse, which had been prepared with more previous reflection than any he had ever before made, a gentleman of the neighbourhood rode up to the carriage with the usual inquiry about the health of his family. This interruption was very agreeable to Edward, who kept the most profound silence while Mr. Barnet spoke, and would have been much at a loss what answer to have made; for however ridiculous the admonitions appeared, and notwithstanding his having a natural talent for seizing the ridiculous in whatever he heard or observed, he never would permit himself to indulge in a single expression at
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the expence of Mr. Barnet; the same absurdities which would have entertained him in another, always gave him pain when they came from him.

Edward set out for London the following morning as had been determined, and took possession of his chambers in the Temple.

C H A P. XLV.

O life ! how pleasing is thy morning,
Young Fancy's rays the hills adorning !
Cold pausing Caution's lessons scorning,
 We frisk away,
Like school-boys, at the expected warning,
 To joy and play.

We wander there, we wander here,
We eye the rose upon the brier,
Unmindful that the thorn is near
 Among the leaves ;
And though the puny wound appear,
 Short while it grieves.

BURNS.

MISS Louisa Barnet was rather below the middle size of women, her person well proportioned and elastic, her hair dark brown, in great profusion, and arranged with the attention requisite to give it the graceful flow of negligence, her complexion tending to brown; she had fine teeth, and
black

black eyes of an uncommon vivacity, her other features were not unexceptionable; yet in many men's opinion, she was on the whole, more attractive than some beauties of high renown, whose countenances and persons were generally pronounced more regular and perfect. Miss Barnet was fond of admiration, not only from those whose judgment she valued, but also from those whose opinion, in other matters, she disregarded. Her prejudices, whether against or in favour of any person, were more violent than lasting; the impressions made on her mind, however strong they seemed to be, required the presence and assiduities of the person who made them, to prevent their being effaced. She had never hitherto seen any man who had much interested her, when she met Mr. Clifton, at a very numerous assembly to which she accompanied Mrs. and Miss Easy.—Miss Barnet had seen him but seldom, since he left the University. This young man's connections, his fortune, the elegance of

of his person and manners, his disposition to gallantry, and above all, the partiality which some Ladies of distinguished rank and beauty had shewn him, gave him a degree of importance in the fashionable circles, seldom attained at his age. His mother, Lady Ann Clifton, had been brought up in the centre of fashion, had remained in it during her husband's life, and resumed her place at a decent interval after his death. She had possessed a great share of beauty, the duration of which had been much abridged by a town life. Her form was still elegant, and her manners highly obliging and agreeable.—She had refused several proposals for a second marriage, which by the world in general would have been thought advantageous: whether these refusals proceeded from a personal dislike to the parties, or from a formed resolution against a second marriage, is uncertain. She was excessively fond of her son, and as vain of *his* accomplishments, as at an earlier period of her life, she had been of *her own* beauty;

she was accused of being pleased even with his success in gallantry, particularly with his attachment to Lady Hornbury, a woman of distinguished beauty, whose husband was not so delicate respecting his wife's chastity, as Julius Cæsar is said to have been; for his Lordship continued to live with her, notwithstanding the suspicions that prevailed against it. Lady Ann Clifton was the less uneasy on account of her son's connection with Lady Hornbury, because she imagined it diverted him from amours more injurious to his own health, or which might have proved more ruinous to others. Lady Ann's free manner of thinking on such subjects was thought the more extraordinary, because her own character was unimpeached in that essential article. Miss Barnet was struck with the improvement in Mr. Clifton's manner and whole appearance, since she had last seen him; he also derived consequence in her estimation, from the whisper of approbation that followed him through the room, and by perceiving that several young ladies could

could not conceal their satisfaction while he continued to converse with them, nor their uneasiness when he quitted them to address another. She was particularly struck by what she overheard Lady Townly remark to a Lady sitting next her, pointing to Clifton; "That young fellow is one of the most dangerous rakes in England; he has already turned the heads of several women of rank, and gives more uneasiness to husbands than half the profligates about town."

While Miss Barnet was meditating on this eulogium, she was addressed by Mr. Wormwood; but the usual compliments which passed between them, did not prevent her from observing that Clifton continued longer than usual speaking to one Lady, whose dress made rather a more liberal display of her charms, than the fashion permitted. A Gentleman at that moment tapping Wormwood on the shoulder, inquired who the gay Lady was who had held of young Clifton.

"That gay Lady," replied Wormwood, in his sarcastic stile, "is the celebrated Mrs. Dash, a beauty of ten years standing; she seems to dread that the artillery of her eyes begin to slacken fire and lose their effect, which has determined her to open a masked battery, that, as you see, draws general attention, and I am told has grievously wounded the Earl of Hornbury. I wonder where his Lordship is at this instant; for he is so jealous, that he cannot bear to see any man speak to Mrs. Dash, and would be mad were he to know with what satisfaction she listens to Clifton."

"Lord Hornbury," replied the Gentleman, "is the last man in England I should have suspected of being jealous, particularly of Mr. Clifton."

"Why so?" said Wormwood.

"Because," answered the other, "Clifton's attachment to his own Lady seems to give his Lordship no manner of uneasiness."

"That is true enough," rejoined Wormwood, "but it would seem, that my Lord

has been so long accustomed to her *Ladyship's way*, that he can bear any thing from *her*; whereas Mrs. Dash is a new flame; he wishes her to be considered as his *mistress*, and there are men so very delicate, that they cannot endure to be *euckolded* by any woman except their own wives:—but here comes her Ladyship; you will presently see her draw Clifton from Mrs. Dash, and like a complaisant wife, leave that Lady open to the addresses of his Lordship, in case he should arrive.”

During this dialogue, Miss Barnet seemed to be occupied with something else, but in reality she had listened to it with attention; she observed that Lady Hornbury had no sooner caught sight of Clifton, than he left Mrs. Dash and hastened to her Ladyship. Lady Hornbury had preserved her beauty longer than most women, but had not been so fortunate with respect to her reputation; perhaps the persevering *eclat* of the first was one cause that the second was attacked with peculiar severity by some of her own sex.

The town had given her a pretty numerous succession of lovers ; all of whom, as was generally asserted, had reason to complain of her inconstancy, but few of her cruelty ; the most malicious, indeed, made no scruple of declaring, that she had made them all happy in their turn ; but as this was never legally ascertained, her Ladyship maintained her situation in society as usual. Her general reception, in what they called the best assemblies, gave much offence to some scrupulous females, who insisted, that there was as strong ground for excluding her, as those women whose delinquency was made manifest in a public court ;—because, added they, “ *What every body says must be true.*”

To this however it was answered, that the preceding maxim, although often repeated in conversation, had not as yet been adopted in *law* ; and that as falsehood, cheating at cards, calumny, and ingratitude, even when detected, did not exclude the guilty from the assemblies in question, it might seem unjust to punish with such severity,
upon

upon mere suspicion, a crime less heinous in itself, and to which there is more temptation.

That there is more temptation was passionately denied by the most violent of those, who moved the Bill of Exclusion. It would be difficult perhaps to ascertain this point with accuracy; but it was generally believed, that those who were the most violent and inexorable against Lady Hornbury, were fully as much offended at her beauty, as with her conduct. Miss Barnet was inspired with a desire to engage Clifton's attention, which she had never felt before, and which probably she would not have felt now, had it not been for the formidable account she had just heard of him, and the universal wish she perceived among the Ladies to be noticed by him; she had besides some inclination to vex and triumph over Lady Hornbury, who, she imagined, had behaved to her with haughtiness. Miss Barnet was no wise intimidated in her designs on the heart of Clifton, by the charms of her Ladyship,

which having the disadvantage of being older, could hardly be thought equal, and were in Louisa's opinion far inferior to those she beheld every morning in her looking-glass.

Mr. Clifton, as she had for some time been expecting, accosted her, with the usual inquiries respecting her family, which leading into other conversation, he was more struck than he had ever been with the sprightliness of her observations. Few women could be more agreeable than Miss Barnet when she pleased, and she never had been more disposed to seem so than at present;—there was a vein of sarcasm in her remarks, and a familiarity in her manner, which her mother had strove in vain to correct; but as her observations were as lively as they were severe, and above all as she was very handsome, her conversation was pleasing to the men; the last circumstance, however, did not render her more agreeable to the women in general, and several Ladies in the company began to think her conversation with Clifton continued

tinued too long. This was not the opinion of the parties themselves; they became every instant more agreeable to each other, when a Gentleman sent by Lady Hornbury informed Mr. Clifton that her Ladyship expected him to make up her party at cards.

Mr. Clifton having bowed to the Gentleman, resumed his discourse with Miss Barnet.

“ Did you not hear the summons?” said she,

“ Yes,” replied he, “ but there is time enough.”

“ I fear her Ladyship will be impatient,” resumed Miss Barnet.

“ I do not know how that may be,” said Clifton, “ but I plainly see you are impatient that I should leave you.”

“ I *am* certainly,” replied Miss Barnet, “ because I know that nothing would render you so miserable as any misunderstanding with her Ladyship.”

“ May

"May I ask, if you intend being at the Opera to-morrow evening?" said Mr. Clifton.

Miss Barnett. I believe Mrs. Easy intends to go; if so I shall accompany her.

Clifton. I hope I shall find room in her box.

Miss Barnett. As for room, I dare swear there will be abundance, but the box has one inconvenience—

Clifton. You do not hear the singing perfectly?

Miss Barnett. Pardon me, we hear very well.

Clifton. You do not see the dancing distinctly?

Miss Barnett. O! very distinctly, no box can be better placed for seeing; but it is inconveniently situated.

Clifton. I cannot conceive how a box at the Opera can be ill situated, in which you both hear and see perfectly.

Miss Barnett. Can you not conceive that people may go to the Opera more for
the

the purpose of being seen, than for either seeing or hearing?

Clifton. I had forgot that.

Miss Barnet. Nay, I only mentioned it to shew you, that a thing might exist which you could not conceive; but as for Mrs. Easy's box, the inconveniency I alluded to is, that in it people are as distinctly seen as they see, which you will consider, no doubt, as an unfortunate circumstance.

Clifton. How so?

Miss Barnet. Why, it is directly opposite to that of the Countess of Hornbury's.

Clifton (laughing). In spite of that alarming circumstance, with your permission, I'll venture into it to-morrow night.

Miss Barnet. You are a bold man; but in the mean time, pray obey her Ladyship's summons, for do you see my Lord has just come, and might take it amiss that you should keep his wife waiting, unless—added she, with a sly look, and then stopped.

Clifton. Unless what?

Miss

Miss Barnet. Unless you expect that he will pardon your neglect of his wife in consideration of the attentions you seem willing to bestow on Mrs. Dash.

Clifton. Where did you pick up all this scandal?

Miss Barnet. All over the town. We made a vast number of visits of late—but pray be gone; here comes a second message; her Ladyship's eyes dart lightning, and we may have thunder, if you do not make off directly.

Clifton answered her only by a smile, and then joined Lady Hornbury's party. He lost his money, and spoke little.

"It might have been imagined," said Lady Hornbury, "that the loss of your money affected your spirits, had you been in high spirits when you began to play."

"It is not easy to appear in high spirits with a head-ach," said Clifton; and soon after, on pretence that his head-ach increased, he left the assembly.

Contrary to his usual custom, Mr. Clifton was at the Opera the following evening before

fore the curtain was drawn up ; he went to Mrs. Easy's box, as soon as he saw her arrive with her daughter and Miss Barnet. After paying his compliments to them, some other acquaintance of Mrs. and Miss Easy entered the box, and while they entertained her and her daughter, Clifton conversed with Miss Barnet. She was relating something to him, when suddenly stopping in the middle of the narrative, she said, " You shall hear the rest another time, but you must be gone now ! "

Clifton. Why, what is the matter ?

Miss Barnet. Do you not see Lady
—— ?

Clifton. Pray continue.

Miss Barnet. Heaven forbid that my unlucky story should detain you a moment !

Clifton. I beg you will go on.

Miss Barnet. What ! with the crime of yesterday unexpiated—but, perhaps you have seen her Ladyship this morning, and have already obtained her pardon ?

Clifton. I beg you will proceed.

Miss

Miss Barnet. You have been with her then? I must be satisfied in this point.

Clifton. I have not seen her Ladyship since last night.

Miss Barnet. Monstrous! but look, her eye has caught you; why don't you hasten to her?

Clifton. Because, if you will allow me, I would rather stay where I am.

Miss Barnet. Nay, it is out of tenderness for you that I am anxious for your going; only behold how angry she seems—Pray be gone.

Clifton. I will not stir until you have finished your story.

Miss Barnet. Have a care what you say; I can, if I please, spin out a story like the Sultanesa in the Arabian Nights Entertainment.

Clifton. Spin away then, O beauteous Scherazade! I am all attention.

Miss Barnet. Since it is your pleasure, most mighty Father of the Faithful, I will proceed, though conscious that the tale is all unworthy of the sublime highness of your Majesty's ears.

Here

Here Clifton burst into a violent fit of laughter, in which he was accompanied by Miss Barnet and Miss Easy. The excessive gaiety which prevailed in Mrs. Easy's box, through the whole evening, seemed to throw a gloom on that immediately opposite to it; and Lady Hornbury's ill-humour was apparent to all present.

Mr. Clifton remained to the end of the opera, and did not quit Mrs. Easy until he handed her, her daughter, and Miss Barnet, into the carriage; so that the triumph of the latter over Lady Hornbury was complete.

The satisfaction which Miss Barnet derived from this triumph, with the increasing partiality she felt for Mr. Clifton, intoxicated her so much, that she did not sufficiently weigh the nature and tendency of his assiduities, nor the drift of his language, which was gay, flattering, and gallant, in the highest degree, but kept entirely clear of any hint of a nature, which alone could have rendered it prudent or proper for the young Lady to have listened to him in the distinguished manner she did. Miss Barnet

was pleased with Clifton's sprightliness, delighted with the idea of mortifying Lady Hornbury, and of engrossing the assiduities of a man, whose attentions were so much desired by the most fashionable of her sex and acquaintance: charmed with the present gratification of her vanity, future consequences never disturbed the gaiety of her reflections.

C H A P. XLVI.

Ce qui se trouve de moins dans la galanterie, c'est de
l'amour. ROCHEFOUCAULT.

FEW young men are endowed with a steadiness of judgment sufficient to secure them from the vanity which the attentions and favours of beauty are so apt to create : it has been doubted whether Alcibiades derived more pride from the victories he gained over his enemies in the field, than from those he obtained over the hearts of his fair countrywomen.

The marked partiality with which Clifton had been distinguished by the women from the time that he first appeared in the circles of fashion, had already begun to swell his heart with a degree of pride and self-importance that did not naturally belong to it, while the conversation and example of certain men of gallantry, of much longer standing than himself, inclined him to con-

sider the arts of seduction practised on women as venial, in comparison with any other species of perfidy.

It has been already mentioned, that Lady Ann Clifton viewed her son's gallantries in a lighter manner than they deserved. When she understood that he was so often with Miss Barner, she said to him, one day, "I should be sorry to think you had formed any plan of playing the fool with that girl; if you have, I heartily hope that she will have the wit to escape your snares; but I am still more solicitous that you should escape her's. Miss Barner is one of the prettiest brunetts I ever saw, and does not want address; the excellent character of her mother has procured her the esteem of all who know her; but I could not bear to be connected with that ridiculous man the father; and as I do not often play the monitor, or interfere at all in your amusements, I expect, my dear Jack, that you will spare me such a mortification, and give me full assurance, that you have no idea of marriage in the present case."

To

To this remonstrance Clifton, in the most serious manner, declared, that he had not; and then added, with a smile, that if it would give his mother any farther satisfaction, he would promise never to marry in his life.

Lady Ann replied, "That, so far from expecting any such promise, the greatest happiness to which she looked forward in life was founded on the hope of seeing him *well* married; but she was persuaded, that a considerable alteration must take place in his manner of life and manner of thinking, before she could wish to see it take place.

"Rest satisfied, my dear Madam, that I have no such plan at present," said Clifton, and immediately retired.

As this youth's attachment to Lady Hornbury had been brought about more by her Ladyship's manœuvres, than by his own, he had less to reproach himself with in that, than some of his other intrigues; but notwithstanding that the

natural candour of his mind had been in some degree perverted, as above-mentioned, he was not perfectly free from compunction, on account of that train of life, which his passions and vanity led him into. Keen in the pursuit of pleasure, he spent less of his time with Edward than formerly; but he valued no man's approbation so much, and he would have felt lighter at heart, when reflecting on some parts of his own conduct, had he been able to bring his friend to see it in the same palliative light that some others did. With a view to procure himself this kind of consolation, Clifton sometimes introduced, as a subject of conversation, the arts of deceit so often practised in what is called gallantry, and which he treated with that partiality which men usually have for their own failings. On such occasions Edward did not use the qualifying terms employed by his friend, who therefore found himself always disappointed in the
pal-

palliations he wished for, Clifton, in a controversy on this subject one day, spoke of gallantry as a game.

"Are you not shocked," said Edward, "at the unfairness of the stakes? Does not the man play at a most ungenerous advantage? What proportion is there between the ruin the woman risks, and the inconveniencies to which the man may be subjected? What would you think of the cautious gamester, who would endeavour to persuade an easy youth to stake a thousand pounds against a shilling?"

"As you are no Joseph in your practice, my friend," replied Clifton, "one might expect less severity in your expressions."

"Without insisting on the difference," said Edward, "that there is between seducing a woman into what she *wishes to avoid*, and being a party with her in what she is *resolved to do*, I will not attempt to justify, either in myself or you, my dear Clifton, what I know to be

wrong; if we cannot act as we ought, let us at least abstain from confirming our minds in error, by vicious principles, which tend to deaden even the desire of acting better, and to pervert the conduct of those whose passions might not have been of strength sufficient to have drawn them into errorous or criminal pursuits."

Those disputes had not diminished their friendship, nor the entire confidence which the two youths had in each other. On one occasion, when the subject of their conversation was matrimony, Clifton declared, "That if by any art on the part of the woman, or any infatuation of his own, he should ever be drawn into that scrape, it would be unfortunate for both; because a woman without delicacy would immediately become odious in his eyes, and to a woman of delicacy he should make a shocking husband, for his natural fickleness was such, that no woman, however amiable in mind and person, could overcome it, being convinced that passion in him could not survive possession a single month ;

month; and that the idea of dissimulating affection in the midst of indifference, was to him insupportable; for which reason, when any thing cross or disagreeable had ever occurred, he had always consoled himself with the reflection, that unlucky as it might be, still it was but a slight misfortune, in comparison with that of being married; and the recollection of his being in a much more comfortable situation than those, who sailed on the boisterous ocean of matrimony, never failed to throw a ray of satisfaction thro' the darkest gloom that his mind had ever hitherto experienced, not because he had any pleasure in the distress of others, repeating from Lucretius;

*Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terrâ magnum alterius spectare laborem :
Non quia vexari quemquam est jucunda voluptas,
Sed, quibus ipse malis careas, quia cernere suave est;*

and then added, that he had been often ashamed to repine at the crossdest accident that beset himself, when he looked around and saw so many married men, all of

whom had, of course, more reason to complain of their lot, than he had, and yet some of them seemed to bear it with wonderful patience and resignation."

To such declarations, which were made partly in a serious manner, and partly with an air of pleasantry, Edward replied in the same style.

"Very well, my friend, since you are resolved never to marry, the sex must bear it as well as they can;—but you certainly have no right to behave to any one of them, as if you had made a contrary resolution in her favour."

C H A P. XLVII.

Le plus grand effort de l'amitié n'est pas de montrer nos défauts à un ami, c'est de lui faire voir le siens.

ROCHEFOUCAULT.

ONE evening after he had drank tea at Mrs. Easy's, Clifton finding himself in no disposition to go to any of the public amusements, and still less inclined to go to bed, he drove to Edward's chambers, whom he rejoiced to find at home and alone; but he was hardly seated when Carnaby Maukish entered: "I am in high luck, my dear fellows, in finding you both," said Carnaby; "I am just come from the Playhouse, where a new piece was acted."

"How did you like it?" said Edward.

"I paid little or no attention to it," replied Carnaby; "but I joined with the hiffers."

"Why so?" resumed Edward.

"I under-

“ I understand,” said Carnaby, “ that at present, the chance of being right is greatly in their favour—Mr. Wormwood was in the same box; and vehemently of our side : the piece however was snatched from the jaws of damnation, by the ability and address of the players; for which Wormwood swore they deserved to be damned themselves. He was leaving the box, when, to induce him to remain, I assured him, that if he would only stay till the farce was over, I would afterwards accompany him to supper; he answered that he had already got such a surfeit of *nonsense*, that he could bear no more that night. I then offered to go with him, without waiting for the farce; for, to confess the truth I hate nonsense as much as he does, but he hurried out, notwithstanding all I could say, crying, ‘ No, no, by heavens, I cannot bear any more this night,’ and so out he flung, shutting the box-door with violence after him; on which”——

There is no knowing how long Carnaby’s clack would have continued, had it

it not been interrupted by a conjunct burst of laughter from Clifton and Edward.

"I am glad to see you so merry, Gentlemen," said Carnaby, somewhat piqued.

"Who could refrain from laughter, my good fellow," said Edward, "at the absurdity of breaking from you, because he was disgusted at the insipidity of a play?"

"How preposterous!" added Clifton, "for a man to fly from sound sense, because he was tired of nonsense."

"Why, it must be confessed," said Carnaby, recovering his good-humour, "that I have long suspected Wormwood to be a very silly old fellow—but where shall we sup?"

To this question, Clifton, who was not in a humour for Carnaby's company, answered, "You must excuse us this night; I have private business with Edward, and am just arrived on that account."

"Private business!—egad, that is a good one," said Carnaby, "all the world knows that your private business is entirely with the women; and I heard, this very day, that

that you had broken with Lady Hornbury, and were entirely devoted to Miss Barnet."

Clifton did not relish this observation, particularly in the hearing of Edward; he answered in somewhat of an angry tone, that he was surprised that a man of Mr. Shadow's profound sense should retail every false or idle observation he heard. —Carnaby began to apologize, but Clifton interrupted him, repeating, that he had particular business with Edward.

"It is cursed hard, however," said Carnaby, "that your business should be on this night, for I do not know what the devil to do with myself."

"It is surprising, that you should be at a loss to pass two hours in your own company," said Edward.

"It may be as surprising as it pleases," replied Carnaby, as he was leaving the room; "but I'll be hanged if it is not true, for I do not know what the devil to do with myself."

"The

"The delightful situation in which poor Carnaby declares himself to be," said Clifton to Edward, after the other was gone, "I fancy you never experienced?"

"I am certain I should sometimes have a taste of it, however," replied Edward, "were it not for the entertainment which these ingenious gentlemen afford me," pointing to his books; "for to say the truth, I can hardly conceive how life, short as it is, can be passed without many dreary intervals of tedium, by those who have not their bread to earn, if they could not call in the assistance of our worthy mute friends there."

Clifton. Have we not horses, hounds, the theatres, cards, and the bottle?

Edward. They are all of use occasionally, no doubt, but the weather may forbid the two first; the same kind of nonsense which disgusted our friend Wormwood, may drive us from the third; the association of others is necessary for the fourth, and also for the fifth, unless to those who are already sunk into the lowest

est state of wretchedness and degradation : but the entertainment which books afford can be enjoyed in the worst weather, can be varied as we please, obtained in solitude, and, instead of blunting, sharpens the understanding ; but the most valuable effect of a taste for reading is, that it often preserves us from bad company.

Clifton. How do you mean ?

Edward. I mean, that those are not apt to go to or remain with disagreeable people abroad, who are always certain of a pleasant party at home.

Clifton. This happy turn of mind you owe to Mrs. Barnet, Ned.

Edward. I lie under infinite obligations to that excellent woman ; my taste for reading was first cherished and improved by her ; but the misfortunes of my childhood were, perhaps, what principally excited early reflection, and led me to a fondness for study.

“ What a lively pretty girl, her daughter has become ?” said Clifton, a little abruptly, from

from his thinking more on the young Lady than on what Edward had said.

Edward. Miss Barnet was always so.

Clifton. Particularly of late ; there is something extremely agreeable about her, and she is not deficient in wit.

Edward. How could the daughter of such a woman as Mrs. Barnet have been deficient in wit ?

Clifton. No otherwise, perhaps, than by the accident of her being also the daughter of such a man as Mr. Barnet.

Edward. I should still have expected wit to predominate in their daughter.

Clifton (smiling). That is to say, that the mother's wit is greater than the father's dullness, which I meant not to contest with you.

Edward (a little warmly). I have not admitted the latter ; but of this I am certain, that Mr. Barnet has performed acts of benevolence, that would do honour to the greatest wit in the nation.

Clifton. I know it, and honour him for it, my dear Ned ; I wish to say nothing disrespectful

respectful of Mr. Barnet, but I was speaking of *Miss Barnet's* wit, of which she certainly has a considerable share, as well as her mother, although their manner is somewhat different.

Edward. Mrs. Barnet's conversation leaves the impression that she possesses more wit, than she chooses to display.

Clifton. Whereas her daughter, perhaps, is fond of exhibiting all that she has.

Edward. You seem strangely inclined to-day to draw inferences from what I say ; that I did not mean ; Miss Barnet is equally sprightly and agreeable ; but it is naturally to be expected that the conversation of a lively young woman will be different from that of a woman of more age and experience.

To this Clifton answered, " Surely, surely ;" and then introduced a new subject of conversation ; during which, however, he sometimes discovered that he was still occupied with that from which he had so suddenly turned ; for

once or twice he mentioned *Miss Barnet*, instead of *another* Lady of whom they were talking.

These repeated instances of absence at length struck Clifton himself, made him leave his friend sooner than he intended, and were afterwards the cause of his avoiding to speak of Miss Barnet, and of his maintaining great reserve in Edward's presence, when her name was mentioned by any other person.

This did not escape the observation of Edward; who being afterwards informed from better authority than that of Mr. Carnaby Shadow, that Clifton no more visited Lady Hornbury, and was frequently at Mrs. Easy's, he took a strong suspicion that Miss Barnet was the cause of his breach with the one, and his visits to the other.

The unvaried propriety of Edward's behaviour to that young Lady, joined to the general sweetness of his manners, had long since effaced the prejudice which in her

early youth she had entertained against him ; he, on his part, viewed with the partiality of a brother every good quality she possessed, and felt an additional interest in her, as the daughter of the person on earth for whom he had the highest esteem and warmest affection ; but that reserve which her former conduct had obliged him to assume, he still maintained towards her, notwithstanding that her behaviour to him was more easy and frank than formerly. This, without weakening the esteem which Louisa entertained for Edward, rendered her less lively in his company, than in that of others.

From the moment that Edward perceived Clifton's attention directed to Miss Barnet, he was uneasy on her account ; the seducing graces of his person and manner, the looseness of his principles in matters of gallantry, his aversion to marriage, and her entire want of caution, increased his uneasiness the more he reflected on them ; and he was much at a loss how he ought to act. The
reserve

reserve which had been so long kept up between him and Miss Barnet rendered it difficult for him to give her any caution on the subject; and when it occurred to him to unfold the source of his uneasiness to Mrs. Barnet, he shrunk from the idea of hinting any thing to the disadvantage of his friend. He felt equal reluctance against insinuating any thing to Miss Barnet's disadvantage, or which could, in any way, hurt the sensibility of her mother.

He resolved at last to speak to Clifton on the subject; but as often as he began to put his resolution into practice, being himself a good deal agitated, his manner was rather solemn, and Clifton met his solemnity with so much pleasantry, and evaded his inquiries with such a careless air of jocularitv, as at once defeated Edward's purpose, and diminished his suspicions.

With whatever assiduity Edward had studied the law, he had no great desire for following it as a profession. This had been long known to Clifton, who therefore had

been exerting all his interest with his friends, some of whom were at this time in power, to obtain a respectable situation for Edward, which would put him out of the necessity of becoming a professed lawyer.

Mr. Clifton, however, said nothing of this to Edward, until he had good assurance of success, which he received a little before the period we are treating of, and was then happy to find that the situation he had in view was extremely agreeable to Edward, who immediately acquainted Mrs. Barnet, expressing to her that deep sense of gratitude which Clifton's conduct had impressed on his mind, but of which he had been unable to say a word to Clifton himself. It was agreed not to mention to Mr. Barnet what was in view for Edward, until success was more certain. At this particular time, therefore, Clifton's mind was occupied with two objects as opposite as virtue and vice ; a solicitude to serve the man and ruin the woman he loved. It might naturally be thought that two designs of such discordant

cordant natures could not be formed in the same breast; those who think so are unacquainted with the power of prejudice and influence of manners, in perverting our views of things.

C H A P. XLVIII.

Ce qui rend la vanité des autres insupportable, c'est qu'elle blesse la notre. ROCHESFOUCAULT.

LADY Hornbury was piqued in the most sensible manner, at being so openly deserted by Clifton ; her vanity was much more wounded than her affection ; of the first she had a great deal, of the second a very small quantity ; and what little she possessed, she had the faculty of turning from one object to another with wonderful facility, as whim or ambition prompted. Had she foreseen the moment that Clifton was to quit her, she would have precluded the mortification, by discharging him from visiting her ; and the blow being thus warded from her vanity, she would have directly looked out for a new lover, with undisturbed coolness and circumspection. But the abrupt manner

manner of Clifton's quitting her had put this out of her power, and produced nine-tenths of the uneasiness she felt on the subject.

A female friend of Lady Hornbury, just such a friend as her Ladyship was herself, entertained her one forenoon with a long enumeration of circumstances, to prove how much Mr. Clifton was attached to Miss Barnet. This she did, under the semblance of abusing Clifton, but in reality to enjoy her dear friend's mortification; and she concluded by hinting, that she would write to Mrs. Barnet, with whom she had a slight acquaintance, to inform her of the dangerous situation in which her daughter was, that she might send for her to the country. Lady Hornbury, who was not entirely blind to the real motives of her friend, heard her narrative with an air of indifference, thanked her for her obliging intentions, begging however, that she would not put them in execution, on the pretence that a hint of that nature was liable to malignant construction.

Lady Hornbury's real motive for precluding Mrs. Barnet from this information was, that her hatred to Miss Barnet was greater than her love for Clifton had ever been, and she actually wished him speedily to succeed in his designs on the young Lady; because she thought there was a greater probability of his becoming desirous of returning to herself after success than before, not that she wished ever to renew with him, but merely that she might shew the world she had it in her power, and had rejected it.

From Mr. Clifton's repeated visits, and his particular attention to Miss Barnet, Mrs. Eazy began to imagine that he intended to propose marriage to that young Lady, for she had not any suspicion of his harbouring less honourable designs; but she deferred giving any hint of this to Mrs. Barnet, until her conjecture should be supported by still stronger presumptions.

Miss Barnet found her vanity gratified, and her mind amused by the gay conversation

tion of Clifton ; the hours danced lightly along ; she was in everlasting good humour and high spirits, which never for a moment were lowered by reflection. Miss Easy was sincerely attached to Miss Barnet ; delighted with the company of Clifton ; saw, without envy, the preference he and the men in general gave her friend, of whose superior power of pleasing she was sensible ; and what will appear to many extraordinary, her friendship for Louisa was not diminished on that account.

Mrs. Easy had lately engaged a maid, who had been in Lady Hornbury's service, and was supposed to have enjoyed a good deal of her confidence ; by means of this maid, who had long been devoted to Clifton, he was informed, unknown to them, of many of their engagements, where he had a certainty of meeting them, and at what hours he would find them at home. Of this intelligence Clifton made the most attentive use ; but his behaviour on a particular occasion, when he accompanied the Ladies to one of the Theatres, promoted his views
more

more than all the pains he took. Immediately after the play, and before the farce, he waited in the outer room until Mrs. Easy's coach should be called. While he was talking to that Lady and her daughter, Miss Barnet happened for an instant to stand a little apart, so as not to seem to be of the party : two young fellows entered the room, one of them a little flustered ; he stared hard at Miss Barnet ; she held down her head to avoid the boldness of his look ; he then raised the edge of her hat, that he might view her face more fully, while his other hand approached her bosom : at that instant Clifton struck him so violent a blow in the face as staggered him. He fell backwards over a form, and his head struck against the furbase of the wall.

" Does any body know this fellow ?" said Clifton, addressing the spectators, who crowded from the passages into the room ; " he is certainly not a gentleman."

" Yes he is," said the person who had accompanied him ; " and one worth a hundred thousand pounds !"

"Well," resumed Clifton, "be so good as deliver him this card, that he may know where to find one who will be at his call, should he be inclined to establish his claim to the character of a gentleman on another foundation." So saying, he presented him with his address.

Mrs. Easy's carriage being announced at the same time, he attended the Ladies to it, was earnestly pressed to accompany them home, and went accordingly.

At supper Mrs. Easy expressed fears what might be the consequences of this adventure, and the young Ladies shewed marks of solicitude on the same subject. The breast of Louisa, in particular, glowed with gratitude, for the spirit with which Clifton had repelled the insult that had been offered to herself, while she admired the dignity of his conduct in the whole transaction. Clifton's conversation was particularly gay while he remained with the Ladies; but the apprehensions they had respecting what might happen in the morning prevented his

his gaiety from having its usual effect on them.

When Clifton returned to his lodgings, he told his footman, that he should be at home all the following morning ; desired that he might be apprised, without delay, when any gentleman called ; and that all letters addressed to him should be brought up directly, whether he was in bed or not.

He was waked next morning to receive a letter of a different nature from what he expected ; it was from Mrs. Easy's maid, to inform him, that Mrs. and Miss Easy proposed to go, immediately after breakfast, to the city to visit a relation, of whose indisposition they had been just informed, and that they did not intend to return till near four o'clock ; that Miss Barnet was to remain at home, and had already given orders that she should be denied to every body ; but nevertheless, the maid added, she would venture to disobey, in case *he should call.*

The contents of this note perplexed Clifton a good deal. After what had passed

at the play-house, and after what he himself had said, it would have had an awkward appearance if he should be from home when the person he expected called ; at the same time he could not bear the thoughts of losing such an opportunity of being alone with Miss Barnet, especially as he had some idea, though totally without foundation, that she was privy to the notice which the maid had given him.

C H A P. XLIX.

With thee be Chastity, of all afraid,
 Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid.
 But man the most, not more the mountain doe
 Holds the swift faulcon for her deadly foe.

COLLINS.

NOTHING should induce the sex to more circumspection than the severe and uncandid constructions which are apt to be put on their behaviour. Many men, even of those who are not considered as coxcombs, or distinguished for vanity, are prone to construe every mark of attention to themselves as a proof of a greater degree of favour than was intended. In the present instance Clifton did great injustice to Miss Barnet; who, although she was giddy from youthful vanity, imprudent from the great vivacity of her character, and susceptible, perhaps, of having her senses surprised, yet
 would

would certainly have turned the treacherous maid to the doot, and refused the visit of Clifton, had she known the information that had been sent, or suspected his designs. What renders his ungenerous constructions of her conduct still more revolting is, that at the very time he made them, and was meditating her ruin, the mind of the young Lady was occupied with a friendly solicitude for his safety.

Clifton staid at home till a little after twelve o'clock; he then became too impatient to see Miss Barnet to stay any longer, and wrote a letter in the following terms :

“ Indispensable business obliges me to go out: I shall return before four o'clock, and will wait on you when and where you shall be pleased to appoint.

“ J. CLIFTON.”

Having described the person with whom he had the squabble and his companion, he
desired

desired the servant to give this note to either of them who might call; and he enjoined the servant to remain at home all day, that he might not run any risk of missing them.

Clifton then hurried to Mrs. Easy's, knocked gently at the door, was admitted by the maid, who, on different pretexts, had sent the other servants out of the way.

Louisa Barnet was at that time writing to her mother an account of the play-house adventure, containing a high eulogium on the gallant behaviour of Mr. Clifton, and expressive of her own fears and anxieties respecting what might be the consequences. She was in a room commonly used by Mrs. Easy, when she did not admit company, in which her daughter and Louisa were accustomed to read alternately to her, while she reclined on the couch.

Miss Barnet was carelessly dressed, yet in a style more favourable to her natural beauties than the most refined arts of the toilet could have produced.

The

The maid announced Clifton rather abruptly, saying "she could not help believing that he was not meant to be included in the general order for denial." And then she withdrew.

Miss Barnet, who was at first provoked and disconcerted, soon forgot the negligence of her own dress, and the singularity of the maid's conduct, in the pleasure of seeing Clifton in safety.

She inquired with precipitation, whether he had heard any thing from the playhouse-men, and understanding he had not, whether he expected to hear from them; to this Clifton answered, "that he did not think about them."

"You are certainly right," said she; "they are not worth thinking of; they assuredly are not Gentlemen, and whatever message such fellows may send, you ought to take no notice of it."

To this observation Clifton said nothing; on which she repeated it earnestly, looking in his face for an answer.

He smiled, without speaking.

She then expressed her uneasiness at the idea of his having been involved in any trouble or danger on her account.

Treating with contempt the idea of danger, he expressed great satisfaction in having chastised the author of an insult offered to her, declaring that he would ever think it the greatest honour that could befall him, to have it in his power to be of any service to her, and proceeded in warmer terms, and a more earnest manner than he had ever used before, to assert his admiration of her beauty and accomplishments, with many professions of attachment, accompanied with a pressure of her hand, and the most seducing looks and tone of voice.

Had he ventured on such a stile and manner of address at any other time, or had he assumed them at once, Louisa would have perceived their aim, and would soon have thrown him out of his game; but for some time before Clifton entered,

entered, she had been reflecting with gratitude on his behaviour the preceding night, and with solicitude for the danger to which he was still exposed; her breast glowed not, as formerly, with mere vanity, on account of having drawn a man of fashion from the standard of a rival beauty, but with esteem for him as a man of spirit, who she imagined equally esteemed her, and whom she considered in the light of a benefactor.—The satisfaction he expressed in having punished a man who had insulted her, and the pleasure he would take in rendering her future services, were the natural answers to the uneasiness she shewed on his account, and led to those vague, but warm declarations of attachment, which she would have disregarded at another time, but which at present were not heard with such coolness, as to leave her all the circumspection her situation required.—As the enterprising fervour of Clifton's eloquence gradually increased, her emotion was also gaining upon her, when

she was suddenly restored to recollection by a noise at the door,—a few moments after which, Edward entered the room. Clifton had just had time to gain the window, at which he stood, affecting an air of carelessness; Louisa was seated at a distance from him.

Edward, without shewing surprize, addressed her, saying, “that as he had heard she was at home, he had called to inquire after Mr. Barnet’s health, as he supposed she had received accounts of it from her mother.” She answered with an air of reserve not free from confusion; he then turned to Clifton, whose affected ease was mixed with evident marks of displeasure:—never were three people more at a loss to continue a conversation. Clifton glowed with resentment against Edward for his intrusion;—Miss Barnet’s returning reflection began to make her view it as a fortunate circumstance, but this very idea distressed her at the presence of the one, almost as much as the other; and she
impatiently

impatiently wished for the absence of both; Edward, although satisfied with his own conduct, felt pain on her account, and turned his eyes again on Clifton, to observe if he was inclined to withdraw.

They were all relieved in some measure, by the arrival of Mrs. and Miss Easy, who having been at the house of their relation, were there informed, that she had been forbid by her physician, to see any person whoever, on which they had returned home directly.

Mrs. and Miss Easy were equally pleased and surprised at the sight of Clifton; they had been conversing together, all the way from the city, on the subject of his quarrel, and had remained in anxious suspense respecting the consequences.—Immediately on entering the room, they both addressed him with peculiar attention, but without mentioning or alluding to the source of this uncommon degree of interest; to Edward they spoke with their usual civility, after which

which Miss Easy turning to Miss Barnet, exclaimed, a little abruptly, " I understood, my dear, that you intended to employ the whole morning in writing letters."

" I fear," said Edward, willing to convey the idea that Clifton and he had come together, " that *we intruded* on Miss Barnet."

Clifton darted an angry look at him, but Miss Easy, whose mind dwelt on the danger to which she supposed Mr. Clifton was still exposed, from the two play-house gentlemen, replied, and while she spoke she looked at Clifton, " I am certain your visits could not appear to her an intrusion, particularly at this time."

This remark tended to increase the resentment which Clifton felt, however unjustly, against his friend, and being embarrassed what to say, or how to behave, he withdrew.

Edward continued the conversation with Mrs. and Miss Easy for a considerable time,
but

but on its being remarked that Miss Barnet took no part in it, and the former asking if she was not a little indisposed, he took his leave.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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